

Thee Armada

"Guess I'm Inconvenience"

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I saw you throw him overboard
To feed a fetish for the wolves
Just like they did to you
To follow up your cue
The headline reads on Sunday morning
Be careful what you choose
Guess I'm an unborn slave
Tragically far from grave
I found a way to test a theory
Parents living vicariously
Molding all our minds
Slowly bettering their lives.
Until another goodbye, another warning
The instigators are the two left mourning
A rebel yell that everyone can scream
Out loud
Oh, let your voice be heard
We're flying free birds
A rebel yell that everyone can scream
Out loud
Oh, let your voice be heard

We're flying free birds
And who are we to blame for
Certainly not the media
Please give us the answers
Oh, oh dear Mom and Dad.
I'm writing you from prison,
I'm writing from the streets
Where I learned to get away for awhile
To shoot down your selfish dreams
I'm insecure from all of the talks that we've had
This one's for you
Oh so dear, sweet Mom and Dad.
Another goodbye, another warning
The instigators are the two left mourning.
A rebel yell that everyone can scream
Out loud
Oh, let your voice be heard
We're flying free birds
A rebel yell that everyone can scream
Out loud
Oh, let your voice be heard
We're flying free birds
I've walked these lines
To hold my own grandeur

