

The New Amsterdams "Worse For The Wear"

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All my life I've been waiting
It gets older, it's over me
I'd speak but it fails me
So the dike in the dam stops the leak

Maybe it's me and I'm venting
I find your speech motivating
Watching life pass you by on the screen
Just flicker and fading with a plot like you wouldn't
believe

Maybe I don't know the ending
Someone ruined my daydream
Aren't you spoiled enough as it is?
Whatever you're saying won't bring anyone closer to
this

I know you're sick
I wish you were healing
But you're worse for the wear
We keep tearing the seams we repaired

If we all had the call to fair
Then we wouldn't be standing here

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