

Favez "Primitive Nation Of One"

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I hope you come again
You'll always be my friend
My god my hero
Throwing all your caution to the wind
I suck it in

My days are all the same
All cracked and bent and strained
So what if you're self proclaimed
My aim is set on your beautiful game

Go easy on the stars
And heavy on the wars
And tell it like you just don't care

We're riding on the stench
Of your old fraternity bench
A class of your own is dragging us down
And you're living the life out of town
You'll be glad to know my friend
Up there we're happy to be uninformed

Go easy on the stars
And heavy on the wars
And tell it like you just don't care
And when all is said and done
We're a primitive nation of one
Our driver's got an empty stare

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