

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
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