

# Fugazi, Stacks

This time is real  
I feel it passing through the telephone  
No one is home now  
No one is home  
These stacks  
They keep me down  
So I build some more  
America is just a word but I use it  
Language keeps me locked and repeating  
This time is real  
I see it passing by the avenue  
Nothing to do now  
There's nothing to do  
I see them spinning on  
So I spin out  
America is just a word but I use it  
Language keeps me locked and repeating