Sometimes we feel like we've lost our identities
Another stranger keeps looking at us suspiciously
Our body stricken with bruises and our arms are weak
From all the problems, keeping solutions out of reach
We crumble nervously, in need of surgery
A new identity, desperately seeking change
And now this fantasy, becomes reality
Another gallery of people they think are strange

And we try and we try to deny it To keep from the burn and turn And we need some inspiration To keep from going crazy

Sometimes we feel like we're in prison with no release Locked in a taxi on (?) and 103

Our beds are made at home where we won't get any sleep We feel like zombies feeding our excessive need Sometimes they're chemical

Mostly they're sexual

But never logical, these patterns are hard to change And all this flattery

Distorts our sanity

We act neurotically, old habits are hard to break

And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
And we need some inspiration
To keep from going crazy
And we're lost in translation
Without a place to be
And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
(oh yeah, to keep from the burn and turn)

We're lost in translation Without a place to be

And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
And we need some inspiration
To keep from going crazy
And we're lost in translation
Without a place to be
And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
To keep from the burn and...