

Ballad Of The Band

Felt

Where you been? ain't you for weeks
You been hanging out with all those jesus freaks
Oh yeah and I feel like giving in
And where were you, when I wanted to work? you were still
In bed
You're a total jerk

There's a place for abstract and there's a place for
Noise and there's a place for every kind of sound so come

On now and tell me why there's a void
It's all my fault, yes I'm to blame
Ain't got no money, ain't got no fame
And that's why, I feel like giving in
And all those songs, like crystal ball, dismantled king
You know I love them all
But oh, I still feel like giving in.