

Million Dead "Living The Dream"

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'You', another tired second-person address,
Words written hastily and under duress
Im cold and holed up in the back of the van, devoid of
eloquence or elegant plan
And Im paranoid, and I can't help but think,
That somewhere someone is listening in
But all the words that I kept in my pockets, jotted down
on supermarket receipts,
At base turned out to be solid masonry
And Im scared of the kids who come to our shows,
And scared of the words that they seem to know,
Because in truth all my high ideals are in ruins, in truth
I don't really know what Im doing
Growing out of these clothes turned out to mean losing
certainty
So sing, 'your' voices level the land,
My Jericho,
My rock and sure foundation!
Every love that made me lose my reasoning,
Every line that made my conscience ache,
Every day spent counting hours well, none of them
come close
To singing back a song inside my head
I always had a song inside my head
And yes, there are times when I am tired and stressed,
When I am hasty and Im under duress
Im a narcissist and Im not at my best I have to say Im
not impressed
Of all the things that I believed in my teens, Im left with
unread books and badly made zines
Some might-have-beens that somehow even yet
Bring a spring to my step
I remember calloused hands and paint-stained jeans,
And I remember safe-as-houses self-belief
So sing 'your' voices are sure destruction,
My rock and sure foundation
And every line that made me lose my reasoning,
Every chord that made my conscience ache,
Every sound a memory that's all I ever need
I always have a song inside my head

