

My mind's locked up in a world that
I don't know
The end is coming soon
I think I'll lose control
(Staring out my window and it feels fine)
Well... i'm sending all my signals
But i stiffen so im long
Said i'm sending all the signals
That i do not have a home
I said my month in up in armour
Say i really wasnt scared
Say my month in up in armour
But i do not have a way
Things are happening
So really do we ever live so fast
There's a concert
Oh but such a blast
My bags are packed in all rugged up theres one thing left to sa
y
I'll make you take the fall then im doin it my own way
my mind's locked up in a world that
i don't know
the end is coming soon
i think i'll lose control
a re you happy working mornings
are you happy working nights
are you happy on your time off
when your high?
here we go were back again
in the same rut with the same friends
doing it like we did the year before
ya got no money got no car,
got no woman so there you are
your empty, sold out and depressed
well you can run and you can hide
from the trouble that is deep inside
your master of your own destiny and fame
things to do
gotta place to go
gotta cut the line
gotta make the next show
gotta make everything work out alright
what do we have to say for ourselves...
i dunno i dunno i dunno