

At The Drive-In, Picket Fence Cartel

we all become
what we most dislike
in this picket fence cartel
tell? there's nothing left to tell

what have we become
cycle all over again
filled the shoes 'til i was ten
in front of the classroom
in front of my peers
that day will always be remembered
'cause it was etched in tears

daddy taught well
at the end of his belt

we all become
what we most dislike
the walk is too long and i'm tired
tell? there's nothing left to tell

what will i become
when it's my turn again
will it hurt me more than it hurts them
scotch tape the volume of my mouth
withold the expression
that i wasn't allowed

daddy taught well
at the end of his belt