

Scratchland "This Life"

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I take my inquisitions from the stars above
I don't need nobody to remind me of
how I've traveled far and wide wide wide
to find my way to this side

I rely on the money for a dollar turned
for my love, my love you know it's hard earned
and it takes a little time time time
but I know that's it's worth every dime
every dime, every dime

So I get back behind the steel and maze
and I fight my way back from this dreamy haze
it's a fog that thunders round round round
but it never quite shakes the ground
on which we stand and it's time for me to lend a hand
to a friend that's known enough to fall and
not survive the call, no
not survive the call, the call, the call

could it be the things I think I long to see
are adrift, but always really meant to be
like a double bladed knife that cuts
it's way to both sides of this life,
this life, this life

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