

Modern Guilt

Beck

I feel uptight
When I walk in the city
I feel so cold
When I'm at home Feels like every thing's
Starting to hit me
I lost my bed
Ten minutes ago Modern guilt
I'm staring at nothing
Modern guilt
I'm under lock and key It's not what I have changed
Turning into convention
Don't know what I've done
But I feel ashamed Standing outside
The glass room sidewalk
These people talk about
Impossible things And I'm falling down
The conversations
Another palm beats in a
Human shield Modern guilt
Is all in our hands
Modern guilt
Won't get me to bed Say what you will
Smoking my cigarette
Don't know what I've done
But I feel afraid

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