Who, who never showed you, About the easy way, Whose robes did they trade you, For such an easy life

Who, who never showed you, About the easy way, Who, who never told you, About the perfect life, Guess it's some kind of, Some guarantee, You'll never see.

If I was a photographer,
Picture taking,
Beautiful people,
I guess I'd make a mistake,
'Cause I'd probably take a,
Picture of you.

Who, who never showed you, About the easy way.

And whose robes did they trade you, For such a perfect life, That's such a guarantee.

It leaves some certain sickness, You'll never know, Inside of me

That's all I have