

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