

Aztec Camera, How It Is

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Well you can get grades, toe the line,
Keep your behind above the water in the meantime,
Join the corporate pyramid,
I couldn't blame you if you did,
Until you sell out your brother while your sister falls,
Playin' daddy, doing the company crawl,
You don't deserve your daughter's kiss, I know it's sad,
That's how it is.
Well, uptown there's been more than an oilspill,
Another woman beaten, raped, blood spilled, male hate,
The paper's couldn't wait, racism, sell this.
Well there's excusin' in what I'm saying,
It's just that there's a million colours praying,
For real justice.
That's how it really is.
You just get born, keep on keepin' on,
Defend yourself against the worries,
Try and have fun.
Party on until your number's picked,
But beware cos the fight is fixed,
It was them but it could be you next,
Paranoia saves lives,
So if you wanna exist,
Get your head round this...
That's how it is.