(R. Langdon)

When the world died laughing, laughing at you While others cry hungry you go with out food Still you can see that as the world splits it's sides You're one of a million, just a wandering child Because something meant something Nothing to the few Now heaven doesn't haunt you And hell's awful Don't tell me you love me, don't say that I do 'Cause I will believe you, I'll believe you Now you're hurting but you just can't feel You've got a chip on your shoulder and your arm won't heal Sheer paranoia keeps you awake Makes you hungry, makes you ache She'll go enroll me, time and again Well, I could have told you 'cause you're not my friend Still I will believe you, I'll even lie For all of your hurting is just sand in my eyes Like sand in your eyes But you can't see that with sand in your eyes You're just one of a million wandering children