

## Freaking Out

## Sticky Fingers

See the bees they dump around like kings  
And someone was given roots to these things  
No direction from no familiar face  
Just tryna find the way out of this place  
Ohh ohh ohh  
See the music it adds no sound  
[?] nowhere to be found  
Oh, give me just one reason to stay  
I'm craving culture that's far, far away  
Ohh ohh ohh  
Stations, they have no name  
And the flavors, they all taste the same  
Watching my world fade to black  
My whole system is under attack  
Ohh ohh ohh