

Seven Mary Three, Breakdown

I get you ready for the breakdown. I'm the feeling inside you that just wants to explode.
I never sugarcoat a shakedown.
So empty all your pockets of the things that you think you know.
You can bow to the prophet.
You can make him an offer.
But you're gonna reap what you sow.
I get you ready for the breakdown.
I'm the feeling inside you.
You know you will never control.
Do you know what you're runnin' on?
I know the sound that drags you downtown.
Drags you from your job and the hardwired boredom of house.
I see you changing from the neck down.
Do you walk it like you talk it?
Or say it just to hear it out loud?
You can drag it for miles.
You can make it your style.
Never do you much good in the ground.
I get you ready for the breakdown.
I'm the something inside you that makes you want to slither and howl.
Do you know what you're runnin' on?
One good love so don't let it breakdown.
Something in there that never should shutdown.
Your precious will.
Feed your precious will.
Guard your precious will.
Your precious will.
I get you ready for the breakdown.
The finest minds of my generation are all connected to the zeroes and ones.
By now you know this is a shakedown.
So empty all your pockets of the things you thought you had done.
I bowed to the prophet.
And I did it so often.
He said, "man, you look good in my clothes."
I get you ready for the breakdown, I'm the feeling inside you.
It just wants to explode.
Do you know what you're runnin' on?
Answer: Your Precious Will.