Falling Sickness, Life Of The Party

moving mouths that say nothing
open eyes blinking blindly
identity crisis fighting for a last glance
stuck in traffic without a last chance
what will you do if you're not part
of the action?
what will they think if you're not part
of the attraction?
another junkie for the crowd
unfufilling the unfufilled
spotlight's on you, life of the party, drowning
in your crowded tragedy
you don't wanna, but it has to be
last night you weren't hangin out
well you must be...you must be..."hiding out"
and if you're not around to think and
act the same
well then you were inept from the beginning anyway
what will you do when you miss out on the
action?
what will they think if you're not part of the
attraction?
who's gonna feed your mind?
who's gonna pump your heart?
who's gonna give you meaning
that you've always had alone
from the start?
it's ok not to have a voice on every
given subject
it's ok not to be a display every time in public
it's ok to be mellow just because you feel it
it's ok to jsut shut up and deal with it
in a mess to impress any dull idiot
for stupid credibility
you're a puppet who needs a hundred people
to pull your strings for stability
what will you do if you're not part of the
action?
what will they think if you're not part
of the attraction?