

# Whole Wheat Bread, Loud And Clear

I understand the things you've been through  
And it can seem like nothings right  
Lets make a plan To end these issues  
Turn our backs and call it a night  
Bite all the hands  
That try to feed you  
Then beg them all for a second chance  
I don't give a damn  
For your point of view  
Were all victims of circumstance

Don't waste your breath  
Cause I'm going deaf  
Don't scream when your in pain  
Cause your cigarettes  
And your xanax  
Are still calling your name  
The signals are coming so Loud & Clear that  
Nothing else seems to get through to you

Hey! Ho! Hey!

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