

Forgotten Rebels, Your Own Little World

They watch the sunlight burn holes in the city nights
They seen their daydreams all Just blow away
Stare through the window, see emptiness standing still
As they hide In their own little world
Is It a passion, for limelight that's growing cold
Lackluster fashion, is their style getting old
Into a minor, their tons love them from afar
As they hide In their own little world.

Pick up a guitar on a day when It's starting to rain
Ain't got no more songs of lay only more songs of metro refrain
Life is a movie show human drama of loss and of gain
No matter where you go there is genius and there is insane
But at least there's no shortage of pain so whisper through softly
Ever so softly as you hide, hide, hide In your own little world.

Caged In a feeling of impending loneliness
Turn on the T.V. Is It your only friend?
Yesterdays novelty, that finally wore away
Now you hide In your own little world
Dying In public, but don't tell no superstar
No one's forgiven, still you don't know who you are
Look at the children, they walk by the record stores
As you hide in your own little world.

National Enquirer writes fairy tales, your life It was good
No more, no more rock and roll It Just faded off from your childhood

Life is a movie show human drama of loss and of gain
No matter where you go there is genius and there is Insane
But at least there's no shortage of pain so whisper through softly
Ever so softly and kiss your tomorrows goodbye as you lay down your
head and you cry as you hide, hide,
hide In your own little world.