

# Spirit Of The West, Take It From The Source

i was sitting in basil's with a friend and coffee  
thinking the world a fine place to be  
when the man on my right got up to leave  
and left a little piece of his mind with me  
he said, &quot;faggots like you should be put in asylums&quot;;  
now tell me, who takes the blame  
for his being scared, so unaware  
that he would fire his fear without an ounce of shame  
whatever happened to love thy neighbour?  
nothing more than a worn out cliché  
are all men created equal or has this too become pass?  
you don't need to open your mouth for me to read your lips  
i can follow the language displayed on your finger tip  
they don't look before they leap  
they don't think before they speak  
they just sharpen their tongues on you and me  
spit poison darts between perfect teeth  
you've  
got to take it from the source  
look at where it's coming from  
you're got to take it from the source  
they're only wasted words on me  
i guess i just don't measure up  
strayed from the straight and narrow road  
so you lock me up, throw away the key  
'cause i don't live by your dress code  
that's ok, i've heard it before  
you can open the wound i feel no pain  
i don't need an armour suit  
you're the one with the ball and chain  
-chorus-