



## Superficial Things

Oh we can talk in idle chatter, in quick and witty repartee  
Raking up the age old phrases, but few of them are really me  
For I am thought and merely thinking  
These superficial things are lies  
Unintentional deception, a frontispiece for others' eyes

As I walk my feet are strolling taking me from place to place  
Seeing people, hear them talking, but finding nothing in their face  
And my movements are mere mechanics of habits born and habits bred  
Oh but I am someone different, hiding deep within my head

I live my life as if tomorrow all will change and I'll come through  
But then I find tomorrow's here and nothing's changed  
and nothing's new  
But then I think that everybody live their lives but think a dream  
So few of us are as we'd like us  
Few of us are as we seem