

Attica! Attica!

"Tyler And Marla Were Right"

Visit "[Tyler And Marla Were Right](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Everybody says they hate the sound of their own voice
But I'll admit that I prefer mine to any other noise
So does that make me self-absorbed or do I even have
a choice?
It's probably both, but I keep talking either way

In the haze of glowing screens we pin our thoughts to
message boards
Disregarding countless ideas tied upon the thread
before
And so we miss the irony that ours will also be ignored
Are we content to merely shout out into space?

In cathedrals with stained windows people whisper
quiet prayers
To a god that listens well because no one knows if he's
there
But we don't bother to investigate because we are too
scared

If there's no god, then who will tell us it's okay?

All the lefties dream their jerseys will majestically
ascend
To the rafters of arenas where we celebrate dissent
Where we talk of revolution while consuming all we can
The game's not what you do; it's only what you say
And I know how to play

So we keep our hands raised high and we all silently
yearn
To be the next who's called upon to show what we have
learned
Because no one really listens we just all wait for our
turn
Our minds are clogged with all the things we plan to
say
I've got something to say

Visit [Attica! Attica!](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

