

Waiting on the world
To find out that we have no clue
The symptoms that you show
So crafted by your false ego and

You sit back in your chair
You tell me that it's not fair
Complain about your own life
But you're just messed up on the inside

And you, you said that you cared
But I surely see that you're unaware and now
You're too old to switch sides
And I see yours but you don't see mine

Take a seat next to the guy
It's been years since his heart went dry
Makes him feel full
Shuts you down to just be fine

While you sit back in your chair
You're picking at your gray hairs
Complain about your own life
How you're messed up on the inside

And you, you said that you cared
But I surely see that you're unaware and now
You're too old to switch sides
And I see yours but you don't see mine

And you
And you