

Wired All Wrong, After All

When you gonna calm me down with your sad face?
It never really calmed me down in the first place
Now I say it again and again and again
Apparently to waste your time and
How is it that we seem to always end
End up at the back of the line and
We push and we push, we try and we try
I'm tired of this world, I'm sick of this life
Is there no hope left for us?
Is there no way to go home?

Why are we always the last to know just what we need?
Now wouldn't you just love to make it so easy for me?
Why are we left with nothing to show? Problems persist
Now wouldn't you love to know where we go after all this?
After all this, after all this

When you gonna come around with your head case?
You seem to only hear the sound of your rat race
Now I'm waking up in places I've never been
Stone cold, my head's still ringing
We could take it to the ropes, to whatever end
As long as I get one good swing in
We fight and we fight and we live and we die
I'm tired of this world, I'm sick of this life
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Is there no way to go home?

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