

Script

"Six Degrees Of Separation"

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VERSE 1:

You've read the books
You've watched the shows
What's the best way?
No one knows ye

Ye meditate
Get hypnotized
Anything to take it from your mind
But it won't go

You're doing all these things out of desperation
Oooohh
Waoohh
You're going through six degrees of separation

Ye hit a drink
Ye take a toke
Watch the past go up in smoke
Ye fake a smile
Ye lie and say:
You're better now than ever
And your life's okay

Well it's not, no ooohh
You're doing all these things out of desperation
Oooohh
Waoohh
You're going through six degrees of separation

CHORUS:

First, you think the worst is a broken heart
What's gonna kill you is the second part
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle
Fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself
Fifth, you see them out with someone else
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have messed up a little

No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself

No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself

VERSE 2:

You tell your friends, strangers too
Anyone who'll throw an arm around you
Tarrot cards, gems and stones
Believing all that sh*t's gonna heal your soul

Well it's not, no ooohh
You're only doing things out of desperation
Oooohh, Waoohh
You're going through six degrees of separation

CHORUS:

First, you think the worst is a broken heart
What's gonna kill you is the second part
And the third, is when your world splits down the
middle
Fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself
Fifth, you see them out with someone else
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have
messed up a little

BRIDGE:

No, there's no starting over
Without finding closure
You take them back, no hesitation
That's when you know you've reached the sixth degree
of separation

No, there's no starting over
Without finding closure
You take them back, no hesitation
That's how you know you've reached the sixth degree
of separation

CHORUS:

First, you think the worst is a broken heart
What's gonna kill you is the second part
And the third, is when your world splits down the
middle
Fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself
Fifth, you see them out with someone else
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have
messed up a little

No, no, there ain't no help
It's every man for himself

You're goin' through six degrees of separation

No, no, there ain't no help

It's every man for himself

You're goin' through six degrees of separation

No, no, there ain't no help

It's every man for himself

[Fades out; END]

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