

## The The "The Sinking Feeling"

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All my books lay on the table  
Waitin' to unfold  
I sit and stare at my reflection  
While the darkness chills my bones

My head fills like a junk shop  
In desperate need of repair  
The path of least resistance  
Leads to the garbage heap of despair  
I think I'd better get back in bed

I'm just a symptom of the moral decay  
That's gnawing at the heart of the country

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You can't destroy your problems  
By destroying yourself  
Death is not the answer  
For your soul may burn in hell

My memory, my fond deceiver  
Is turning all my past into pain  
While I'm being raped by progress  
Tomorrow's world is here to stay  
They wouldn't have it any other way

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