

# Rollins Band, Civilized

I'm sitting in my room in your prison doin' time  
bars on my windows 'cause you got so good at crime  
standing on the corner with nothing in your head  
shirt on your back and a gun in your pants  
thinking you're the man but you're only a stand in  
standing in line to be the next bad guy  
I see what you do when you use what you got  
but what do you do when you do what you want  
you're so civilized, you get brutalized  
you're so civilized, man: I watch you get hurt down  
getting your mind off some guy's record  
he makes his money off fools like you  
singing about killing like it ain't no thing but  
you do the time when you live it for real  
paying his way from your death row cell  
you're the last 1 to see, you got sold out  
I hear you say you hate pigs so much then  
why the hell do you act like 1  
I wonder what you're like without the gun  
I'd like to see when you're not hiding behind the gun  
how you've lived your life without the gun  
'cause I know how I lived mine  
because you got one, yeah, 'cause that's what it is  
you hide behind your gun  
you take life, you're just another pig to me  
you think you're different but you're just another pig  
yeah, a pig, yeah  
you gotta have a gun then you're just another pig to me  
you think you're different but you're just another pig  
you gotta have a gun, you're a pig to me, just a pig to me  
you gotta have a gun, you're just another pig to me  
you got a gun, you're just another pig  
a gun in your hand makes a fool out of you, oh yeah  
a gun in your hand makes a target out of me, oh no  
freedom, you ain't no freedom, you want your freedom,  
your freedom is killing you man, freedom  
you can't handle your freedom, hey  
and now you're dying for it