

Ralph Puma

"There Is No Try"

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Where have you been?
I miss you and all that shit that's so cliché.
It's time to pick your poison,
The lyrics burned, I'll take the acid.
I know now that this can't happen,
That doesn't mean I won't fight for it.
It's in my blood, it is my soul,
This progress is killing me...

Here's to us staying honest.
Here to the basement where we grew up.
It's time to make or break this,
No matter what we do or die.

Give me more reasons,
There must be something that I missed.
We have become so digital,
No offense but the 80's are over.
There's always something left to do,
But we just haven't discovered it.
Don't give up hope, go lose some blood,
And put your whole heart in it.

Here's to us staying honest.
Here to the basement where we grew up.
It's time to make or break this,
No matter what we do or die.

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