

Diamond Head, Wild On The Streets

The words of freedom on the tongue of a snake
With a democratic face bought and paid for by the lies of the state
Without a human trait well under the heels of a tyranny waits
A long forgotten voice
And revolution is the ultimate fate of the whip and the gun
Nowhere to run is nothing like fun
Out in the heat, Wild on the streets
Wild on the streets, wild on the streets
People listen to the words of a friend
To lie you have to breath
Television hey tell it again
The people pay no heed
We want equality but what do we get
Bullets and ballots again
Roll in your grave Beethoven and the death beat marches on
Nowhere to run is nothing like fun
Out in the heat, Wild on the streets
Wild on the streets, wild on the streets
On leather jackets and broken chain
In walls of mortar and ties
These are the words of our fate inscribed
Standing twelve feet high
Here are the free men who inherit the earth
Here are the words that died
Buried under six feet of dirt and the death beat marches on
Nowhere to run is nothing like fun
Out in the heat, Wild on the streets
Wild on the streets, wild on the streets