

Kemopetrol, Tomorrow

It's time for the time to decide
To walk through the door and get on with your life
Or to play the role of a know-it-all
It's strange how we have to supply
Answers to questions that've lived past their time
And it's tiring - I'm not even trying

The schools and the systems
Hands without blisters
The world's a website, the screen is too bright
I need time to think about tomorrow
Hysterical horses and powdered-up noses
The sweet smelling shit in the shoes that don't fit
I need time to figure out tomorrow

So where are your papers and pens
Now that the pressure's getting real intense?
Seal your fate by being a second late
So where is your self-confidence
Now that nothing seems to be making sense?
Can you stand straight and handle the debate

Idols and heroes, our winners and zeroes
The line it is thin but we split everything
I need time to think about tomorrow
They push and they shovel
I'll stay on my level
I'm not anyone, not a plant in the sun
In my mind another kind of tomorrow