

Leaving Notice

ROAM

So here's my leaving notice.

We're all sick with our own intentions,
But we're spoon fed and without directions,
The ambition is gone and we're
All moving on too soon.
Brain washed to fit in with what we
Don't want, because it's too much to try,
Complain all the while, believe in the lie,
Because you're selling yourself short.

Blind to your way out, you didn't even notice,
Incapable and now, well I still think
We're all to blame,
'Cause we're all the same,
And you know this.
So here's my leaving notice.

But the vices in your head
Are designed in your own bed,
And reflected in the window pane
You tried to hide behind again.
So blame it on all of the things,
That contradict and cut your means.
And justify a way to be
The way you are continually.

So here's my leaving notice.

Blind to your way out, you didn't even notice,
Incapable and now, well I still think
We're all to blame,
'Cause we're all the same,
And you know this.
So here's my leaving notice.

We're all sick with our own intentions,
But we're spoon fed and without directions,
The ambition is gone and we're
All moving on too soon.

We're moving on and out again,
We traded time for "could have been".
So write it off and call it hopeless,
I'm handing in my leaving notice.

We're moving on and out again,
We traded time for "could have been".
So write it off and call it hopeless,
I'm handing in my leaving notice.

We're moving on and out again,
We traded time for "could have been".
So write it off and call it hopeless,
I'm handing in my leaving notice.

(We're moving on and out again, we're moving on and...)

We're spoon fed, we're brain dead.