

Laissez-faire

Scream

Look at the scenes; it seems another world, so far away
Then the page is turned
As you look away
To suburban days
Where we live, so laissez-faire

I'm not talking about a foreign land
It's in front of your eyes
Do you know what it's like to have not
Just to try to survive?
But it's just another song
While we live, so laissez-faire

Why is it always
I've got my corner of the world
You've got your own
You live, you let live
Got nothing to give
Who knows her, laissez-faire?
Who cares?

You can't deny
For I know I've been guilty, too
Every day that we just seem to see it through
But at least I'm aware
That we live
So laissez-faire

Laissez-faire