## Dillinger Four, Define "Learning Disorder"

Listen up, sit up straight, that's the only way you'll get a break Sitting still ain't such a bitter pill for goodness sake For 12 years and it won't be the last time And I shake every time that I think it through Obedience was the golden rule

Aim so low that you can't miss your mark And you played the part so long You forgot what you are

Had some friends, played it straight, in the end they started to resist The weight of the world it nearly broke their wrists
And now those wrists are slit
And it hurts every time that I think it through
That we learn to expect to lose

And you can walk away, can you walk alone Can you raise your fist and stand up on your own Can't let them pull the strings, they've held you way too long Can't let them tell you what to think, can't let them tell you