

Thunder

"Preaching 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 about my life in hell
Or a suicide attempt that didn't 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
There's enough bad news on the television every night
So I don't need some little punk who's the latest star
Telling me over and over again
Life's such a drag when you're in a band
What is it coming to when everyone's talking through
their hat
And we've heard it all before
What happened to honesty? The way that it looks at me
Is everybody's in it trying to get somewhere
And trying to justify it, preaching from a chair

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

I'm not about to be a slave to a book of rules
Don't wanna 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 man's lie

The 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

(SOLO)

I'm sorry that I like the sun
I'm sorry to say I don't wanna own a gun
Cos if my number's up that's alright, 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 the truth is
Take a good look inside you criticise everyone else
Your jealousy ain't enough of a reason
To justify telling me where I went wrong

So don't try to do it
Cos all you ever do is sing the same old song
And no one wants to hear
Preaching from a chair

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