

Falling Sick, All That You Paid For

sounds and rhythms arranged in time
bands acrry a concept, then leave it behind
day after day, a whirlwind of nothing
synthetic feelings dull me to death
kids gag for meaning, bands can't confess
shallow hears echo hollow minds
what's gonna save you
when music can't buy you
all that you paid for
entertainment is petty when it's an everyday duty
this mecca's a myth but still somehow moves me
cluttered ideals tug war with cheap thrills
I spill my guts because I still got them
my peers are all talk, but won't talk about them
I guess it's easier to stay stupid
what's gonna save you
when music can't buy you
all that you paid for
all that you paid for is a little bit of lifestyle
not a way of life
it doesn't matter how you think the music makes you
you're still the same
all that you paid for is a little bit of lifestyle
not a way of life
how many times did you wait in line
to be fooled again?
what's gonna save you
when music can't buy you
all that you paid for