

Gadjits, Talkin' Bout My Demographic

I only call long distance
This town is bad for business
Do anything in defense of
This declaration of independance

I want an army to kill for
I want a leader to fight for
Something to crystalize
Instincts that i should die for

Our tounges are cut from our mouths
Just as we learn to speak
Replaced with sacks of venom
Just as we learn to think
There are no rhymes anymore
There are no voices to say them

I want some satisfaction
I need some satisfaction
I can't no satisfaction
Talking bout by demographic

Bigger than my swollen heart
Beyond my own front yard
Empty museum world
We only fill shopping carts

Twenty thousand lonely leauges
Through winding city streets
The world is on it's feet
Shining like mercury

Out loud there is no sound
We compose in our heads
Try to listen and we
Only stop making sense
A foreign tounge that they can't participate in