

THE Early November "Digital Age"

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One, two

In a digital age, I'm feeling out done,
It's my brain that can't spell,
And my heart that can't hold down
The keys to type it out.

So even if I can't read, life's a puzzle you see,
I put together the things, that come easy to me,
I played with shapes for thirty years.

So can the crayons and the colorful paints,
That never step foot in the digital age,
And play the songs streamed on video screens,
We don't need shows in a digital scene.
So give up .
So give up .

In the last final days, I'm finding my way,
Hoping I write a song a computer can't fake,
But that's the hypocrite in me.

So can the crayons and the colorful paints,
That never step foot in the digital age,
And play the songs streamed on video screens,
We don't need shows in a digital scene.
So give up .
So give up .

So give up .

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