

## 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 for 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

Oh, oh, oh...

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 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, 'cause 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?  
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

Oh, oh, oh...