

Mc5, Poison

The partisans not the artisans
Are doing their dirty show
But i ripped my pants
Doing some dance
That i learned in France
And they think there ain't
nothin' to know

Used, abused
Locked up, beaten and fined
But i got free
Copped a plea
And i can see
That there ain't no freedom
bell gonna chime
This time

Truth and love
are my law and worship
Form and conscience
☐☐
my manifestation and guide
Nature and peace are
my shelter and companion
Order is my attitude
Beauty and perfection
Are my attack

False faces
Fast company
A night of thrills
With no jealousy, no poison

Nobody's tool
Will be a public fool
To manipulate the masses
Who lie and cheat
And eat their meat
And think it's sweet
While the rest all clean their glasses
In status classes