

## **Big Bad World**

Patrick Goble

With these poor eyes, I've come to see  
All this wasted hope can't come for free  
And the penalty will cost me  
Every penny in my pocket

I want to feel for someone the way I do about my music—  
Frustrated, exhausted, endlessly intrigued  
And the way we go about the same old things each day  
Always moving always in somebody else's way

I can't take the time to remember the little things you did  
The happiness, the innocence of a little kid  
But now it's you you're all grown up, and you've come prepared  
But like that little kid, you're still really scared

The big bad world's on its way, and it wants you  
You're not a kid. You're on your own. What you gonna do?  
Muster up. Take it on. Let it take you out  
Or think of me and these words or your favorite sound

I want to feel for someone the way I do about my music—  
Frustrated, exhausted, endlessly intrigued  
Maybe I'll just close my eyes, take a nap here  
At this gold line, I feel so relieved