

Grant Lee Buffalo, Crackdown

Music of a southern day and the nectar of brass
Spilling into Congo Square where the queens used to pass
There lies no greater place for one left to drift
And there hides no greater lie and no bigger myth

And in the heat of crackdown all is silent
Just before the match is struck and the gas is poured along roads
But in the heat of crackdown all is silent underneath

Gunned down in the drive a foreign exchange
Student from Japan whose fate it was shortchanged
You saw it all when it made the national news
How the isolated incident occurred in Baton Rouge

And in the heat of crackdown all is silent
Just before the match is struck and the gas is poured along roads
But in the heat of crackdown all is silent underneath
And it's a crackdown on beliefs

Everyone watching
The events from the sky
No bodies touching
Don't wish to prize
Into our own lives
Into our own

Terrorism terrify tear the truth in two
Seeks to paralyze weaken turn the screws
But only cowards could create the OK bomb
'Cause no bomb is OK when there can be no calm

And in the heat of crackdown all is silent
While the voice of power over roars condemns the songs of
Innocence and finally it's a crackdown on beliefs
Oh it's a crackdown on beliefs
And it's a crackdown on beliefs

Oh oh oh

And this is a crackdown on beliefs (na na na na)
Will you have a crackdown on beliefs (na na na na)
This a crackdown on beliefs
This is a crackdown
This is a crackdown
This is a crackdown
This is a crackdown