

The things that you do
There must be a reason
Why they occupy you
From season to season

You get so intrigued
And think it's the way
For some reason you believed
Things will be different today

The same ole moves
And same ole tactics
It only proves
How long you've been at it

Will you ever learn
Why can't you see
You must wait your turn
Or it will end prematurely.

Patience is a virtue
At least that's what they say
You haven't a clue
Your life's the same day after day

How fulfilling
Can that be
Aren't you willing
To set yourself free?