

Flobots, Jetpack

Chorus:

I will not bend
I will not bow
I will not break
I'll stand my ground
won't be afraid
to sing out loud
to sing out loud
to sing out loud
the visions of what's involved
the tensions you must resolve
distractions will just dissolve
YOU ARE NOT LIKE ME

he's encountered a setback,
he isn't down to let that
keep him on the ground. Press that
button- ignite the jetpack!
launch pad shrink disappear
past the brink the
atmosphere's thinning and his
plasma's tingly
planes appear to be birds and
birds appear to be bees and
he's hearing the words that
occur to him for no reason
"What are you living your life for
what are you willing to die for
what do you believe to be the grain of truth you can provide for
this grand adventure?
Is it your plan to spend your
days batted about by
these random events?
Are you fueled by another engine
lighting a fire beneath?
Have you breathed and seen your breath in the winds
and have you reached that point?"

CHORUS

you only get to see this
earth one time it's
axis tilt's it
changes climates
plates shift weights and
continents drift and
draft twisted fates and
monstrous frictions
fragmentations stress and
aggravation
depression and confusion and
bad relations use your
imagination elude their
categorization
whether the crowd gives boos or
congratulations the blue's just
something you move through toward the
vast expanses of space on the

universal infinite
path to emancipation the
gravity of the planet
grips you but don't abandon
ship you feel the pressures in
side can you withstand it?

CHORUS

the heights you'll reach the
depths you'll delve to
depends on the propulsion
system that propels you
methods that compel you
messages they sell you
punishments they give you
for doing what they tell you
but we've got passion
they've got prisons
you've got the freedom to
make a decision
will you abandon
all your addictions
take your stand and
live your convictions
what've you got to lose what've
you been taught to chose
what're you so hot to prove with your
beautiful socks and shoes
the costumes' frayed cloth covers
skin like a shroud
exhaust fumes fade off in the wind
like a cloud

CHORUS