

What's wrong?
Nothing, nothing
An unwelcome reception to the million dollar question
A reflex reaction
Right back at you
It's your face, it's that same blank expression
You can blame it on the weather
Or blame it on tension but
There's no rest from this paralysis
Strategy
It's all about strategy
Not what you're telling me
What you're telling me
You eat, you sleep and you breathe
And you tick off your list of personal needs
At night for protection you hide under a sheet
And we try to avoid confrontation
But everything we do just gets lost in the translation
And you're not helping yourself any
Strategy
It's all about strategy
Not what you're telling me
What you're telling me
I've found that descriptions are useless
Nothing but the combination of words and numbered pieces
Just assume that there is good reason for everything
So, what's wrong?
It's nothing again
Nothing's what you've got when everything leaves you thought
That asking would get you somewhere
Some fool you were (2x)
Strategy
It's all about strategy
Not what you're telling me
What you're telling me
Memory
You say it's my memory
You say that my memory's bad
Well I remembered that
Didn't I? (2x)