

Question Everything

Fuzigish

Life it can be simple just consume what you're fed
But it's boring and implies that you agree with what's said
middle class comforts can sedate sharp minds
amplify your living and question everything

what what
who who
question everything
what what
who who
question everything

I grew up safely in those big suburbs
Forced to respect authority
To be seen and not be heard
Parents comfortably numb
Or conveniently dumb
Intimidated by the state they never questioned anyone

what what
who who
question everything
what what
who who
question everything

so put your hand up
come on and stand up
it's time to man up
come on and question everything

I tuck my son into a warm bed tonight
What questions do i avoid for the easy life
Now I see the truth now I fear reality
what will it mean to him if I don't question everything

what what
who who
question everything
what what

who who
question everything

so put your hand up
come on and stand up
its time to man up and question everything

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Lyrics Submitted by Mrs E

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