

# Keri Hilson, Alienated

The frontier's closed, the horizon is black  
The seeds of fortune became the grapes of wrath  
Music of a restive age - unwanted, uninvited  
Music of a restive age - no one wants you, no one needs you  
Music of a restive age - unwanted, uninvited  
Music of a restive age - no one wants you, no one needs you  
Why are we, why are we, why are we - so alienated, so alienated?  
Why are we, why are we, why are we - so alienated, so alienated?  
I tell you when I walk in the streets  
People look at me  
They lock their doors to their cars and their homes  
When I am near  
What do they fear?  
They fear the sounds  
And what can be found  
Music of a restive age - unwanted, uninvited  
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Why are we, why are we, why are we -- so alienated, so alienated?  
Why are we, why are we, why are we -- so alienated, so alienated?  
I know you look at me with disdain  
I see the scorn on your face,  
You can't keep me in place  
Your world is falling apart  
We're heading straight for the heart  
Try all you want,  
This restive age can't be stopped  
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Why are we, why are we, why are we - so alienated, so alienated?  
Why are we, why are we, why are we - so alienated, so alienated?  
I tell you we don't want to be alienated  
Just want our chance to see things change  
Instead of stay the same  
And if alienation is what we must face  
It's a small price to pay  
To see things our way