

The Lips

"My Society"

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I feel like it wouldn't make no difference if you were.
I feel like it wouldn't make no difference if you burned.

'Cause all I see are numbers of all these pregnant
mothers,
They're pigs in my society.
And all I feel is static, you're so over-dramatic,
You've got me singing on my knees. Screaming:

Why oh why oh why oh why oh,
Why are you this way?

I feel like it wouldn't make no difference if you died.
And I feel like it wouldn't make no difference to
subside.

'Cause all I see are colors of all these little numbers,
They're drifting right through my head.
And all I see are burners and educated learners,
Burning letters when I said.

Why oh why oh why oh why oh,
Why are you this way?

I feel like I'm way beyond my years.

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