

Perpetual Groove

"Three Weeks"

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It's been about three weeks now, since I laid in a bed
No rest for my soul I need, A little soul rest for my head
See I've been dancing with possibilities, playing with
my razorblade
I lost the thing I thought I had, the thing that made me
think I had it made

Why are you laying down? I said that it beats standing
up
What's got you feeling so down, I hold up my empty
cup
My friend, as you can see, I have nothing to pour
Invited in, I gave all I had and they showed me the door
They showed me the door

It seems it's been forever now, I'm giving up on that
bed
I ain't got much soul left now, And I don't have that
much bread
Seeing that there are no more possibilities, I've tossed
away my razor blade
I never had the thing I thought I had, the thing that
made me think I had it made
Think I had it made

Why are you laying down? I said that it beats standing
up
What's got you feeling so down, I hold up my empty
cup
My friend, as you can see, I have nothing to pour
Invited in, I gave all I had and they showed me the door
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