Long Run

Cigar

Sitting in the back row, preoccupied
While the world is spinning around him
He is locked up insideAnd the one that they look to for answers
Holds the shackles as a threat
To the little boy of which requirements
This little boy he has not metThrown in a dungeon of confinement that is devoid
Of the happiness that would help this little boy
Teased him with a rainbow
When they knew there was no pot of gold
But it wasn't the richest lie they'd ever toldHook him up to machines
See what they say
Is he blind, dumb, or ignorant
Does he need a hearing aidAnd with a six page readout
They had the answers and a planWhat they had was a blueprint
To turn this boy into a manThrown in a dungeon of confinement that is devoid
Of the happiness that would help this little boy
Teased him with a rainbow
When they knew there was no pot of gold
But it wasn't the richest lie they'd ever toldIn the long run I did fine

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/