Passengers

Hawthorne Heights

Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Want to get on, he want to get on
Want to get on, he want to get onTo make a chain of fools, you need a matching pair
One hypocritical fool and the crowd that's never there
There's anger in the silence, there's wheels upon the jail
A black train built of bones on a copper railDeny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Want to get on, he want to get on
Want to get on, he want to get onCompany conductor, you need the salt of tears
Falling on a ticket that no one's used in years
Non-commercial native, it's tattooed in your veins
You're living in a blood bank and riding on this trainDeny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Deny the passenger, who want to get on
Want to get on, he want to get on
Want to get on, he want to get onThe spirit's free, but you always find
Passengers stand and wait in line
Someone in the front and someone else behind
But passengers always wait in lineDeny the passenger, who want to get on
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