

# Jack Johnson, They Do, They Don't

Tied down against the tracks  
Screaming in silent black and white  
Why'd you trust us we are such villains  
We would tell ourselves anything  
We want to hear if we are willing  
To listen is to learn  
Then too much is what we deserve

And how come when we say that we do  
We don't  
Pray to anybody you want  
We won't  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

But if we're the ones to blame then the fruit  
Shouldn't taste so good we were used  
Used to thinking we got nothing to lose  
We're losing everything but the truth  
Is walking straight into a roadblock ending left here bending  
Your point of view was chosen by the serpent's ruse

With all its do's and don'ts  
The future is an empty promise  
Unconcerned and so tired of waiting  
We could sell it wooden horses  
Full of nightmares and when they open  
This all might recompose  
There's no going back to the good old days  
It's just a phase bring in some new life  
Archaism is a dusty road leading us back to nowhere

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How come when we say we do  
We don't  
How come when we say we will  
We won't