

Cut From The Cloth

The Evens

Cut from the cloth, and cut quite severely
Is this my world I no longer recognize
I'm hearing common words, common expressions
But nothing is common in my eyes

How do people sleep amidst the slaughter
Why would they vote in favor of their own defeat
Get out to the well and check the water (water water)
Results were incomplete

Cut from the cloth

Cut from the cloth, and dead to the masses
Just another case to be eulogized
But I'm breathing, breathing with no assistance
And responding to stimuli

Can anyone explain these new laws of nature
Why would they rule in favor of their own defeat
Cynics are excused from standing up to problems
(problems problems)
Because they can't get out of their seats

Cut from the cloth, ran out screaming
I hope that none of this will stick to me
Everyone is nice, everyone is kind now
At least they're nice and kind to me

Why would they fold up something so precious
Why would they sing in favor of their own defeat
Maybe they found their voice while out shopping
The price was hard to beat

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