

our privilege

we're on the edge of something now
all the people of this town
you're trying to figure it all out
while drowning out the sorrows of someone's else tomorrow

you're all a little too aware
of things that you need not be scared
he ends up making his own errs
while drowning out the sorrows before he sees his tomorrow

and when the ambulance is called, to bring him out of these four walls,
do you hear real violence? or tiny violins...
singing for our privilege, to remind us of the ledge
that we are standing on
that you've always been on

poor little us in our gilded cages
holding the pens that have filled these pages
missing the point of our relationship
to the world around us
to the world around us

I don't know how to shape the blame
or if it even needs a name
it's all bigger than us anyway
But still we've got a problem
with perpetuating problems

is it the way that you were raised?
or is it something that you've gained?
it's like everybody in this place
has got a fucking problem with perpetuating problems

when the ambulance is called, to bring him out of these four walls
do you hear real violence? Or tiny violins...
singing for our privilege, to remind us of the ledge

that we are standing on
that you've always been on

poor little us in our gilded cages
holding the pens that have filled these pages
missing the point of our relationship
to the world around us
to the world around us

it's not like I'm exempt from this!
it's not like I'm some poster child of
perfect two-shoed innocence,
it's not like I'm an archetype of
golden rule benevolence
it's not like I'm some model of perfection.

in the end I'm just another
person stuck, a part of this!
it's not like I'm some poster child of
perfect two-shoed innocence,
it's not like I'm an archetype of
golden rule benevolence
it's not like I'm a model of perfection.

in the end I'm just another
one of the girls in our gilded cages
holding the pens that have filled these pages
missing the point of our relationship
to the world around us
to the world around us

and when the ambulance is called, to bring him out of these four walls,
do you hear real violence? or tiny violins...