Passengers

Daniel Kahn

Deny the passenger, who want to get on

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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 on To 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

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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 on The 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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