

SEARCHING FOR THE LIGHT

8-17-15
(#65)

1. Searching for the way . . .
they reach out for the light of day.
But for darkness in their mind
each one stumbles `round stark blind.
No self-sourced thought in what they say —
just vain words set out for display.
They all know something's not right,
but can't quite grasp it, with-in-sight.

HOOK/

REFRAIN: Searching for the light . . .
But the darkness is too bright.

2. Countinghouses for next week —
pay check's the most in life they seek.
Somehow life got left behind,
left them with but a hollow rind.
Wage-slaves whose only possession is wishin'
how'd we ever reach this condition ?
They all know something is wrong —
still can't find where they belong.

[REPEAT HOOK/REFRAIN]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

BRIDGE: Wicked, wicked world. Wicked, wicked game,
— missed the whole boat of life,
yet they think life is to blame.

[REPEAT HOOK]

3. What was it all for ?
Hoarding voidness, keeping score ?
And when they've finally arrived
there's nothing there for which they strived.
Trade a whole life away — for what ?
less than ashes in a tray, not a single butt.
Passion dead on the vine, from the start —
never found their own self, their own heart.

[REPEAT HOOK/REFRAIN; THEN BRIDGE; THEN HOOK AGAIN]

[FADE OUT ON REPEAT OF LAST 2 LINES OF EACH VERSE]

[END]

Written: August 17, 2015 [G, P, M]