

Ambrosia, Harvey

(Puerta)

All This time
All This worry
All This way to go For nothin'

What's the sense
Of the hurry
You tell me If you Sense somethin'

I dreamed a lot when I was younger
I'm older now and still I hunger
For some understanding
There's no understanding, now
Was there ever?

One thin line
Draws the border
Between madness And the genius
But no pen can erase it
So we keep these things Between us

I dreamed a lot when I was younger
I'm older now and still I hunger
For some understanding
There's no understanding, now Was there ever?

'And my front brain would not accept my thinker See? No kiddin'