

Buck 65, Protest

The sun is shining on full blast, it's garbage day
Air in my tires and all my cares are far away
I'm looking like a million bucks, feeling good and sort of frisky
Plus enough money in my pocket for a quart of whiskey
Tattooed tear drops, confetti, I've learned to trust
My animal instincts, when farmer's fields turn to dust
This is the day we've been waiting for all our lives
So let's write letters to our parents and call our wives
Raise the flag, let's take a drive and raise our voices
Celebrate our differences, build a bridge and praise our choices
There's babies crying and it makes it hard to go to sleep
Some days are throw aways and others you're supposed to keep
Time waits for none of us, even though my watch is slow
And nothing's for certain but I'm searching for sasquatch
And you know what, the unknown is all part of the plan
For a runaway soul and a hard loving man

Protest, I've had it up to here
See ya, get lost, this is what we think of your ideas
Protest, we're not going to take it
We've been through it so make a wish and break it in two

New beginning, I've washed my hands and made my bed
Maybe I'll turn on the television or shave my head
I'm getting kind of bored with the same old cheese and crackers
My plan's all inside out, my reason's backwards
Some new air in my lungs is what the doctor ordered
But being exposed makes me feel kind of awkward sort of
Give me a shot in the arm first, the clock's ticking
I'm watching the water boil, I like to let the plot thicken
I'm ear to ear with good intentions and vibrations, I'm on fire
Sometimes I conspire with Vaughn Squire
Sometimes we go alone, over hills and through the sewers
Try to keep our edges sharp and learn a few maneuvers
The whole world is drying up and everybody's eyes are red
It's hard to see or even try to guess of what lies ahead
But you know what, the unknown is all part of the plan
For a runaway soul and a hard loving man