

Straighten Things Out "Wmt"

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It all started out with a slap right on my ass,
a quick check-up, momentary cries,
my name on a bracelet,
registration forms, medical records,
"Welcome to the jungle !"
and then it all got sorted out.

Then came the first time when I fell
flat right on my face
Painful disillusion not to achieve
the goals I'd set myself:
String three steps together before I grabbed that hand.
Then I did my best to fit the drill you spelled me
out..

So time went by I still I tried
to naively stay right in the line,
following up the mass,
quietly walk that path down, keeping low profile, fit
the mould like everyone.

Now comes the time to leave the cage I been captive in

Time to saw the bars, to get over the fences,
Time not to fit that drill you spelled me out..

Everything around me is bleak and dull,so as to
sterilize all my emotions,
It's made to condition my brain day by day,
and turn it into marmelade
All that time I spent hanging about on the wrong track.
Hounded by all those "essential" needs
I shall not do without.
Now i'm realizing that I been wasting my time...
Life is too short to be just another pawn on this cold
and boring chessboard,
No way i keep sitting back here,
sitting down on my dreams
Watching them fading away

So time to saw the bars, to get over the fences,
Time not to fit that drill you spell me out..

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