

# 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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