

Incubus

"Previlege"

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Isnt it strange that a gift could be an enemy?
Isnt it weird that a privilege could feel like a chore?
Maybe its me but this line isnt going anywhere,
maybe if we looked hard enough, we could find a
backdoor.
(find yourself a backdoor).
I see you in line, dragging your feet
you have my sympathy.
The day you were born, you were born free.
That is your privilege. (chorus)
Isnt it strange that the man standing in front of me
doesnt have a clue why hes waiting, or what he is
waiting for?
Maybe its me, but im sick of wasting energy.
Maybe if i look in my heart I could find a backdoor.
(Find yourself a backdoor).
I see you in line, dragging your feet
you have my sympathy.
The day you were born, you were born free.
That is your
That is your privilege.
(Find yourself a backdoor).
I see you in line, dragging your feet
you have my sympathy.
The day you were born, you were born free.
That is your privilege. *2

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