

Exit By Name "Hands Are Tied"

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Witness, my witness, i call my first one to the stand.
I wrote this for myself, not for you - you wouldn't
understand
That im surrogate and suffer this but no matter what i
do
There's more
But im happy if your happy so what the hell are we
fighting for
My hands are tied and i can't break in
This path aint mine
Did what i could
But the ink my name's in might aswell be blood

A briefcase a businessman the board
I wont lick boots or kiss feet

I'll mockerise this puppetry, never give in and suck the
teat
"but you shifted naught, zero. maybe ten but not much
more"
Well i'm happy if your happy so what the hell are we
fighting for

My hands are tied and i can't break in
This path aint mine
Did what i could
But the ink my name's in might aswell be blood

Did you read the oldest joke in the book
Its on the final page

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