

Limp Bizkit, Wish You Were Here

So, so you think you can tell
Heaven from hell
Blues skies from pain
Can you tell a green field
From a cold steel rail
A smile from a veil
Do you think you can tell?
Did they get you to trade
Your heros for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
Hot air for a cool breeze?
Cold comfort for change?
Did you exchange?
A walk on part in the war?
For a lead role in a cage?
How I wish
How I wish you were here
We're just two lost soul swimming in a fish bowl
Year after year
Running over the same old ground
What have we found?
The same old fears
Wish you were here