

Eleven

Primus

I just can't seem to blend into society
I have no hope for this dim simplicity of law and order
 By whose rules
 I see no rhyme in the reason
I hold no hope for this holy treason of love and so soft
 By whose standards, by whose standards
 They tell me, they tell me, they tell me
 They tell me, they tell me, they tell me, they tell me
 Who are they, who is they?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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