

Good Riddance, Static

Like a weathered statue
I will wait for you
like the darkness fading
waiting to see it through
like an ardent cry
wakes me from the silence of my sleep
like a distant bell
like a man who fights the system
fights to keep

if you have to ask the price you can't afford it
there's nothing free in this world
there's nothing free in this life

like a super hero
I'll try to save the world
with an anesthetic
to lift a thousand fingers
like a man accused
I'll weigh the consequence
like a man afraid
of the madness just beyond the picket fence