

## The The "Glue"

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Could God really be so cruel?  
To give us feelings that could never be fulfilled.  
'cause I ain't ever found peace upon the breast of a girl  
I ain't ever found peace with the religion of the world  
I ain't ever found peace at the bottom of a glass  
sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I  
receive  
In our lives we hunger for those we cannot touch.  
All the thoughts unuttered & all the feelings  
unexpressed  
Play upon our hearts like the mist upon our breath.  
But, awoken by grief, our spirits speak  
"How could you believe that the life within the seed  
that grew arms that reached  
And a heart that beat.  
And lips that smiled  
And eyes that cried.  
Could ever die?"  
How many whores have walked through that door  
Lain by my side & climbed in my mind  
& taken me down to where the heat  
blisters the skin upon my feet  
makes me reach out & weep for the days when  
I was pure of heart & slept in peace.  
Everybody knows what's going wrong with the world  
But I don't even know what's going on in myself.  
I smell the pain upon the breath of the lost & lonely  
I hear the thoughts that whisper in the hearts of all  
men.  
You're the strangest feeling I ever had.  
You make me cry when you look into my eyes.  
And see me for who I really am.  
I've got too much energy to switch off my mind,  
but not enough to get myself organized.  
Don't tell me what your name is--  
I want your body, not your mind,  
I want a feeling, worth paying for before I say goodbye  
But as I was talking, I couldn't look her in the eyes,  
I just kept wondering,--  
How many men unleashed their frustration between  
her thighs?  
I was trying so hard to please myself,

I was turning into somebody else.  
Well, whats a man got left to fight for  
when he's bought his freedom  
by the look of this human jungle  
It aint just the poor who'll be bleeding!  
I was just another western guy,  
--with desires that couldn't be satisfied  
The calendar, on your wall, is ticking the days off.  
The calendar on your wall is ticking the days off.  
You've been reading some old letters --  
You smile and think how much you've changed.  
All the money in the world --  
Couldn't bring back those days.  
You could've done anything -- if you'd wanted --  
And all your friends and family think that you're lucky.  
But the side of you they'll never see --  
Is when you're left alone with the memories --  
That hold your life together like --  
- GLUE -

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