

I cannot believe what
You just said to me
Let's hear everybody's version
Then I'll make my pitch

You're in the wrong now
And it don't mean a thing
Keep watching the phone
Waiting for it
To ring
I say

Give everyone his own echo chamber
In that way everybody can listen to themselves
You take the bait that was put exactly there for you
A modest mind with an obscure taste
It just want to be

I've hit a target
No one else can hit
Dig well below the top-soil
To get me drift
Let's go on this rampage
It's one of our own
Good things come from anger
We won't suffer fools
Anymore
I say

Give everyone his own echo chamber
In that way everybody can listen to themselves
You take the bait that was put exactly there for you
A modest mind with an obscure taste
It just want to be
Something that is real