

Thumlock

"Preachin From A Chair"

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I'm sorry I don't hate the world.
I'm afraid that I'm not disturbed.
I'm sorry, that I don't do drugs, I hope you understand.
I can't talk my life in hell, or a suicide attempt that did
not go well,
No life of crime , no misery. What you see is what you
get.
And i don't believe in dwelling on a darkest side,
Coz there is enough bad new on the television every
night.
So I don't need , need some little punk who's latest
star,
Telling me over and over again, life is such a drag
When you're in a band.

What is it coming to, when everyone's talking through
their heads.
And we all heard it all before.
What happened to honesty? The way that it looks to me.
Is everybody's in in it trying to get somewhere.
Adn trying to justify it, PREACHING FROM A CHAIR.

Please forgive me if the clothes's ain't right.
I wouldn't want you hanging with uncool guy.
No flanel shirt and no tattoos, maybe I should grow a
beard.
Don't ya tell me what I oghta think.
Which cigarettes to smoke and what I oughta drink.
Don't judge me by the way I look, coz the clothes don't
make the man.

I'm not about to be slave to a book of rules.
Don't want to spend my life trying to be somebody else.
I'd be wrong to beleieve, in every word that I ever read.
You can't fool all the people all of the time.
One man's opinion, is another man lie.

The makers of taste will be, patronising you and me
forever.
And it's always been the same.
You'll enter the twilight zone, if you don't keep your

mind your own.
I should't let it get to me, but I don't care.
I can't stomach bullshit, when it's PREACHING FROM A
CHAIR.

I'm sorry that I like the sun.
I'm sorry to say I don't want to own a gun.
Coz if my number's up that's alright, sometime we all
got to go.
So many version of the world outside.
Reality is getting hard to find.
So many people with an axe to grind.
It's hard to know who to believe.

Don't lecture me, untill you know what truth is,
Take a good look inside before you criticise everyone
else.
Your jealousy ain't enough to a reason to justify
To telling me where I went wrong.
So don't try to do it.
Cuz all you ever do is, sing the same old song.
And noone want's the hear,
PREACHING FROM A CHAIR.

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