

## **Facing New York**

### **"Claim / Subclaim"**

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Soles are worn out in my tennis shoes  
Mother please carry me home  
The process of progress is killing me (now I can't go  
on)  
Someone please carry me home

And my cold feet slow me down  
They haunt me now...

Claim to subclaim, now turn it off  
I'm doing the best that i can  
Act for react, now turn it off  
I'm doing the best that i can

Could I be losing the will to walk?  
Maybe it's time to run  
And Madison's where I will build my name (from the  
bottom up)  
Where I will work in the sun

And the science slows me down  
But I'm free now...

Claim to subclaim, now turn it off  
I'm doing the best that I can  
Broken finger, now burn it off  
I'm doing the best that I can

Shedding the smile I used to wear  
(Left alone to my despair)  
Learning how not to let it break my stride  
Casting my tennis shoes aside  
(Missing what was left behind)  
A dead man is plotting his return tonight

Burn, let me feel the burn,  
I'm lighting a match to all I've known  
Think, I just want to think,  
But this could have been a pauper's parade

Claim to subclaim, now turn it off

I'm doing the best that I can  
Blood on my hands, now wash it off  
I'm doing the best that I can

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