

Aloud, Fan The Fury

There's a burning in my belly
in my wallet, and my head
I read the papers, watch the news
I raise a fist and go to bed
It'll only get worse in the coming days
I might as well say what I been meaning to say
Oh won't you fan the fury of an outraged jury?
Been with the program up to now
and it's become a little much
To make believe you and reality
have been keeping in touch
Desperate times call for desperate measures
Brother you look pretty desperate to me
Was it all part of your plan
To frame a guilty man?
You had me holding my breath
Truth was you had nothing left
Brother, I want to believe
Brother, I need to believe... you
I want to believe
I will not believe you
There's a meeting Monday morning
with the suits out in the hall
They tapped the wires and the telephones
in case you tried to call
Blessed be this monarchy
I never thought we'd have a dynasty