

# NoMeansNo, The Land of the Living

There are those who are silent yet who talk all of the time  
Their faces never really show the way their quiet footsteps go  
And when i greet them my mask is just the same  
I put no trust in the crooked and the lame  
If you want to walk just get up on your feet  
And if you want to talk just open your mouth and speak  
What is the ugly secret that you cherish in you heart  
The truth you can't stand, that drives you from the land of the living  
The land of the living

A smile is not a friendship and those heart-felt words are cheap  
They are as shallow as a puddle in the street  
Like the tear drops that you shed for the humble and the weak  
As you float over their bodies to the promised land you seek  
Where there is no one to ask you who you are or what you've done  
You're a face without a name with nothing to explain  
Oh, the dead who walk among us, what they take they don't give back  
See their hollow smiling faces as they ride upon the backs of the living  
The land of the living  
Addition and subtraction is a cold and sober art  
But there is no place for taking stock in matters of the heart  
Either you are genuine or you are not  
You either mean the things you say or cut the ties and drift away  
Inflated with self-righteousness, afloat upon the wind  
But for all your bloated virtues, i wouldn't give a sin  
My allegiance is to those who are alive  
Those who wear it on their sleeve, who do not run and do not hide  
Foolish little monkeys playing in the land of the living the  
Land of the living