

Fisher "Miseryland"

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I learned to fly
So you
You ran to find the gun
To shoot me down
Before
I got too high
'Cause you could not stand
To stand alone in the long line
For your wild ride - it requires
Two lost souls per seat
At least five foot five

Chorus:
--And I don't wanna' go
for a ride
Down to Miseryland
Trapped with you
By my side
Down in Miseryland

Up in the air you wave
Two tickets for my
utter amusement
You possess
an express pass to unhappiness
that makes you feel alive?

And I don't have a place any more
Down in Miseryland

Trapped with you forever more
Is not what I have planned
So take a seat
By yourself
And wait to fall a hundred stories

Better hold on tight
Hands in--side the ride
And don't for get to breathe

-And I don't wanna' go
for a ride

Down to Miseryland
Trapped with you
By my side
Down in misery
have a place any more
Down in misery
Down in Miseryland

I learned to fly
But you are still shooting the sky
Still shooting

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