

We Squirm

The Microphones

Do you seriously believe, that you will not be a prisoner?
Do you insistentlly try
Over and over to seem free in your life
And the ways that you treat your loves and delights
Your troubles and fights
And me?

Well let me say
Yeah, go ahead and try!
But I say you will be captive
Alone with me
We're stuck in the mark of our hearts
And the fear that we'll find
These feelings of ours start to seem like bars
So we squirm
And sink deeper
Yes, we ringle into jail cells

But I say: Let feelings hold you
I say: Embrace your captors
I say: Get to know them deep
Have no news you won't hear
Have no truths you won't tear
Have no hopes that you'll ever find freedom
From your tyrant heart