

# 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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