

## THE WHAT IS NOT

Another morning is being wheeled in  
And I'm trudging down the boulevard  
Struggling to catch the panversal N  
So I can get banged around hard  
Like I'm some sort of easy mark  
Rolling real slow in a long narrow box  
Past the houses and the yards  
Before I get sucked down into the dark

*Chorus*

*I feel so out of touch*

*With the what is what*

*I've been hanging out too much*

*With the what is not*

Yo! There I am crawling on the low ground  
A face on each side of me hugging the cage  
I don't have a clue about where I'm bound  
Got my low beams on...can't see my own age  
Am I: 14....19...35....86....?  
Am I awake? Am I running out of tricks?

I'm not sure there's something better somewhere else  
'Cause most things you look for ain't worth being found

*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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