

# Dillinger Four, Fired-Side Chat

Did you hear the latest one  
About the footprints on your back  
About how they lied  
About how they stole  
To keep each other in the black

I really wonder when it all comes down  
Who will be dancing at the finish line  
Ten to one it'll be the ones without a spine  
Once again the truth fades into extinction  
Short and sweet, this might burn a little now  
It burns a little now

I've stopped looking for the medicine  
I've stopped thinking it won't happen again  
It's one thing to accept it  
Another thing to let it catch you from behind  
To shake you down  
To live with it  
And not make a sound  
I've stopped looking for the medicine

I'm so sick that we're surprised  
Everytime we're shown that power corrupts  
Thump our chests at the man on the screen  
Cursing the green  
Tell ourselves that enough is enough

Another day  
Another dollar  
Another way to live with a life so intolerable