

Took a tylenol and an hours' drive  
And somehow found a reason why I'm still alive.  
Well, I'm brought up that way,  
I never fall too far.

I mean, it doesn't change the way you think you are  
Now, let me fall asleep,  
Don't wake me up until next week,  
Until I finally get my feet back on the ground.

It's good to be unsound.  
Moving back and forth, or don't move at all.  
Try to cut me down to size, I'll still be small.  
And wrap me up in words  
Until the words no longer hurt  
And I'll be listening to syllables and vowels.

It's good to be unsound.  
I'd like to disappear and leave without a trace.  
I wouldn't have to feat the things I need to face.  
If I could be myself, if I could just let go,  
I wouldn't have to worry if I lose control.  
Acid flashing neonlights,  
The traffic in the streets at night,  
I'm nervously aware that you're in town.

It's good to be unsound.  
Oh, please don't cover yourself again.  
Beaming down from a satellite  
Are words and stuff, cut down to you needs.

You've come a long way-ahead, on your knees.  
You've got the right to be wrong,  
You've got the right to be strong,  
You've got every right to be just like you want.