

# Bedouin Soundclash, Santa Monica

Well I remember  
You use to say that you want  
A revolution  
Someday and you wish up up oh  
I remember you'd be tied down and screaming  
I was this bad boy who never listened  
No one else thought anybody could believe in  
And you go down  
After all the years  
Well I remember you'd be tied down and screaming

Santa Monica put up your hands  
We surrounding your promised land  
The British Army  
waiting for command  
Santa Monica you got no chance

And the day was a third world  
After all these all go to air bags  
And you wish up up oh  
I remember you'd be tied down and screaming

Santa Monica put up your hands  
We surrounding your promised land  
The British Army  
Waiting for command  
Santa Monica you got no chance

And the day ends  
With sounds of horizons going vacant  
And you wish it back right  
I remember you'd be tied down and screaming

Santa Monica put up your hands  
We surrounding your promised land  
The British Army  
Waiting for command  
Santa Monica you got no chance

And the day was (Repeat 3X)  
And the day ends when you're tied down and screaming

Santa Monica put up your hands  
We surrounding your promised land  
The British Army  
Waiting for command  
Santa Monica you got no chance

You got no chance (Repeat)