

Tribe

Sam Brown

I'm alien, I don't belong
A state of mind, but it feels wrong
Like minded souls, they must exist
I'm reaching out, I'm reaching in

Why can't they see this person
That's inside, beneath the skin
I just want to find my tribe
And over-ride the state I'm in

I hide behind a vacant mask
And in my mind the die is cast
But that's not right I'm sure of this
Like minded souls, they do exist

Why can't they see this person
That's inside, beneath the skin
I just want to find my tribe
And over-ride the state I'm in