

The Menzingers

"No Ticket"

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Well I'm a member of the generation Pentium mind
post-Columbine kids we practice standing in line
I could hear the whistles blowin' at the degree factory
You better know your role
Paranoia kicks his shoes off and he settles in
Can't have a conversation without my head spinning
To the beat of the dark money metronome
The scattered tempo will arrest your soul
I brake for analogies on this road to cure a
complimentary disease of the heart
Provided at no extra charge by the liars spread by their
whores
Cancer costs a bit more
Half full or half empty man its no concern
When the glass is smashed and you got nothing to
learn
Come off your pedestal digress from your post
Obey the posters on the wall
Her goosebumps are whispering a secret to me
While logic's condescending on my fantasies
Searching for Atlantis in the thick of a storm
Capsize with the Montengards
Well I can't go it alone
But i don't need the approval of the megaphone
Because the voice behind's got a plan of his own
To play me for a fool
Even Ceaser can share some empathy
For the Fourth Estate's brutal murder atrocity
They tasted the blade of the Laissez-sword
And it burned when it went down
The weathermen are telling me that I'd better scramble
There's a storm on the brink that the levies won't
handle
Opportunity's door is neither open or shut
It's rusted and propped ajar
I brake for analogies on this road to cure a
complimentary disease
My power is listed at the top of the screen
So play me for a fool

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