

Trapped

I wish I were free to speak my mind
I wish I knew which way to lead the blind.
I could wish I were St. Francis, if I didn't hate birds
Or St. Sebastian, if I weren't afraid to die.

Why must I always be trapped by jealousy?

Would it help me to drive through the night air?
Would it help me to roll all the windows down, see moonlight on brown hair?
Or grab boots, guitar, jump on a greyhound
Or is the problem that I've seen too much, I hate the guy I've found?

Why must I always be trapped by my jealousy?

Is it because I want to write the Great American Poem
Or pen that anthemic rock 'n' roll tune?
Is it because I want to be more Russian than Dostoevsky?
Is it just because I can't have you?

Why must I always be trapped by jealousy?

My life is not your life, and your life sure ain't mine
and if I could just understand that fact the whole issue would be just fine.
We've all got different roads to hoe and different lines to walk,
but it seems I'm too busy speaking to make the time to talk.
I'm like elevator music, kill the time, listen but walk by.
Understanding's nothing I understand, effort's nothing I've tried.
Could it be that I'm so restless because I've got no hope,
or is it just that the future is out beyond my scope?