

Blind Iris, Reggae

I think that you've been mistaken
I think last night you were so uncool
I think that you point your finger
Because you've got nothing better to do

It's not your life
Why must you criticize?
Learn how to free your mind
You may find
You free up something that you lost inside

You heard the word, thought you'd spread it
You heard it hurt so you whispered it to
All the people who were begging for it
You took her thoughts and colored them blue

Man it's such a trip because old school we used to kick it
But now Drip hangs around and annoys just like the hic up's
'cause the story is always the same
You got something burning
In the back of your brain
Anger eats, defeats, and depletes
Keeps us going backwards on a one way street
Our emotions always seem to leave us blind

I fear that we've been mistaken
I heard last night you were so damn cool
I guess that we point our fingers at you
Because we've got nothing better to do