The pen tip is dry
'Cause she never puts the cap back on
Expecting that it won't be too long
Before he comes back

She feels alone
And though she knows she's not the only one
She never thought the day would come
When she'd give in

Watching the rain
She imagines she's a single drop
Falling with occasional stops, down the window glass
'Til she cannot hold on

Oh what a waste of time Should've known better than to rebel I know it's just as well I know it's just as well

She looks around
She's thinking that it don't make sense
How could everybody be so content
With the way things are?

But then she realizes
That they're no more content than she
It's just that they're resigned to be dependent and beat
Dependent and beat

Oh what a waste of time
Should've known better than to rebel
I know its just as well
I know its just as well
I am an undefined
Just like everybody in this jail cell
I know it's just as well