

Matter Of Attitude

Atrophy

Always put others down, passing out the blame
Ignorance and your attitude make you all the same
Never try to befriend, never lend a hand
Draw so many barriers, I'll never understand

Why won't you listen
Why can't you hear
I guess your scene won't let you
Is change what you fear?

You say your scene preaches individuality
The more I see the more I know that's not reality
I walk into your parties, I guess I don't look right
No one even talks to me, no one meets my sight
What makes me so different, so much I can't fit in
Is having different hair and clothes such a mortal sin
Tell me what's wrong with me I'd really like to know
I'm trying to be your friend not another foe

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