

Out Of My Way

Kamchatka

Oh, you think you're so clever,
telling me what to do.
In your eyes I'm a loser
'cause I'm nothing like you.
Your shadow is stretching
all over the place
in your idea of living.

You'd better walk away. You know I've been working
so hard all my life.

From the day I turned seven
I've been moving on,
so, please, just give me
some time to breathe.

Don't you play with my mind, now. Why can't everybody
see through their third eye,
and be open for changes
so in the future they'll know. All the leashes that holds them
will soon give way
to a freedom to live again.

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