

## Dead Letter Office "Chairkickers"

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I woke up in a city where the sun don't sleep  
The future was folded right out in front of me  
A broken down town in a dead man's dream  
You can't fix your spirit with a life support machine

So come on and let it out  
We're ready for the rapture  
We're ready when you are  
Chairkickers!  
Cause we will never be part of the crowd  
Come on and let it out  
Come on and let it out

So stand up on your soapbox and give us your best  
It may seem a little high up but maybe that's the test  
I said the lights won't blind you they're too far away  
So don't be afraid to stand up cause you might well  
be saved

Cause we're all going to hell but at least we'll all be  
there together  
We're ready when you are  
Chairkickers!  
Cause we will never be part of the crowd  
Come on and let it out  
Come on and let it out

Hold me down cause I don't wanna see it  
Kick my chair out; bury the hatchet

Cause we will never be part of the crowd  
Come on and let it out  
Come on and let it out  
Chairkickers!

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