

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