

# Jack Knife

## The Hearted

We are the exiles  
we are the strange kids  
We are abandoned  
but we won't give up  
We feel the need inside to all stand up and fight  
We're all heading for a new intervention  
We won't obey you  
We have our own laws  
We have our own rules  
Work on something new  
This is the reason for you to believe in  
this is the sound of me  
As I am letting go You don't know what it means to me  
And all of them are proud of being the fucked up  
You don't know what it means to me  
It's not the words you say, it's what you send away  
You don't know what it means to me  
You don't know what it means to me So you say "do this" just to make me mad  
I'll make your anger grow inside your head  
Now can you tell me? Who are you to say?  
That we we're made to let you block our way  
As we are soldiers of the sound  
These people are nowhere to be found  
And as I go I have nothing left to say  
I'll try to write my own words along the way You don't know what it means to me  
And all of them are proud of being the fucked up  
You don't know what it means to me  
It's not the words you say, it's what you send away  
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