

You could wake up  
in the morning and try  
to feel so good  
that you didnt realise  
and the things they're like  
stop me from crying  
but at night  
they stop me from crying

I couldnt take up  
more space in my mind  
(?) the back door isn't easy to find  
as a call from self-indulgence  
we'll meet our world  
to pull up a something

so can you tell me  
that you feel this fame  
when you stare at the faces  
full with so much shame

or is it you're too high  
to tell us the part  
so you can live your life  
and keep up your lying

i can not stand to watch the TV  
lions and the clowns keep staring at me  
and the boys and the girls  
of the town are afraid  
they go up to destroy  
everything that they see