

# Nobody Knows

[Michael McGuire](#)

While we mortgage our souls to the mercy of the streets,  
The lien holder throws out more food than he eats,  
You never know how close you are to that close call,  
Until you don't really have a thing and then lose it all. What goes on after hours,  
In those big city towers,  
Well somebody knows yeah somebody knows,  
What goes on behind the doors,  
Of the Wall Street whores,  
Well somebody knows yeah somebody knows. Victimless criminals are protected by the law,  
The systems serpent that feeds among us all,  
A sentient shadow world that uses meaning as a weapon,  
Skin the bone till the ruins are beyond the reckon. What goes on after hours,  
In those big city towers,  
Well somebody knows yeah somebody knows,  
What goes on behind the walls,  
In those capital halls,  
Well somebody knows yeah somebody knows. The six o'clock news smells just like prison food,  
It's just a shrink probing the inmates mood,  
Of the storm that is building no math could figure this rain,  
Hope is not an option for those waiting for it to sanctify their pain. What goes on in the head,  
Of the walking dead,  
Well nobody knows, yeah nobody knows,  
What goes on in the heart,  
Of the torn apart,  
Well nobody knows yeah nobody knows.

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