

## Cruel Hand

### "Vermont"

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In the background, there's a noise.  
All the feet marking time in a straight line.  
And you can't turn back cause you're better off.  
You gotta maintain your stance.  
In the background, there's a voice  
Singing softly, but surely to break you down.  
That no matter what they say, what you're wearing still  
matters.  
An unmotivated crowd; blood, sweat, and tears poured  
into staying safelike tenth-grade apprehension - Oh!  
And my navy blue isn't black enough, so I'll keep my  
head down.  
Was it innovation or formal?  
You dance the same dance as everyone.  
Smash your equipment in a rage; it's all the rage and a  
guaranteed way to Heaven.  
Hallelujah! we're all saved!  
And though Heather said i should write it down,  
Well, I will be forgotten.  
But the eternal face for prom queen is here to stay.  
Gesticulate, try to make a move and break free.  
And you thought conformity was so passe'.  
But no matter what they tell you, everything is high  
school.  
And it's ob-la-di-bla-da and you walk away.  
You can try to make a change.  
More like try to shift in a straight jacket.  
No matter what they say ou walk away, cause you  
dance the same dance.  
Just walk away.

(Everybody's part of the dance craze. You'll never, ever  
get away. Oh la-di-bla-da, just walk away.)

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