

## I'm Mean

Faces are Fiction

I was born for you  
but you can't hope for something new  
hard days for your head  
my soul is running from my neck

Somewhere freedom waits  
but I dunno where it lies  
sit down, on this chair  
and listen voice of mind

And I cannot follow this light  
I have a target and power to fight!

I mean this world makes us unhappy  
World can be worse  
I'm needing time machine or magic place now

I was born for you  
every reason's not from you  
(from you!)  
Cover of my blind soul  
is like a dangerous dirty true

Somewhere freedom waits  
but I dunno where it lies  
Sit down, on this stairs  
and listen scream of pain

And I cannot follow this light  
I have a target and power to fight  
I have a target and power

your nightmare is people  
you look there, thats better!  
your nightmare is people  
you look there, thats better!  
yeah!

I mean this world makes us unhappy  
I'm needing time machine or magic place now

I mean this world makes us unhappy  
World can be worse  
I'm needing time machine or magic place now