

Walking through life with blinders on  
Trying not to get too deep in the wrong  
With all the peer pressure that they advertise  
It's a full time chore to hold back my demise  
Everybody telling me what to do  
As if everybody knows  
There's a fork in the road with a million prongs  
And six little nines that I know are wrong

I ain't got  
I ain't got nothing to say

Maybe one, maybe two, maybe three hundred times  
I've tried really hard to make this rhyme  
But it's constant help from the people who know  
Make it tougher than it has to be  
Every single day I try to get things done  
I'm either stopped by the cold or burnt by the sun  
There is no easy way to speak your mind  
And even harder to get them to hear

I ain't got  
I ain't got nothing to say

Every little piece of fantasy  
Keeps me right where they want me to be  
There's a code that they're all searching by  
A map of places I might hide  
It's dark with a couple of marker lights  
All of my hunters are afraid of heights  
There's a well known fact that they don't know  
They're chasing a man not on the go

I ain't got  
I ain't got nothing to say

Music written by: Flotsam and Jetsam  
Lyrics written by: Eric A.K.