

Pride no longer has definition
Everybody wears it, it always fits
A state invoked for the lack of position
Strength is the bait that keeps us so busy
If it's perforated, then I tear it to bits
All sense lost in the frenzy
They should never touch the ground
Irony is the refuge of the educated
Always complaining but they never quit
Cool's eternal, but it always dated
They should never touch the ground
It's not worth, it's the investment
That keeps us tied up in all these strings
We draw lines and stand behind them
That's why flags are such ugly things
That they should never touch the ground