

## SOME SECRET ANSWER

Maybe there's a secret answer  
That will remove all this sorrow  
Like finding a super Santa  
Who will let me borrow

A Cupid or a Prancer  
And let me fly around the globe  
Solving world hunger  
Or finding a cure for cancer

*Chorus*

*I feel so out of touch  
With the what is what  
I've been hanging out too much  
With the what is not*

I can do anything until I can't do it  
I should be doing something else  
Something more important...if only I knew it  
Instead each day I have to fight through it

Dealing with these dumb, daily agonies  
Wondering when it starts to get easy  
Seeing how much is against me  
But it is what it is...so screw it

There is no music just movements of the dancer  
And solitary rumors of some secret answer

*Chorus*

*I feel so out of touch  
With the what is what  
I've been hanging out too much  
With the what is not*

Chuck Casey  
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