

Hellcopters, 5 Vs. 7

Gone down and out feels like it's sinkin'
With a sense of direction it comes tumblin' down
The sky's gone dark - the streets are stinkin'
And the howlin' wind comes blowin'
Thru' the neon towns

It's sweepin' over the land
The shit is aiming for the fan
No there ain't no chosen few
It's comin' down by the minute
It's sad but you're in it too

You play along but can't hide the pressure
Side by side with fools you're feelin' like a king
You're just a pawn moved around in a massive tester
But you play your part real well so you
Don't feel a thing

Dead set like you had a reason
I could never walk your way
My soul be down for treason
No there ain't no chosen few
It's comin' down by the minute
It's sad but you're in it too

Hearts gone black the sky is fallin'
Piling up outside the transplation camp
Time's up coyote's calling
Debris being left as treasures
For the waiting tramp

The street's a mess and the howlin' wind
Blows hard - the hammer's fallin' again
Ain't no jewels left in your crown
With a sense of direction
It comes tumblin' down