

Refused, Protest Song '68

To sing you must first open your mouth,
you must have a pair of lungs,
and a little knowledge of music
It's not necessary to have an accordion, or a guitar
The essential thing is that I want to sing
then this is a song, I'm singing

I breathe in and I create -
rewoke the spirit '68

Fresh meaning to torn ideas
let's bring life to old clichés

Punch a hole in tradition
yeah, let's listen to the songs of discontent
to the chords and the movement,
to the chords and the movement

It could all be so simple,
we would all stand baffled by the precision and accuracy
Our jaws would hurt from dropping so hard, fast and unexpected
It would be the perfect metaphor
It would be the perfect song we'd be singing

I breathe out and I scream -
rewoke the Malatestas dream

Inspiration from the past
focus to the future at last

Fixed dogmas can't substitute
creative thought and action

We could be dangerous
art as a real threat

And all it is is words,
words said a million times before

And all it is is a song,
a song sung a million times before

I breathe in and I create -
rewoke the spirit '68
I breathe out and I scream -
rewoke the Malatestas dream