Hey mister, don't point at me you shout rhetoric nonsense like a Pavlovian model responding to his questions

Hey teacher, arrogance is bliss you spend your time turning water into life as if you were God's foreman

Is it any wonder things seem so awry? the masses are cloaked in confusion? we don't have to think to survive so nobody listens

Hey recluse, dont shout at me you proclaim yourself expert by extensions of the methods detailed in your magazines

Hey downer, don't prey on me we've all got bum raps that torment us day to day that we hoist on our own shoulders

Is it any wonder people pass you by? your plea for understanding is heard as desperate lies? nobody listens

I can't help you...

Is it any wonder things are so inane? so many quests for compassion are just for someone's personal gain

So nobody listens to you