

Our Lady Peace, Denied

the telephone is ringing, disconnect the line
the tension is building but I'm alright
the stars are colliding, so you might as well let me go

the television is burning because I set it on fire
the wheels they keep turning, but I'm fine
what about the questions we have locked up inside

somewhere, somehow
we've been denied
hand in hand we walk behind pretending,
defending while our souls are tied

It's only the third hour, my conscience subsides
But something reminds me that you lied
What about the consequences?
This can't be right