

Papas Fritas, Explain

I don't want to die
Blinded by their eyes
And I don't want to be here
Right now, I don't explain
Right now, explain
Where you going?
Asking me the questions
And they don't have a clue
But I bought them lots of pencils
To write the times
You lose
I thought of something
I might say but
Try talking to someone
When that someone shares your name
I won't drag you down
I know, it's only rock and roll