

# Mad Season, Wake Up

Wake up young man  
It's time to wake up  
Your love affair has got to go  
For ten long years  
For ten long years the leaves  
To rake up  
Slow suicide's no way to go  
Blue, clouded grey,  
You're not a crack up  
Dizzy and weakened by the haze  
Moving onward  
So an infection not a phase  
The cracks and lines from  
Where you gave up  
They make an easy man to read  
For all the times you let them  
Bleed you  
For little peace from God you plead  
And beg  
For little peace from God you plead