

No matter what I say, you try to find a difference.  
You sit and laugh as if to say you've already gone the distance.  
So tell me boss, are you the first to reach the plane.

I can't possibly think of what it is that has kept you sane. Tell me about it-what do you stand for?  
Tell me about it-what do you stand for? What's gonna be your purpose.  
No one should have to plan day by day living if true respect is the helping hand. Don't try to cut away from my stance. Your first attempt will be your last chance. Remember your fate is chosen.

It's not my stubborn illusion. Keep on laughing, mock and swoon. It's coming with age, your stage of doom-boyee.  
The kids have gone their own way.  
Seems that they have nothing to say. On the outside, beaten and sore, but what's inside is the heart of the core.