

Patrick Goble "Big Bad World"

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With these poor eyes, I've come to see
All this wasted hope can't come for free
And the penalty will cost me
Every penny in my pocket

I want to feel for someone the way I do about my
musicâ€”
Frustrated, exhausted, endlessly intrigued
And the way we go about the same old things each day
Always moving always in somebody else's way

I can't take the time to remember the little things you
did
The happiness, the innocence of a little kid
But now it's you youâ€™™ re all grown up, and youâ€™™ ve
come prepared
But like that little kid, you're still really scared

The big bad world's on its way, and it wants you
You're not a kid. You're on your own. What you gonna
do?
Muster up. Take it on. Let it take you out
Or think of me and these words or your favorite sound

I want to feel for someone the way I do about my
musicâ€”
Frustrated, exhausted, endlessly intrigued
Maybe I'll just close my eyes, take a nap here
At this gold line, I feel so relieved

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