

Boot Camp

Soundgarden

I must obey the rules
I must be tame and cool
No staring at the clouds
I must stay on the ground In clusters of the mice
The smoke is in our eyes
Like babies on display
Like Angels in a cage I must be pure and true
I must contain my views
There must be something else
There must be something good far away
I'm far away from here Far away, I'm far away from here
Far away, I'm far away from here
Far away, I'm far away from here
Lonely is the bird
Boot camp

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