Under The Garden

No Use For A Name

On a morning in November you were blinded by the sun
In your place that makes you feel so safe from everyone
You're totally oblivious to world poverty
Not affected by the millions that you don't see
And so we toast to opportunity and talk about the weather
Although we never look each other in the eye
We are paranoid and out of step with every word that we just said
We all sound fucking crazy and no one can lie down in their own bed
In a moment you will tell us of your own personal hell

I'm starting to believe that everyone is for themselves
We really don't have an eternity to make our dreams come true
But thinking for tomorrow isn't in you
On my way down to the city I was looking out the window
At some point you learned to look the other way
We're so desperate it's dangerous, we basically have lost our heads
Responsible for nothing but taking credit where ever we can
And so we live under the garden where we can hide
And not smell the dregs of earth
Beneath the sun of the same planet, inherit wealth, inherit dirt

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