

Steriogram, Own Way Home

Well I've got something to say
My intentions were right
We met a moron today
Well back up just give up
Out in the cold on our own
Oh man you kidnapped the truth
You told us all to go home.
You can find your own way home buddy.
Im sorry to take up your time
But you won't answer my calls
There's tickets on the line, well sell up
Why are they in town you say
Wash my hands why dont you go away
In the cold all alone, no place left to call my home
Finding out that you weren't there, feeling that you didnt care
Mix me up in my emotion, spin some more lies fill the ocean
I'll work hard but you be lazy, you look good you'll feel fine
You had already made up your name
Before you had turned the page
Viewing all the friendliness
As an easy weakness
But now your petty bourgeois
Has been revealed to you peers
As your head hits your hands
And the story's revealed.