

# 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?