

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