

The Chair

Living Colour

I am the role I play
Really who's to say
I'm not who I am
I wake up and I say
Who am I today?
What will be the plan
Everyday's the same
No need to explain

I'm goin' through the door
I'll be gone fore sure

I'm trapped behind a door
A secret I ignore
The thing beneath the floor
Can't take it anymore
Something about me
Something you can't see
A wound that will not bleed
Too dumb and numb to feel

I'm goin' through the door
I'll be gone for sure

There's no place else but here
I'll kive inside this fear
I'd like to get away
But then where would I stay?
I wish I didn't care
This role's a perfect fit
To take me to nowhere
Then there is the chair