Jebediah, Puck Defender

You and me tie ourselves on to the railway Tugging on things that catch us up Sitting off things that fly us down the freeway Blowing our brew from plastic cups

Nothing to do, (when you're) in this situation The pilots are drunk, we're all dead Proving we're worth, the casual observation Proving we're worth the food we're fed And I'm hurking up the pieces All the pieces that I've found And I'm picking up the pieces Off the ground, Yeah

You and me fall down onto the wrong side Laughing at those that pushed us down Climbing back up, we enjoy the free ride Climbing back up but they've all gone