

# Static

## Good Riddance

Like a weathered statue  
I will wait for you  
like the darkness fading  
waiting to see it through  
like an ardent cry  
wakes me from the silence of my sleep  
like a distant bell  
like a man who fights the system  
fights to keep if you have to ask the price you can't afford it  
there's nothing free in this world  
there's nothing free in this life like a super hero  
I'll try to save the world  
with an anesthetic  
to lift a thousand fingers  
like a man accused  
I'll weigh the consequence  
like a man afraid  
of the madness just beyond the picket fence

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