

# Dillinger Four, Suckers Intl. Has Gone Public

Wasn't all that long ago  
When our future seemed like a massive stone  
Too weak then to lift it  
Maybe not the brightest bulb  
But so quickly dismissed it  
That if you blinked you'd have missed it  
Left behind and lost the will to try  
Disengaged and blamed for their mistakes

You face the world with open hands  
But you were left out of their plans  
You hope you fit the fucking mold  
A perfect image to uphold  
Stay with the plan and never stray  
Or else get lost along the way  
And you will fall out, fall out

There's no room for another way  
And you learn that every single day  
'Till you almost believe it  
And they put you right there in your place  
'Till you spit it back in their fucking face  
Try to make you a martyr  
They keep on pushing 'Till you push back harder

Branded by the ones above  
As a hand that doesn't fit the glove  
Your chances are wasted  
All they have are some hollow rules  
And a smokescreen there to keep you fooled  
They're nothing without it