

Pretty Maids, When It All Comes Down

I don't need your pity

Misbelief or sympathy

I don't need no doctor, shrink

Or psychotherapy

Who are you to say you're sorry

If I were to die

Who are you to complain

When you're got your piece of the pie

Out of the closet, out of your hole

Out of your hard earned place

But don't you push your luck

I'll take that big while grin

Straight off your face

Look at all those smiling faces

preaching on TV

I don't need their polities

To stir my fantasies

To watch the late night news

It scares me to the bone

When I read the papers

I feel naked and alone

When it all comes down

Is there anything that justifies

The things we do

When it all comes down

There's a reason for the pain

We must be goin' through

Same greasy dirty young man

Traveling to the cast
When a bird comes to flying
Further dreams can be released
Same little flashes
Waving banners cross your line
When at first you walk with me
You'll then set free the mind

I see my future
Being washed up on the shore
I feel I've been through this
I've seen it all before