

Scott Matthew, Balladeer

Oh son you're not wrong
There are so many of us
Who'd rather play dead
It's easier to run than explain ourselves
And if winter of discontent
It fills your bones, its your only friend
Feel free to defend your right
Don't fight, simply slip out of sight
To sweeter terrain
Balladeer

Sweet one, you're not wrong
There are so many of us
Who'd rather succumb to the tide and give up
Then explain ourselves
And if banter and bayonets
Your neurotic boss and those idiots
And they force you to take the test
And fail again so better yet
The sweeter terrain
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