I can give a hundred million reasons To build a barricade

I blame it on the changin' of the seasons The thoughts that I convey

Does it make it alright
It doesn't make it alright
To roll it over my soul
Leave me here
Roll it over my soul
Leave me here

Look around at all the plastic people Who live without a care
Try to sit with me around my table
But never bring a chair

Does it make it alright
It doesn't make it alright
To roll it over my soul
Leave me here
Roll it over my soul
Leave me here

To roll it over my soul Leave me here Roll it over my soul Leave me here

To roll it over my soul Leave me here Roll it over my soul Leave me here