

# 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.