

# Living the Dream

## Million Dead

"You" another tired second-person address,  
Words written hastily and under duress.  
I'm cold and holed up in the back of the van,  
Devoid of eloquence or elegant plan. And I'm paranoid,  
And I can't help but think  
That somewhere someone  
Is listening in. But all the words that I kept in my pockets,  
Jotted down on supermarket receipts,  
At base turned out to be solid masonry. And I'm scared of the kids  
Who come to our shows,  
And scared of the words  
That they seem to know,  
Because in truth all my high ideals are in ruins,  
In truth I don't really know what I'm doing.  
Growing out of these clothes turned out to mean  
Losing certainty. So sing  
"Your" voices level the land, my Jericho,  
My rock and sure foundation. Every love that made me lose my reasoning,  
Every chord that made my conscience ache,  
Every day spent counting hours  
Well, none of them comes close  
To singing back a song inside my head.  
I always had a song inside my head. And yes, there are times when I am tired and stressed,  
When I am hasty and I'm under duress.  
I'm a narcissist and I'm not at my best  
I have to say I'm not impressed.  
Of all the things that I believed in my teens,  
I'm left with unread books and badly made 'zines...  
Some might-have-beens that somehow even yet  
Bring a spring to my step. I remember calloused hands and paint-stained jeans,  
And I remember safe-as-houses self-belief. Sing  
"Your" voices of destruction,  
My rock and sure foundation,  
My rock and sure foundation. Every love that made me lose my reasoning,  
Every chord that made my conscience ache,  
And every day spent counting hours  
Well, none of them comes close  
To singing back a song inside my head. And every line that made me lose my reasoning,  
Every chord that made my conscience ache,

Every sound a memory  
That's all I ever need.  
I always have a song inside my head.  
I always have a song inside my head.  
I always have a song inside my head.

Songwriters

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