

The Red Chord

"It Runs The Family"

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Because of you I'll be working till I'm ninety.
Re-think those words.
Re-think your ways.
How can you live with that on your head?
The wind is at our heels and razors at throats
You're running on borrowed time and that time is
running out.
Remember the way you started-- That was a loan.
Wind still at our heels and razors at our throats.
I can live with myself it's not so bad.
I can look myself in the mirror.
Did really you expect me to save you all?
Blame the way you were raised and say it was the only
way.
The rat race is never ending.
Watch your back and watch your spending.
Crash and burn into the ground.
I thought you were suppose to save us all.
Singing.
Dancing-- You're killing my ambition.
Excuses.
Save it for the judge and jury.
Why can't you understand me.
- Do I stutter? Your taking my heart out of it.
Don't you get it? Fairy tales.
Cosmetic nation.
Big houses and paid vacations.
Gamble it all away and say it was the only way.
Snort civilians.
Hit the sun.
I hope you can keep up.

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