

Beck, Modern Guilt

I feel uptight when I walk in the city
I feel so cold when I'm at home
Feels like everything's starting to hit me
I lost my bearings ten minutes ago

Modern guilt - I'm stranded with nothing
Modern guilt - I'm under lock-and-key
Misapprehension is turning into convention
Don't know what I've done but I feel ashamed

Standing outside the glass on the sidewalk
These people talk about impossible things
And I'm falling out of the conversation
Like a pawn piece in a human shield

Modern guilt is all in our hands
Modern guilt won't get me to bed
Say what you will - smoke your last cigarette
Don't know what I've done but I feel afraid