

Wander

Heroin

Movement. What do I know of this?
I am in a sheltered life. What do I know? I ask, but who?
I got to get out of this shelter. Try finding out.
It's late, dark and cold. I just wander around.
Insecure middle class white kids searching sounds like a joke,
but I guess everything has its purpose.
What's anything worth on this scale of things anyway,
Just trying seems like it could be worth just as much because,
For as much talk is bought and sold, maybe a few of us will make it out.
Out to where? It doesn't even matter.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>