

No Use For A Name "Under the Garden"

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On a morning in November you were blinded by the sun
In your place that makes you feel so safe from
everyone
You're totally oblivious to world poverty
Not affected by the millions that you don't see

And so we toast to opportunity and talk about the
weather
Although we never look each other in the eye
We are paranoid and out of step with every word that
we just said
We all sound fucking crazy and no one can lie down in
their own bed

In a moment you will tell us of your own personal hell
I'm starting to believe that everyone is for themselves

We really don't have an eternity to make our dreams
come true
But thinking for tomorrow isn't in you

On my way down to the city I was looking out the
window
At some point you learned to look the other way
We're so desperate it's dangerous, we basically have
lost our heads
Responsible for nothing but taking credit where ever
we can

And so we live under the garden where we can hide
And not smell the dregs of earth
Beneath the sun of the same planet, inherit wealth,
inherit dirt

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