

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Ehan Hartung.

Lyrics provided by  
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