

Moneen, Accidents Are On Purpose

I'm not sure what's worse
The waiting or the waiting room
and "You're next sir" becomes a cruel taunt to you
Recycled air, the smell of sleep and disinfectant
Your God is a two door elevator

Do they even cure you? (Cut me open drug me)
Or is it just to humor us before we die?
If only we could heal ourselves (Whoa whoa whoa...)
We wouldn't need to be hooked up to these machines (Whoa whoa whoa...)

Whoa whoa whoa.....

Do they even cure you?
Or is it just to humor us before we die?

Whoa whoa whoa.....

Let's redefine
Whoa whoa whoa..... (repeated)