

3**"Lay Down The Law"**

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This song is not about you
It's not about me
It's about the blood and the blade
Stabbed into the back of somebody
Somebody is someone who is stable
But still remains unable to really be himself
Cause if he were he
Then she would still be with somebody
And not someone else
Someone else...

This song is not about me
And the battles that I've won
It's about the warped kitchen floor
From the water left on to run
And the pile of dirty dishes
That is never done
And the ashes in the sink
Floating in the water
Somebody doesn't wanna have to
But somebody oughtta

Lay down the law, don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby come on back for a while
Lay down the law, don't change your style
Lead on to leave
Baby come on back for a while
For a while...

This song is a survey of scenes somebody sees
Masked with melodies
There's no way to let go, no way to forget
That there's nowhere to grow
Just the room to regret
Where she holds him back confined to a space
But she holds somebody in the first place

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Lead on to leave
Baby come on back for a while
Lay down the law, don't change your style

Lead on to leave
Baby come on back for a while
For a while...

Somebody is stranded light years from home
On a planet where people
Are not like his own
Where they pay to be brainwashed
And told what to see
And not many dare question authority
Where a sick television is coughing up blood
And it stains every life and it's starting to flood
Fills the holes in our brains
As it pours from the screens
And it stains the newspapers and the magazines

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Lay down the law
Lay down the law
Don't change your style
Don't change
Lay down the law
Lay down the law
Lay down the law

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