

## Pencey Prep

### "It's Just A Matter Of Not Getting Caught"

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A drop of rain a sheet of ice,  
You float through life, you've been her twice  
No broken bones you're on your own  
You settle down and make a loving home  
You run you're hands through swaying corn,  
You know you have to die to be reborn

Are you so beautiful tomorrow?

What goes around comes around,  
All the clichés of the world and dumbing down  
I know your mind I know your tricks,  
Your verbal sound bytes you lying git  
The puncture wound the heroin,  
Unsettled bills the mortal sin

The trail of slime where you have been,  
Did I say the right thing?  
You rule by fear truth or dare,  
The purest words you've no idea

Will you be so beautiful tomorrow?

No substitute for honest toil,  
No antidote for idle hands  
In seconds life can turn around,  
Depends which way the coin will land

Someone somewhere surely  
Must know what's going on  
The more I live the less I know,  
Are you sure I said the right thing?

You run your hand through swaying corn,  
You have to die to be reborn  
You raise your eyes to heavens above,  
You'll have to come back here  
Cos you didn't give... love.

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