

## S.O.S.

Andrew Jackson Jihad

You don't know struggle  
And you don't know sorrow  
And you don't know what it's like  
To have to watch somebody die

So don't pretend to act like you know me  
And pick apart what you don't understand  
The book is long, descriptive and haunting  
It's full of sentences you can't comprehend  
Comprehend

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Comprehend  
Comprehend  
Comprehend, oh

So what's it like to have that comfort  
To know you'll always be covered  
To know someone will be there?  
Well I've never had that comfort  
Or the luxuries of being covered  
So night after night, after night, after night  
After night, after night, after night

I'll be staying up late  
Fighting off the shakes  
Puking out the window  
Repressing things you can never know

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Things you can never know  
Things you can never know  
Things you can never know