

Whatever It Takes, Space Invaders

Clear day burning his eyes:
Struck down and wheezing for breath
Seamstress hemming my legs:
Struck down and wheezing for breath
Victims of this modern age:
Struck down and wheezing for breath
Reluctant salesman buying used goods:
Struck down and wheezing for breath

Who has come to grips with change?
Who has come forth with courage?

Struck down and wheezing for breath
Force fed words, words, words
Work force marching out of debt
Force fed words, words, words

Eyes: eyes
Legs: legs
Age: age
Goods: goods

Thanks to a scar in the sky (rhyno786@hotmail.com) for these lyrics