

Rollins Band, Volume 4

I spend time, searching my mind, walking blindly
I'm a live but I don't know why my thoughts threat me
Paranoia, fear and guilt, I hope I don't explode
I'm a bomb that ya can't diffuse,
a gun that ya can't unload..
I don't listen, I don't know, man: I don't care!
You're talking 'bout all the hell you've seen...
Man: I live there!
Talk to me and it goes right through
I never heard a word you said..
Save your breath 'coz it's no use:
You're talking to the living dead!
Ooh..bullet driven eyes...yeah, what can you tell me?
Ooh..I'm living in a nightmare, yeah!
I'm on the edge, shrinking back from the ledge
Looking out my window, down upon my heritage
Strip malls, thin walls, people paralyzed beneath the sun
Why me, why now?
I see the dirty millions and I try to survive somehow...
Got no reasons, got no needs
I hear gunshots, I hear screams
What can you do to me, what can you say?
I used to be alive but I threw it all away
I used to have problems, I used to live a lie
I've seen the sidewalk bleed
And I watched the mother cry
I used to have a mind, I used to wonder why
But now I go from day to day and wait around to die...
...like he did (4x)