

Boot Camp

Soundgarden

I must obey the rules

I must be tame and cool

No staring at the clouds

I must stay on the ground

In clusters of the mice

The smoke is our eyes

Like babies on display

Like angles in a cage

I must be pure and true

I must contain my views

There must be something else

There must be something good

Far away

Far away from here

Far away

Far away from here

Far away

Far away from here

Far away

Far away from here

And I'll be there for good

For good

For good