

## **No Use For A Name "The Trumpet Player"**

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Always in the way, I think I've had enough of this  
Why is everyone so cold and lonely?  
Here I go again, I'll try releting to the selfishly absurd

Take me for a ride and leave me somewhere I can live  
Without feeling everybody's sorrow  
I want to feel the numbness that surrounds most of our  
hearts  
To feel like I am normal while ripping lives apart

Somewhere on the way to degradation  
I met a man who put me in my place  
He said, "You will not see me  
You'll know the truth when you hear this trumpet play"

Doctor can you give me something for my state of  
mind?  
If we're all on the same pill it's alright

'Sorry son you'll have to walk this bridge without a  
crutch  
We're out of medication, the world is out of love"

Just then I heard something from the distance  
The trumpet player sitting on the hill  
He said "I really do not have an answer now"  
Then vanished standing still

In the face on everyone I saw a little madness  
And decided not to be part of that scene  
The only way it seemed

Always on the wrong side of affection  
We step on heads to get mere than we need  
Never understanding the afterglow  
The reflection of our greed

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