

Caedere

"Open Letter"

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Well, I'm finding the green cleared from my eyes
I am young and I am deep within the woods
What I'm discovering is far from the land I've heard tell
of
But I'm not so vain to think that I'm the first

The first to see and to turn their eyes away
And I know that's not a popular approach
And I'm also learning the rules to the game I'm
supposed to play
And they are proving to be far beyond reproach

And just 'cause we subscribe to different paths
Doesn't give you right to just sit and laugh

Can you still see from whence you've come
'Cause I won't bow down to a place so low
I think that you're wrong and I think you're wrong
I hope you don't mind me saying so

It's not as though this truck's been up on blocks for
years in my front yard
Waiting for the fuel of you to make it go
Well, I guess it all depends on who you answer to
Cause I still believe it's Who not what you know

Why don't you write me a letter or call me on the phone
Tell me of all the big important things we'll do
I know you're understanding of what freedom means to
me
But I bet you won't mention how you'll hide me till I
belong to you

All of these things you say I lack
You can keep just give my innocence back

If it comes right down to yes or no
Just lock the door and on my way I'll go

Well don't call us
We will call you

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