

Broadway Calls

"The Freedom Haters"

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This riff is temporary.
We're going nowhere.
Conscience, what's that?
Everybody freak out!
We're going nowhere 1, 2, 3, 4.
And I've got the right idea this time.
But this repetition's stuck in my mind.
You said, you said, let's start again.
But I can't stop writing the same song my friend.
You said, you said, let's start again.
Lights out, let's break this silence.
Don't give up baby I'll keep you on my list.

But what should I expect tomorrow?
You get the hope and I keep the sorrow.
We're going nowhere.
You said, you said, let's start again.
But I can't stop writing the same song my friend.
You said, you said, let's start again.
I said, I'm sick of singing these songs.
And you said, It sounds better than before.
But I can't keep writing all these same lies, while my
hands keep playing the same chords.

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