

Gathering

"You All Everybody"

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I'm not mad, I'm just tired
And it makes me sad, at least it makes me something
different
I hate this place and all these guys and their fancy
clothes
It doesn't seem like music at all
I'll speak the truth so you know I mean it
I'll take my time so you know I mean it
All the things I've seen just seem to me
To confirm for me my deep belief that there is a
difference
This place is built of men
People who crush your hope and the things
That make you different
And my art is no art at all
My art is just bought and sold
And it makes no difference what you believe
If you don't stand up and make the difference
I know you really want to believe
You really want to but it's much easier
To look the same and sound the same
To play the game
But I want to misbehave
And I'm not that different

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