

I'm free
he can't touch me
six feet down
and there's no sadness
hands and heads full
old and hostile fists are pounding
nothing's simple
no respect or meaning
why the screaming
when he's gone
burn the house down
too proud to come to me
when you were dying
well look at the dash
now you're frying
hands and heads full
old and hostile fist are pounding
nothing's simple
no respect or meaning
why the screaming
when he's gone
burn the house down
nothing's simple
no respect or meaning
why the screaming
never wimper
hide your feelings
and when he's gone
burn the house down