Your attention please, all passangers
With confusion and comfort we live out our lies
But your reality has consequence
Escape in front or behind me
Down the center we score your slide

Won't someone tell me why the hell we try to cover it up Oh god, there's got to be another way

Some kind of system to help me get close to my soul

When out of darkness came a light from inside you

It's inside me
They tell you who you are
And who you want to be
The line's been drawn
Whose side you on?

Won't someone tell me how we live to be seventy-five? Oh god, there's got to be another way
Some kind of system to tell me how I'm supposed to survive
When out of darkness came a light from inside you

It's inside me
They tell you who you are
And who you want to be
Line's been drawn

Whose side you on Whose side you on

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Your attention please Some attention...

Your attention please all passengers
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