The Streets, Alleged Legends

Some people live their lives by a little red book The points for right lying out and guides them good They never really mimic every word by eye Cuz' if they did they'd be in a whole world of strife The book's quite old school, but then it was tough It contains some quite experimental justice The thinking people are thinking that without this book That without these verses we'd pillage and murder but, Following this red book word for word Leads you to actually pillage and murder Could it be so what we think to be right, Is simply the opinion that survived?

Do what you think's right, and you will feel alright Cuz' when you're bad you will feel sad that's the religion I live by

There's a bloke in the book who made everything He knows every individual and every trick in them Way above emotion, never getting stressed But when men choose against him, gets jealous People fight for him in crippling wars But since he has the power of infinite awe we're merely itching on futilities floor Should we really be needing to assist him at all? If he loves us all, knowing all we think Should he only like people with faith in him? Given I can't control what I truly believe, Can I be forgiven for only believing who I see?

Do what you think's right, and you will feel alright Cuz' when you're bad you will feel sad that's the religion I live by Do what you think's right, and you will feel alright Cuz' when you're bad you will feel sad that's the religion I live by

Could it be time to avoid this bush? So we wouldn't be blind when joining up coulds Could we see both sides of the coin for the good? Breed less strife on our voyage for good? Getting threatened by men with questions we'll never get anywhere rejecting evidence Could we test everything instead of betting, On alleged legends? If we teach that it's right to blindly believe If we reach to the sky to define our meaning Well I agree what's right will keep driving people to fight with people

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