Savatage, Thorazine Shuffle

Thinking about yesterday
and how my life used to be
Now I'm locked up this place
I'm a schizophrenic case
All the faces I now see
never show a sight of glee
Every night we start to hustle
It's time to do the thorazine shuffle
It's the thorazine shuffle

Everyday half past four
They push my food through the door
Every night right at eight
They put me back into my straight
All the paintings I have made
they look kind of strange
Every night we start to hustle
It's time to do the thorazine shuffle
It's the thorazine shuffle