Private Line, Crack in Reality

What the hell I'm doing? Don't ask the reason why
I waste my time from nine to five
The dirt is deep inside, but my feet are clean
I need a brand new start to find out
Where I'll find someone who believes me?
You're pretty tied up with the dream of revolution
Liberation from the way of the world
I'm the dog who bites the feeding hand
A perfect drug for the fashion queen
I need another fix for broken dreams
If it wasn't for a bad luck, I've got no luck at all
I trample four-leaf-clovers and sing "Scum lives on"
There's no lucky stars above
Like a ruined soul I hit and run
World's full of silver spoon icons
Super goals of future wasn't meant for me
You're pretty tied up with the dream of revolution
I guess you'll never learn
I'm pretty tired of your institution
Liberation from the way of the world
A little crack in reality
Life gets you down, pitch you up
Try to make you stop
Do the things that you love
It's like a bad drug
Gets you down, pitch you up,
Try to make you stop
Do the things that you love, but don't give up!