

A Moment of Silence

Streetlight Manifesto

A moment of silence, please, for those who never get the chance,
They show up to the party but they're never asked to dance.
The losers, the liars, the bastards, the thieves,
The cynicists, the pessimists and those that don't believe in nothing. I never met a loser that I
didn't see eye to eye with, I declare,
I stare into your eyes but you look right past me into the air,
What's it like to stand in your shoes?
To have never felt the belt of somebody's abuse? I take the bottle and I tip it to all my heroes
that have passed,
Alas, you have left us but your stories they will last.
Uninspired by the recruiting call,
Independent we stand, independent we fall.
So tell me: how long do you think you can go before you lose it all?
Before they call you bluff and watch you fall?
I don't know but I'd like to think I had control,
At some point but I let it go and lost my soul.
Sit tight but the revolution's years away,
I'm losing faith and I'm running low on things to say.
So I guess I have no choice but to regurgitate
The tired anthem of a loser and a hypocrite. Oh! To have died that night, I realized it wouldn't
last!
Our days were numbered and the reaper tipped the hourglass,
The final mayday of our sinking ship had come and passed.
Oh! To the west, you don't know what it is you're running from,
And everybody's laughing loud,
Your last chance to make your mother and your father proud. A moment of silence, please, for
those who never get the chance,
They show up to the party but they're never asked to dance.
The losers, the liars, the bastards, the thieves,
The cynicists, the pessimists and those that don't believe in nothing.
They said: "A pox upon your house, upon your family
And everyone you ever knew and everyone you'll ever meet."
I bet they think we wish we joined when we could,
But we do what we want, we don't do what we should. Now everybody's laughing because
they're thinking they're in on something I don't get,
Don't forget, I connect and I read every word you said,
Like a child who believes he was wronged,
If you hate me so much then stop singing my songs. So tell me: how long do you think you can
go before you lose it all?
Before they call you bluff and watch you fall?
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