

I've got a bad connection
It seems there's nothing more that I can do
I've been staring at a wall since noon
There's nothing more that I'm used to
With all these fucked up difference
And not to mention points of view
What we don't see
What out of sight
Not out of mind
We're told to
Just sit back and listen and not say a word
Just do what you tell me and never be heard
That's just the type of bullshit that I'd expect from you
You're driving me crazy
Siempre Loco
I've got that good old fashioned feeling running
Through my bones
They call it free will, now taking control
I'll speak my mind, and my actions?
Live the way that I choose
I'm tuning you out, and I will never