

Fantasy Land

Ball in the House

Going to my big 9 to 5 job
Everybody's going to their big 9 to 5 job
You punch in your card and then turn your brain off
Everybody's going to their big corporation
You were feeding from a bottle then, now you're feeding from a
trough
But I'm in fantasyland
Where I'm driving past the cattle
They make you build a box
You squeeze yourself in
And tell yourself that dreaming
Is some kind of sin
But I'd rather live in a box on the street
Than to have some Martha Stewart tell me what caviar to eat
(I tell Martha what to eat)
When I torch your office you'll wish you lit the match
When I torch the teacher's lounge you'll wish you lit the match
But I'm in fantasyland
I'm sick of reality
My mom and dad lied
The world doesn't revolve around me
My eyes are open wide
I made a bargain in kindergarten
I told myself to push myself and wait for tomorrow
Do I matter in this scheme?
Or take one for the team?
Or take one for the team, a team I never understood
Going to my big 9 to 5 job
They teach you to give up
To paint inside the lines
You have no purpose
But to spit up spit out spit it back
Take a look around, cause it's you they're putting down
You'll wish you were in fantasyland
Everybody's going to their big 9 to 5 job
Everybody's going but they don't want to go no, no, no
I'm in fantasyland