On Individuality

Jarle Bernhoft

You?re havin? a hard time tryin? to define yourself
Somebody?s constantly reminding you of your place
Someone wrote the book, but I don?t think they were sure
Just who they were and who they are now

You?re hangin? with the wrong crowd I guess, but who decides
You?re set on right where you want to be, are you right?
Someone wrote the book, but judging by their look
They?re not too happy about it now

And realize you?re one in a million gettin? pigeon holed
This city is a village disguised as a metro-pol
We?re just getting burned, villains getting hung
With money getting spent

Lyrics submitted by Ehan Hartung.

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