

## Fremont

Citizen

Such minimal and worthless things I get myself into  
I get myself in two  
And paragraphs rest angry words onto a landscape  
That sinks me down to a level much lower than that  
Of an angry kid with loaded words and too many silences  
And I am looking back on these past few years  
I've led myself on to think I'm better than this  
I can't be better than this

Say what you wanted to say  
The glory days have worn away  
Stranded, we aren't the hopeless  
Stranded, we aren't the hopeless  
We've got it figured out or so it may seem  
Maybe I just need some sleep