Spoiled

Sebadoh

Spoiled children soon to fall
Freedom is the lie we live
We will wait for tragedy
And scatter helpless to the fireSorry for ourselves
Sorry for the things we've seen
No one cries for help
Waiting for the fireWhen all our toys are burning
All these empty urges must be satisfied
Acted outside
Precious strength to turn the game to historyGiving up, I'm blown away
He said all I had to say
The final days have come and gone
Safe inside, theres nothing wrongNothing in these words
Sorry force of habit
Could it be way over my head?
Helpless to describe itCould it be way over my head?
Helpless to describe it
Could it be way over my head?
Helpless to describe itDumb and cruel
Cut before it's grown
Lies so forced in bored control
It learned all that it cares to know

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