Cornered

Laurence Jones

Sometimes I feel it's a waste of time
To listen to your shouting, a wordless pantomime
Can't you see it falls on deaf ears?Filling me up with your point of view
Your opinions are your own, I got mine too
What I think don't mean nothing to youWhen the shit hits the fan, and you're faced by the man
Who holds the key to our promised land?
Don't misunderstand what's in the man's hand
'Cause it's all been laid out in the new world planMakin' me feel like a laboratory rat
Without a mind of its own, diseased and fat
I can't let my life go out like that'Cause I'm an extra skeptic, a true eclectic
I find it hard to trust all the people we've elected
Take a look around, do you feel protected?
Like garbage in a dump, our lives have been rejectedA blind man leading the not so blind
Creating false truth to fill our minds
To listen to yourself would be a crime
It all comes back to you sometimeLike it or not, they got a number on meI will not break for your demands
Rabid, defensive, in the corner I stand
Caught in a trap, the bait was free
Like it or not, they got a number on youLike it or not, they got a number on you
Like it or not, they got a number on youI can't trust anyone, they're all out to get me
Gonna run until I can't run from the laws that ruin me
Faster and harder, so God help me flee
From the lies that we're free and the powers that beThat push the rich forward between you and me
But agree to agree with no guarantee
Of something to live, for I'll die if need be
I stand up for all, as I fight to be free

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