

The Way I See the World Now

The cabin pressure's changed
The cards are rearranged
Everything you thought you knew has gone strange
The executioner's hanged
The men just lie in shame
The world has been estranged by the fangs of mezzanine gangs

As strange as it may sound, it's always been this way
That's what I get to get and understand, as I seemingly get older everyday

Looking out the back
They're playing hopscotch on the cracks
The dealers getting flack for their smack
My guitar starts feeding back
Through my watered down Marshall stack
The quarterback hides his prozac between the lines of a battered farmer's almanac

As strange as it may sound, it's always been this way
That's what I get to get and understand, as I seemingly get older everyday

The lines start getting longer
Tattered prose starts sounding stronger
Looking up I can't make out more songs for me to conquer
My neighbour the fishmonger
Hates himself, as so he wronger her
He carved his own mistakes prolonged the three pronged wrongs, he brought upon her