

# The Dutch Are Practical, Its a Hub

## A Voice Like Rhetoric

Excuses and another i suppose  
I'll wait until it shuts off  
How am i not myself?  
This would be much faster  
How and i not myself?  
This could spell disaster  
The excuses i breath  
Are not only leaving  
They repeat  
Oh one on one  
How i miss you  
In a crowded room  
The same way they parley  
How and i not myself?  
This would be much faster  
How am i not myself?  
This could spell...  
The excuses i breath are not only leaving  
They repeat  
I need to get out!  
Profane etching on our bare walls  
With profanity sketched on blank walls  
Which only wait for an ill fated end  
I am swallowing every single word  
I'll escape by standing right where i am

Lyrics provided by  
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