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 xanex
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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