

## Asylum Soul

### "Passing Sad Daydream"

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If you're walking home late at night, dressed up and alone

Dont you get tired of being white, buffalo never roam

Go to sneak up behind you, still your boss tapped your phone

'Coz you might be keepin secrets, that you ain't supposed to know

Now it's about to be and your bus and the lovely miss liberty

Is just another whore, there's somethin I gotta tell ya

It's hard to see things your way and its hard to understand the things you say

Most of all its hard to get hard these days, now if you got to hate someone

You might as well hate yourself, you find that you dont deserve it now

More than anyone else, so get out of your kitchen

And get out of your bed, got to tell them what you've always wanted to tell them

'Coz in the morning you might be dead so dont call the doctor

'Coz I'll be ok, its just a passing sad daydream and it led me astray

And its hard to see things your way, and its hard to understand the things you say

But most of all, its hard to get hard these days, and I ain't proud of nothin

But its better that way 'coz its too loud for talkin, and  
there aint much to say

So pick up your explosives, and pack up your gun, if  
you ain't chasin someone

You got to be on the run, and Im so far from home now

Nothin better anyway, I aint lookin to make a livin now

I just need a place to stay

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