

## Volume 4

Rollins Band

I spend time, searching my mind, walking blindly  
I'm a live but I don't know why my thoughts threat me  
Paranoia, fear and guilt, I hope I don't explode  
I'm a bomb that ya can't diffuse,  
A gun that ya can't unload

I don't listen, I don't know, man. I don't care!  
You're talking 'bout all the hell you've seen  
Man. I live there!  
Talk to me and it goes right through  
I never heard a word you said..  
Save your breath 'coz it's no use:  
You're talking to the living dead!

Ooh, bullet driven eyes, yeah, what can you tell me?  
Ooh, I'm living in a nightmare, yeah!  
I'm on the edge, shrinking back from the ledge  
Looking out my window, down upon my heritage  
Strip malls, thin walls, people paralyzed beneath the sun  
Why me, why now?  
I see the dirty millions and I try to survive somehow

Got no reasons, got no needs  
I hear gunshots, I hear screams  
What can you do to me, what can you say?  
I used to be alive but I threw it all away  
I used to have problems, I used to live a lie  
I've seen the sidewalk bleed  
And I watched the mother cry  
I used to have a mind, I used to wonder why  
But now I go from day to day and wait around to die  
Like he did [Repeat x4]