Jack Johnson
"The Faultline"

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And by the way you know the hope will make you
strange
Make you blink, make you blink, make you sink
It will make you afraid of change and often blame
The box with the view of the world and the ones who fill
the frame

I turn it up, but then I turn it off because I can't stand
when they start to talk about the
Hurting and killing who's shoes are we filling
the damage and ruin and the things that we're doing
Got to, we got to stop, we got to turn it all off, we got to
rewind, start it up again

Because it fell across the fall line
And nothing's sacred anymore
Na na na na na na na na

Somebody saw him jump, yeah but nobody saw him
slip
I guess he lost a lot of hope and then he lost his grip
And now he's lying in the freeway in the middle of this
mess
Guess we lost another one, just like the other one
Energetic apathetic version of another person
Check out his outsides, ain't nothing in there

He fell across the fall line
and nothing's sacred anymore
Na na na na na na na na