

The Velvet Teen

"In a Steadman Spray"

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it doesn't matter what i say
cos every sentence ends
in a steadman spray
forefinger blackened in song
broken blood from an empty vessel

they will say what they will say
but i've worked as hard as anyone else
got the same fire in these veins
copper cords, yeah, electric tape

chains and tires
till you can't sleep
and all this to someday never wake up
and it never ends, no, it never ends

it just hits harder every day
and the corporate hands tighten their grasp
how can i say anything
got no funds, no representation

let them take what they will take
as we say, thanks so much
yeah, everything helps
just be grateful you are free
to do anything they say

oh, the wait this year
for the new sundance independent films
oh, it never ends, no, it never ends

and whow can we ever expect we're getting out
when we can't even see what we're inside
you've spoken for us, will you speak to us now
can we mellow out, will you settle down
are we just fooling ourselves
too elite for us now
you think you're so separate

do you hear us down here
can you feel it now

have we all gone too tourettes
to make sense of anything else
they can't steal your suffering
they can't steal your memories

oh the world's gone mad
can you feel it now

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