

Melancholy Daze

in the melancholy daze
of the big fade
in the melancholy haze
lies the big fade

is there really nothing more?
is there really no reward?
when does that boomerang of karma that I soared
come flying back to me once more?
everything I've ever done
and everything I've ever dreamed has come to this
all of those dreams have flown away
all of those dreams have crept away from me at night
while I was sleeping
dreaming they were real

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for the joy has been stolen
unreported as a crime
and life is but a mound of soil
moved one shovel at a time
until your back no longer has the strength
to climb the hill
until your soul no longer has determination
and will

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