

The Trumpet Player

No Use For A Name

Always in the way, I think I've had enough of this
Why is everyone so cold and lonely?
Here I go again, I'll try relating to the selfishly absurd
Take me for a ride and leave me somewhere I can live
Without feeling everybody's sorrow
I want to feel the numbness that surrounds most of our hearts
To feel like I am normal while ripping lives apart
Somewhere on the way to degradation
I met a man who put me in my place
He said, "You will not see me
You'll know the truth when you hear this trumpet play"
Doctor can you give me something for my state of mind?
If we're all on the same pill it's alright

'Sorry son you'll have to walk this bridge without a crutch
We're out of medication, the world is out of love"
Just then I heard something from the distance
The trumpet player sitting on the hill
He said "I really do not have an answer now"
Then vanished standing still
In the face on everyone I saw a little madness
And decided not to be part of that scene
The only way it seemed
Always on the wrong side of affection
We step on heads to get mere than we need
Never understanding the afterglow
The reflection of our greed

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