

Powderfinger, Roll Right By You

Your gentle pace it provides a rhythm for the unwashed few of us
Lock and loaded past is a prison for the crimes of the universe
Do you have the information to decide whether you really care
C'mon you know that it's hard to complain about the way you live

So please don't let it roll right by you
Just think if the same thing happened to you
Would you be happy to walk in my shoes

I'm already tired of your chronic compassion fatigue
The final turd in the dungheap of every post modern disease
Are you in the situation to decide whater you really care
It's hard to believe you'd look me in the eye and turn away again