

If I could be the man you idolize and sensualize the  
wisdom of the hunt capture penalize free-thinking  
making basing all who run the world and glamorize the  
business you can see I would be less the man the stand  
I take and further all who seek the twisted ethic live  
the ways and means of daring profit-sharing with the  
meek free to think of me uncaring in the race of money  
making climbing taking chances cancel those who gamble  
ramble on about achieving still believing they can make  
it...

I cannot reach you caught between  
The love you hate, the hate you need  
□Cause all your life you've traded me  
The freedom for your amnesty  
The lock and key that keeps you tied to me  
The days you live and breathe  
The "might have been" that you pretend  
So you can cash our past in...

Now I stumble slowly forward through the twisted ethic  
bore you with the details of the me inept but free to  
push the morals fact debris of scattered ashes you  
believe after the fashion now I see you for what you  
came to be in person fact and fiction evolution self-  
exertion charm them into your submission make them tow  
the line to the letter better now than later how we  
stand and take it is the measure of the better man than  
he who claims to be the thinker blinks to find his fame  
is never free...

I cannot reach you caught between  
The love you hate, the hate you need  
□Cause all your life you've traded me  
The freedom for your amnesty  
The lock and key that keeps you tied to me  
The days you live and breathe  
The "might have been" that you pretend  
So you can cash our past in...

Now I see a life of more than beautiful  
Where I can be the everything you hide...  
I cannot reach you caught between  
The love you hate, the hate you need  
□Cause all your life you've traded me  
The freedom for your pride...

I cannot reach you caught between  
The love you hate, the hate you need  
□Cause all your life you've traded me  
The freedom for your amnesty  
The lock and key that keeps you tied to me  
The days you live and breathe  
The "might have been" that you pretend  
So you can cash our past in...