

Dumbdown

Therapy?

Hand in
Hand out
Unhappy
Reach out
In debt
In doubt
Go hungry
Sleep out

Dumbdown
Dumbdown
Dumbdown
A nation on the verge of a nervous breakdown
Dumbdown
Dumbdown
Dumbdown
A nation on the verge of collapse

Some people
Like you
Hate people
Like me
I don't belong here
I'm not pure
Your truth is revealed

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Slip, slipping away
Back into the sea
An island race
More divided and bleak
You would send me back
Back to my home
But this is my home
Try putting me out

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