

## **Thunder**

### **"Preachin From A Chair"**

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I'm sorry I don't hate the world.  
I'm afraid that I'm not disturbed.  
I'm sorry, that I don't do drugs, I hope you understand.  
I can't talk my life in hell, or a suicide attempt that did  
not go well,  
no life of crime , no misery. What you see is what you  
get.  
And i don't believe in dwelling on the darker side,  
coz there is enough bad news on the television every  
night.  
So I don't need , need some little punk who's the latest  
star,  
telling me over and over again, life is such a drag  
when you're in a band.

What is it coming to, when everyone's talking through  
their hats.  
And we all heard it all before.  
What happened to honesty? The way that it looks to me.  
Is everybody in it trying to get somewhere.  
And trying to justify it, PREACHING FROM A CHAIR.

Please forgive me if the clothes's ain't right.  
I wouldnt want you hanging with uncool guy.  
No flannel shirt and no tattoos, maybe I should grow a  
beard.  
Don't ya tell me what I oughta think.  
What cigarettes to smoke and what I oughta drink.  
Don't judge me by the way I look, coz the clothes don't  
make the man.

I'm not about to be slave to a book of rules.  
Don't want to spend my life trying to be somebody else.  
I'd be wrong to believe, in every word that I ever read.  
You can't fool all the people all of the time.  
And one man's opinion's another mans lie.

Makers of taste will be, patronising you and me  
forever.  
And it's always been the same.  
You'll enter the twilight zone, if you don't keep your  
mind your own.

I shouldn't let it get to me, but I don't care.  
I can't stomach bullshit, when it's PREACHING FROM A  
CHAIR.

I'm sorry that I like the sun.  
I'm sorry to say I don't want to own a gun.  
Coz if my number's up that's all right, sometime we all  
got to go.  
So many versions of the world outside.  
Reality is getting hard to find.  
So many people with an axe to grind.  
It's hard to know who to believe.

Don't lecture me, until you know what truth is,  
take a good look inside before you criticise everyone  
else.  
Your jealousy ain't enough to a reason babe  
to justify telling me where I went wrong.  
So don't try to do it.  
Coz all you ever do is, sing the same old song.  
And no-one want's to hera,  
PREACHING FROM A CHAIR.

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