

Dillinger Four

"Shut Your Little Trap, Inc."

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I know it's hard to believe but part of me was scared to
leave
They were so concerned with what I deserved
They never thought about what I'd need
And I know my friends from high school
Are dropping my name because they think it's so cool
That I'm caught in a cage match run by the state
With middle-aged men whispering softly about rape
Where does this leave me, where should I go
Trapped with worse evils than I've ever known
Think of what you had seen when you were sixteen
Then think of me

Now I'm just a guy who's got half his time to go
If good behavior means a two-year show
Other cons are talking about me now they call me the
kid
And the judge who sent me up made a good
impression
For the next election
But what the media won't say is even with my freedom

I still wouldn't be old enough to vote against him
Some nights all I could do is sit and cry
Is this what they want or do they want me to die?
If that's the case, spark up the chair, tape up my face
Kill me right here, because I can't take this living in fear
And what I'm getting out of this has never made itself
clear
As a free man I've had to fight what it taught me
Paranoia and constant bigotry
A mind-set designed and provided just to hold me
down
Where respect came only through intimidation
So I'm always expecting a confrontation
Apparently this is what they call rehabilitation.

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