

Pass the buck

"It's not my fault and I can't change",
Said the manager who we shouldn't name,
But he was born a twin with a bag of lies.

"If it wasn't me, then it must be them",
Said the politician to his friend,
What should he say today to get your vote again,

Should we believe that even they get a second chance?
But when they pass the buck around it will be at our expense.

"I should have been here, but I slept in late",
Said the selfish baker, who had loaves to bake,
And when we run out of bread he'll feed us cake.

"Do you feel you deserve what this contract states" (*yeah!*),
Said the bar boss for us to contemplate,
But with dignity like his how can we compete?

I don't believe anything you say...

(We only see what they want us to see yeah!)

The buck stops here.

Nothing changes

There are some things we can't say,
Even though their here always,
There are moments of silence,
When there should be more violence,

I wish I could tell you,
They ways that I doubt you,
But what would we gain from that?
Besides the shirt off of my back,

With all you've said to maim me,
There's nothing you can say to change me,
With all that you've said to pain me,
Nothing you can say will change me.

She's down at the disco,
Shooting her mouth like a pistol
And when she's writing the stories,
She'll cover her worries,

And she wants you to say to her,
"Just one last time in the shower",
But you know you should say to her,
"You're nothing, you're nothing",

With all that we've said to maim her,
There's nothing we can say to change her,
With all that we've said to pain her,
Nothing we can say will change her.

New York Minute

You've tagged us on long enough,
Did you tell your friends?
That you were treating us grown-up,
Ignoring the frantic ones.

There is such a hurt when we call,
Did you tell your friends?
How much you tried to know-it-all...

In a New York minute,
Pull our strings just a bit,
A little tighter so we fit,
Consider it done.

Give us hope give it quick,
Let us float like a brick,
A little more until we quit,
Consider it dumb.

You board a jet plane to go home,
To where you recuperate,
And inflate your withered soul,
Have you been overcome?

There is so much pressure when we call,
Did you get the bends?
To be the architect of your downfall...

Jumping Jack Flash (Jagger/Richards)

Watch it!

I was born in a cross-fire hurricane
And I howled at my ma in the driving rain,
But it's all right now, in fact, it's a gas!

But it's all right. I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash,
It's a Gas! Gas! Gas!

I was raised by a toothless, bearded hag,
I was schooled with a strap right across my back,
But it's all right now, in fact, it's a gas!
But it's all right, I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash,
It's a Gas! Gas! Gas!

I was drowned, I was washed up and left for dead.
I fell down to my feet and I saw they bled.
I frowned at the crumbs of a crust of bread.
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I was crowned with a spike right thru my head.
But it's all right now, in fact, it's a gas!
But it's all right, I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash,
It's a Gas! Gas! Gas!

Jumping Jack Flash, it's a gas

Papa Machine Gun

I can tell by your amble,
I can tell when you're yelling that there's no one home,
And your frailty shows.

I can see by your anger,
Pounding your fists in your own face to find some meaning,
But there's none, just screaming.

Papa machine gun your lunacy's obscene (*for how they treated you*)
And when you crack your scattered mind will fight back because you're cold as hell.

We offer you understanding,
But we try our best to ignore your cries for attention,
We don't want your friendship.

You may never know how we fear you,
We may never know how your anger has lead to worse things,
But our curiosity's worsening.

No one

There are some things that are hard to learn,
Like losing or to wait your turn,
For patience and faith in yourselves

But they're moments we'll never get,

Like watching the people you love,
Dying, or handing themselves in with brave face on

This is why they told us we couldn't lose,
And why no one showed us which way to choose,
Maybe that's the problem no one we know, knows.

But there is a bright spot in you and me,
There's more brilliance than the open sea,
And maybe some cover for the lonely (*the lonely baby!*)

Few things can slow us down,
A white lie for your honesty,
A half glass handed down as overflowing love.

This is why they told us we couldn't lose,
And why no one showed us which way to choose,
Maybe that's the problem no one we know, knows.

And in another fifty years if we remain,
Should we do it over or have it changed,
Maybe that's the message no one should ever know.

*What it's like to find out they're stuck in place,
To discover they'll never see their dreams come true.*

D&D

Your sisters in the back and she's doing drugs,
And you're only mad because I told you who it was,
She'll dance all night, she feel alright,
Cut herself up, add another line,

And she says, "please don't think less of me",
"but this is my destiny",
She says, "please don't think less of me",
"won't somebody rescue me".

Your sisters in the back and she's selling drugs,
She's selling to kids who want to get a buzz,
She'll make some dough, she'll let them go,
They'll be back tomorrow 'cause they need the blow,

Your sisters in the back and she's selling drugs,
She's selling to kids, who need to get a buzz,
They'll steal cars, they're too young for bars,
And the cycle repeats while it leaves it's scars,

And they say, "please don't think less of us",

“something in us needs this rush”,
And they say, “please don’t think less of us”,
“we’re one step closer to a end of us”

Counting down the hours left,
Until she stops her heart for good,
Will it be quick enough,
To save these kids from her fate?

Fades to gray

These words aren’t settling the back and forth in my head
They are uncovering eluded thoughts left unsaid
These lessons are so lonely they build a wall when you hold me
It walks the halls, but never leaves

It seems impossible to throw away this belief
How can I slip away to free me of these ideals,
Try pairing elation with my tormenting preservation
Haunted by flawless clarity

Lately I don’t want to know how the sunlight fades the grey
Every time, bright eyes are closing in the shade
Maybe I don’t want to mend while the darkness strolls away
‘Cause its hold is leaving me with no escape

I try to make amends and understand tragedy
There doesn’t seem to be an edge or perfect seem
Like virtue to demons, nothing separates me from this feeling
Nothing can come until it leaves me to say

Lately I don’t want to know how the sunlight fades the grey
Every time, bright eyes are closing in the shade
Maybe I don’t want to mend while the darkness strolls away
‘Cause its hold is leaving me with no escape

*Caught up in these spaces,
Held down against my will,
Free me from these places
Sometimes I know it was never you.*

Dead to me

In this waning moment that we grip so fiercely,
This one involvement will haunt us for years.

You’ve got me dying inside I’m dying inside,

*You've got me wanting to try confiding in lies,
You've got me dying inside I'm dying inside,
You've got me wanting to try but I'm dying inside,*

'Cause you're dead to me you bitch,
With a last touch upon your lips,
And we're never to recommit
Because you're dead to me you bitch.

On a chance encounter with a pretty picture,
In the right surroundings you're a familiar fixture,
I become desperate naïve,
Wanting things I don't need,
It makes me so mad,
That I want you so bad,

But you're dead to me you bitch,
With a last touch upon your lips,
And we're never to recommit
Because you're dead to me you bitch.

Dead to me you bitch (*dead to me*)
Dead to me you bitch (*yes you are*)
Dead to me you bitch, oh hell yeah!

*You've got me dying inside I'm dying inside,
You've got me wanting to try but I am dying inside,*

The Power of a Few

A wink of your eye lights the way,
A shake of your hand seals their fate.

When misleading vows are revealed,
Who holds the torments that they feel?
You, that's who,
The power of a few

When dogs and darling saints share command,
How can you stand by what they demand?

*And so when I learned for myself,
I could not join in their wealth,
Now I endure this life with you,
Without the power of a few*

The power of a few.

I am not lost

I will swim this ocean to climb the tops of all these waves, and feel them break,
And here's to hoping that I don't land upon my face,

But I am not lost, but I am not lost, and I am not lost

I'm never aggravated when I am sitting on these waves, but I feel faint,
And here's to waiting for that moment they sedate me, and I fall off,

When I'm out drifting please don't knock upon my brain, because I need peace,
And when I'm fifty my desires will be the same,

But I am not lost, but I am not lost, and I am not lost

And when they ask me "do you feel you've gone astray"? I'll say no,
I just like floating away from the curds of the mainstream, but don't quote me,

And when this driftwood that I cling to rots away, I'll feel faint,
And here's to fearing for the last of all my days,

When I am not lost, when I am not lost, when I am not lost