

Cramped Infinity

Not sure what all the fuss is about.
People complainin' they can't get out.
I been stuck in here for a long long time
But still feel like I'm doin' just fine.

True, I got no worries, no one to love.
Not even sure 'bout any god up above.
They feed me three square, and I can just lay here.
Guess the main thing is, I got pencils and paper.

'Cause I like to write, and my mind has no limit.
Only thing is, my cell's gettin' too small.
Tall stacks of papers piled up the wall
All around, so now there's not much space left in it!
But who cares, after I'm gone they will see
the stuff that I've written is more important than me.