

Good Life, The "The Beaten Path"

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yesterday came and went
and i wasn't present
the weeks were laid out like pavement
work and drink and sleep, repeat
upon the beaten path
i kept on my blinders...
don't need any old reminders
no face, no name, no memories

if you love it, you leave it
cause you hate that you need it
it's one thing that you can't have
you're too self-absorbed to change
always, "my way"

tomorrow could come and go
and i'd sleep right through it
i'm not searching for self-improvement
i'm sticking to the beaten path
here and there i come across
an old acquaintance
some old flame, some old burn victim
i remember i need to forget
everything i ever said to you
if i could take it back
i'd eat every word
you want to feel
like all those others feel
but you won't, and you never will
all that you love you lose
you do

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