

## **Ben Kenney**

# **"You Won't Like The Sound"**

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You got nothing to say and i got nothing to lose  
I'm sick of feeling trapped by my own rules  
Cause there's a sense of control that i lose  
I got my own opinions i got rights to abuse  
I got reasons to fear the things that i shouldn't do  
I got this evil streak in me that wants to prevail  
But i keep it cool  
I'm sick of feeling trapped by my own rules  
Cause there's a sense of control that i lose  
So don't bring me down cause you won't like the sound  
It's as if i'm a kite attached to my past

On the sand, on the ground  
I feel as if i'm flying somewhere always not around  
Don't fool yourself  
You speak too fast  
The subtlety like most your life  
Was never meant to last  
The future days unfold me  
But my history down upon the ground forever gets to  
hold onto me  
Onto me  
Onto me  
I'm sick of feeling trapped by my own rules  
Cause there's a sense of control that i lose  
So don't bring me down cause you won't like the sound

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