

From the moment my eyes taught themselves how to focus
I always knew this world had a terminal illness.
The plot has thickened, the plot has thickened.
You're idolizing, you're idolizing a fool.
A better seller, a better seller, for what?
To sing of razors, and having never been cut.

And if I had a choice I would not be a witness
While they glorify sorrow and loneliness.
The point is missing, the point is missing.
A better message, a better message...
We need, a better seller, a better seller for what?
We need a leader, and not a theatrical drunk.

Now my environment is a product of me.
...Oh what a perfect place to be.

I'm wondering how long I can survive my selfish tendency to fold.
The hand they dealt is useless.
A better message, a better message
We need, a better seller, a better seller for what?
We need a leader and not a theatrical drunk.
Now my environment is a product of me.
...Oh what a perfect place to be.

The transient, the sailor song,
We move along and on and on
This harbor job, with hours long,
We move along and on and on
(Now my environment is a product of me)
We're here to go, so now I'm gone,
We move along and on and on