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This sequential prison is the lonliest kind, a torture of the soul, heart, body and mind, see im happy with my life and honestly proud, your happy with your wealth, but your voice isnt loud, now play me a tune and ill sing you a song, but this time my friend...we all sing along...

The children are smiling, with theyre faces worth fighting (get back lets get back to that place where we sat on our ass and we smoked all the grass we could stomach and)

through cities down backroads, the people will unfold (get back lets get back to that place where we sat on our ass and we smoked all the grass we could stomach)

and i wonder oh i wonder...what your wanting? what you want me?

My clothing is used but ill sing for the blues , we dont care, we dont care,

your buying your eyes and your selling your lies, we dont care, we dont care

The children are smiling, with theyre faces worth fighting (get back lets get back to that place where we sat on our ass and we smoked all the grass we could stomach and)

through cities down backroads, the people will unfold (get back lets get back to that place where we sat on our ass and we smoked all the grass we could stomach)

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