

Therapy?, Jam Jar Jail

Well you walk just like a tourist and I know where you're coming from
'Cause you come from underneath the same stone that I have often crawled
And I know you need music more than you need love
Only you can get some answers, tell you where you're coming from

Hang on, don't panic, you feel, you're damaged
Hang on, don't panic, you feel, you're damaged
Answer me now, when this has failed
There'll be no release, from your jam jar jail

Ethics antiquated, want them to stay that way
The best thing about this place is that you know that you're leaving some day
And I know you need music more than you need love
Patented cells, pregnant men, tell you where you're coming from

Hang on, don't panic, you feel, you're damaged
Hang on, don't panic, you feel, you're damaged
And it'll get you in the end
When it fails, your jam jar jail

Hang on, don't panic, you feel, you're damaged
Hang on, don't panic, you feel, you're damaged
And it will give you a massive high
No escape

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