

## Electrasy "Dazed And Confused"

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I'm a breather, mail receiver  
Ad I don't know where I stand  
Not since someone informed me  
That my house was built on sand  
And it's not the earth beneath me  
It's just the concept of the land

And I'm standing on the corner  
When the buildings, they all fell  
And you blink once you're a goner  
Everything just goes pell-mell

It's a real hard sell, my conceptual hell  
Not even good for kindling, no  
When the buildings, they all fell

And I'm a breather, mail receiver  
Bottom feeder just getting by  
And you know it's all just part of the course  
But you blame it on some non existent force  
Oh yeah, of course, you know you can't ride  
The concept of the horse but still I try

In a carton desert landscape  
With a pair of Acme jet skates  
Focused on my destination  
I seem to have forgot my station  
Now it's time to face the nation

And I'm riding to meet you  
On a brown gray speckled mare  
But there's something that unnerves me  
Like I'm riding on thin air  
These few doubts disserve me  
Thinking no one really cares

And I'm jumping over fences  
On this obstacle course  
But it seems I'm getting nowhere  
On the concept of the horse

It's a real hard sell, my conceptual hell

Not even good for kindling, no  
When the buildings, they all fell

And I'm a breather, bottom feeder  
How many liters must I imbibe?  
And you know it's all just part of the course  
But you blame it on some non existent force  
Oh yeah, of course, you know you can't ride  
The concept of the horse but still I try

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