

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Ever Felt C

All hope just died
Dwindled down and corrupted with time
Promises and excuses made
Didn't feed our hunger, didn't make us feel saved
We ended up all alone
As dead prisoners in our cheap comfort zone
The doors locked and the windows shut
Another day feeling tired and fucked up

Felt cheated? Felt cheated? Felt cheated?
Ever...
Felt cheated? Felt cheated? Felt cheated?
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Spending days just wishing for
Something that will offer us a little more
Punch the clock and what then
Sell ourselves to dollars and yen
Always later, another time,
Reward will come and we'll all feel fine
Work & pray, yeah, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die

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