

# 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