

# Sit Pretty

## The Honor System

Lines and rows, rows and lines  
Boundaries you don't dare go outside  
Take your beating with a smile  
Everything is now for saleWhat's the price of a stolen life?  
What's the salary to line up like a soldier?  
Then march into the sea?Seen and heard about their new advances  
King convenience got a new crown  
I'd rather be left behind  
Then be a well trained failureSo let's take a commercial break  
Pause this masterpiece  
The only words from our sponsors are  
"you can't have anything"There's a window I've been trying to look out  
There's some scenery I've never seen before  
But a few say this cannot be allowed  
Keep your heads and hands inside  
Keep your single file lines  
Keep it to yourselfVoices said to me  
You don't need a fucking cubicle to be free  
I'll sit all alone and play guitar for hours  
In this crumbling room I call home now  
Who's to say that dreams are not allowed  
Can you understand me now?  
I'm screaming it loudI step back and take a look in from the outside  
I see neon signs and traffic lights and lost time

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