

# Frenzal Rhomb, (That's) Just Not Legal

I turn on the T.V. as switch off my head  
It's almost like bad fiction I have already read,  
well I think I'll come around and shoot your parents instead.  
But then I'd go to gaol and I don't like being cooped up inside.  
I may have lost my self-respect but I've still got my pride.  
I would steal a car but I don't know how to drive.  
The common law that binds us and that keeps us in place  
Is often misconstrued as a god-awful waste  
And it starts to unwind with a kick in the face.  
Legal. That's just not.  
I would take a cricket bat to a jewellery store  
That's if I had a spine and it was within the law  
I would give you the keys to the whole shopping mall.  
I would take a cash machine and run down the street  
That's if I had some muscles and was quick on my feet  
I'm afraid it's a fact that I'm inherently weak  
And that's just not legal.  
I turn on the T.V. as I switch of my head  
I wonder should I go out or just rot here in bed  
or I could burn down a school just to show that I cared  
Senseless acts of violence are not really my game  
I'm much too scared of getting caught or even worse-maimed  
and to swim with no arms well it's just not the same.  
That's just not legal.