Stale beer in hand you keep on glancing my way Just by that look I know exactly what you're 'bout to say

You wanna share with me your thoughts and visions grand I hear you talk, but see I'll never understand

With your handed-down philosophies
And your self-inflicted marks of ignorance
You make it hard to find no sympathy
But then again, I guess we all deserve a chance

You were born for more
Don't keep holding on to old misinformation
What you're looking for
Is something better than a hate-infested mind

On shaky grounds you all decided on an enemy Then closed your eyes from facts that wouldn't fit your theory

When you inherit inhumanity
The old man's lifetime's worth of bitterness
I'm sure it's hard to face reality
To figure out a proper reason for this mess

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