

# Ball In The House, Fantasy Land

Going to my big 9 to 5 job  
Everybody's going to their big 9 to 5 job  
You punch in your card and then turn your brain off  
Everybody's going to their big corporation  
You were feeding from a bottle then, now you're feeding from a trough  
But I'm in fantasyland  
Where I'm driving past the cattle  
They make you build a box  
You squeeze yourself in  
And tell yourself that dreaming  
Is some kind of sin  
But I'd rather live in a box on the street  
Than to have some Martha Stewart tell me what caviar to eat  
(I tell Martha what to eat)  
When I torch your office you'll wish you lit the match  
When I torch the teacher's lounge you'll wish you lit the match  
But I'm in fantasyland  
I'm sick of reality  
My mom and dad lied  
The world doesn't revolve around me  
My eyes are open wide  
I made a bargain in kindergarten  
I told myself to push myself and wait for tomorrow  
Do I matter in this scheme?  
Or take one for the team?  
Or take one for the team, a team I never understood  
Going to my big 9 to 5 job  
They teach you to give up  
To paint inside the lines  
You have no purpose  
But to spit up spit out spit it back  
Take a look around, cause it's you they're putting down  
You'll wish you were in fantasyland  
Everybody's going to their big 9 to 5 job  
Everybody's going but they don't want to go no, no, no  
I'm in fantasyland