

The letters you wrote me had hollow-point headers
If you think you've got it like that
Find somebody better
You said I need fixing
You numbered the stages
But I won't be living in one of your cages
Open your mind and understand...

When you're hard on me
It's not what I need
We were meant to be untamed
Up on my feet

Born to run free
And there's nobody taming me

I've outgrown the narrow, protective container
Designed to be opened
With your childish behavior
'Cause you're not the critic of personal purpose
And I'm just not willing to do community service
I don't know why you lay it on...

You say - that I should lend a shoulder
Right now - 'cause your whole world is blowing up
Go ahead but I won't be your soldier
'Cause you're the one who started up
You're the one who started up...

[Chorus]