

Isn't it strange that a gift could be an enemy
Isn't it weird that a privilege could feel like a chore
Maybe its me, but this life isn't going anywhere
Maybe if we looked hard enough we could find a back door
Find yourself a back door
I see you in line dragging your feet
You have my sympathy
The day you were born you were born free
That is your privilege
Isn't it strange that the man standing in front of me
Doesn't have a clue why he's waiting or what he's waiting for
Maybe its me but I'm sick of wasting energy
Maybe if I look in my heart, I can find a back a door
Find yourself a back door
I see you in line dragging your feet
You have my sympathy
The day you were born you were born free
That is your
That is your privilege
Find yourself a back door
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