

# Privilege

## Incubus

Isn't it strange that a gift could be an enemy?  
Isn't it weird that a privilege could feel like a chore?  
Maybe it's me but this line isn't going anywhere  
Maybe if we looked hard enough, we could find a back door  
Find yourself a back door  
I see you in line, dragging your feet  
You have my sympathy  
The day you were born, you were born free  
That is your privilege  
Isn't it strange that the man standing in front of me?  
Doesn't have a clue why he's waiting, or what he's waiting for?  
Maybe it's me but I'm sick of wasting energy  
Maybe if I look in my heart I could find a back door  
Find yourself a back door

I see you in line, dragging your feet  
You have my sympathy  
The day you were born, you were born free  
That is your privilege  
Find yourself a back door  
I see you in line, dragging your feet  
You have my sympathy  
The day you were born, you were born free  
That is your privilege  
I see you in line, dragging your feet  
You have my sympathy  
The day you were born, you were born free  
That is your, that is your privilege  
That is your, that is your, that is your

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