

Fickle, Way Out

Stop and look around
The time has come for you to know your own mind
You know it could be, you know it should be different and I just feel the same
Through all the trends, I remain the same
I wanna find my way
Fuck all you can say

Another day, another chance of making the difference
What fools they made of us, what fools we are now
If only you could appreciate when you move apart, move away
So Break your fucking habits in this solo

You mustn't let yourself be influenced by your parents who already think you're like them
A guileless boy who likes to respect the law
But I'm sure you won't become like them

What fools we're now
It's time to make up your mind
What fools we're now
It's time to make up mine