Stornoway "The Great Procrastinator"

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Bound for somewhere down the road With a heavy load on this ever-racing mind Too much cooking on my stove I've stewed myself a traffic jam inside

There's a junction up ahead and I'm trying to read the signs
But this traffic's made me blind
And I'm a scientist with far too many metaphors

And far too little data to conclude in time

And you, you are the indecision maker You, you are the path unknown And I, I am the great procrastinator Pondering my way home

I've been busy as a beaver And I'll be damned if I don't ease the flow My big fish'll pass me by If I don't make my mind up damn pronto

So I took a hike on Offa's Dyke
With a song stuck in my head and a blister on my toe
I left my baggage on the bed
Brought my cobwebs into England, they must blow

And you, you are the mystery tour enlister You, you are the sights untold And I, I am the great procrastinator Stalling in the road

And you, you are the problem instigator You, you are the cryptic code And I, I am the great procrastinator Puzzling on my own

Oh I, I am the great procrastinator Squandering chances as I roam I am the great procrastinator Pondering my way home Visit <u>Stornoway</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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