

Five Iron Frenzy, Milestone

If I had a nickel for every single
time I've tried to classify the
populace around me with a
word, or a catchy phrase, I could
quit my job for good and play
Nintendo until my fingers ached.

chorus

Am I an idiot, too lazy to think twice?
I point the finger, but I can't take my own advice.
I put a name on something and ever
since, I've made an art of
building my counterfeit intelligence.

Seemingly to me, I am
straightening a world of cluttered
thoughts and debris inside of my
head, but I think instead I am
prejudiced and I give people
names to make me feel safe.

How does it feel what does it
take to make me understand? If I
could only walk a mile in the
shoes of another man. If I could
look out through his eyes and
know what it means to bleed the
same red blood that I do

What is economic status, and tell
me what is race? Who decides to
classify taxonomy of grace? If
one man gets less than another is
it true, that he is all that different,
that he is less than you?