

Blackout

School Of Fish

Everyone's on trial
I'm not showing up
Everyone's guilty but I'm not showing up
I never agreed to this
You tie my shoes together
If I was of no use to you
You'd lock me up forever

This is not a hospital
This is not a bowling station
This is not a hospital
This is not a hospital
This is not a bowling station

Dress up and hide the lies
Find a place in line
Nothing here is yours
Nothing here is mine
And if someone else decides
If it don't make any sense
They can clear their troubled minds
And all at your expense

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Don't add up like some equation
There's not a road from your forehead
Getting lost is easier
With your eyes focused straight ahead.

Everyone's on trial and I'm not showing up
I give a guilty smile and walk away untouched

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