

# Status Seeker

Dream Theater

Heart sick at the sight of the  
Status Seeker  
In a sense I'm not beyond reproach  
the aspiration to drop a name  
When any rose might smell the same  
Maybe you'll figure it out someday  
"I want to know you now...  
You know I've always believed in you."

Nothing is sacred...  
You draw the bottom line  
with a dollar sign  
Change of opinion...  
At the drop of a dime  
Graceless intrusion...  
Are you sanctified in your  
judgment of me?  
All that I deserve is what you were  
unable to see

In a garden where the seeds were  
spilled  
I favored the few that stood strong  
in the sun  
As I reached for the profit of my prize  
I found I had trampled the forgotten  
ones

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You're running in circles  
And I'm turning away  
You refused to believe  
Now I'm turning away

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