

## Savannah Outen

# "Complaint In The System"

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Welcome to the system  
Here's the situation  
It's a bit confusing  
Welcome to the maze  
Everybody sees what

Everybody wants to  
Everyone avoids  
Every other gaze

I will be your mentor  
I'll be your advisor  
I'll do what I do  
And you will look away  
Forgetting what you see  
Has always been much wiser  
But someone in the back is missing what I say

Got a complaint in the system  
Got a complaint in the system

Welcome to the park now  
We supply amusements  
Everybody rides  
But everybody pays

What good's causing problems  
When no one's complaining  
What good is a martyr  
If no one is saved

Everybody knows us  
Everybody sees us

Every single child

Can tell you where we are

Every politician  
Says that we are leaving  
But in all this time

We haven't gone too far

Got a complaint in the system  
Got a complaint in the system

You should understand it  
It's not underhanded  
It's really quite simple you see

The right and the wrong of it  
Long and the short of it  
Black and the white of it  
Forget the sight of it  
It is so much cheaper

To be no one's keeper

Trust me

In the dead of the night  
You can stab with a knife  
But it's rare you'll ever get anywhere

So we laugh in delight  
Till you turn on a light  
And we scatter for the darkness  
Or the corners filled with blackness  
And we're  
There  
There

Where  
Where  
There

Then the sailor turned around  
And walked back along the beach  
Towards the boat anchored offshore  
For his decision had been reached

He then sat down on the sand  
Thinking of all he had seen that day  
And then decided in his mind  
It was time to sail away

For the world that I was born to

Clearly no longer exists  
And the feeling I should leave it  
I can no longer resist

And as he sat there thinking  
A mother and her child walked by  
And the old sailor's hourglass  
Had caught the young boy's eye

So he walked up to the stranger  
As only a young child will do  
To ask if he could see the hourglass  
But then he noticed something new

That the old man he was crying  
Though he tried to wipe his eyes  
So the child forgot the hourglass  
And instead asked the old man why

But before the sailor could answer  
The mother said to leave the man alone  
And taking the child by the hand  
She gently led him home

And as they left the beach

The sand recorded both their tracks  
Until they reached the final dune  
When the young child he looked back

Then he saw the sailor standing up  
The glass falling from his hand  
When it hit the ground the top broke off  
And spilled out all it's sand

Then the sailor walked up to the sea  
And waded to the boat  
But instead of pulling up the anchor  
He simply cut the rope

And the last thing that the child saw  
As they walked out of sight  
Was the sailor and his sailboat  
Sailing out into the night

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