

Tonight the drunks are infected, we're on our way
As if they drop by to see me u-n-i-n-v-i-t-e-d
And I am a walflower, maybe a better father
This is a job
For seconds I miss the Bentleys
Today maybe they'll call,
You describe every prison you pass through them all
Then he asked you for your head and I vowed to burn your bed
Try to pretend, but this is your life,
somehow, it feels right

I'm calling this evolution, I'm falling for institution
Warm submission enveloping you

Tomorrow I'll survive the questions
Knives buried with cold indifference
My world is true rendered by you
Here they come again, I could never find the words
So I disguised them in verse
Until it comes out dumb and wrong,
The simplest song, if you sing along