

Hellcopters, Down On Freestreet

Down on freestreetBuried six feet down
In a one horse -Carefree locked door town
Where no one ever comes aroundThere ain't nothing there to be foundAn eye for an eye pound for
Blown up yet minimalBuilt up by criminal handsTo the republic - it's sickFor which it stands
There's a man on desolation rowReaping fruits that someone else has sownAnd a prime time appe
You know the sheep are ridden with diseaseAnd I'm down on bending knees
The tumour's spreading oh so fastThe remedy will never lastThe die's been cast and the deadline's
There's a crying beholderBut no one told her whyJust wrapped up in plasticConveniently elastic lie
I got my radio onIt's playing that same old stupid songOver and over for much too long
I've got to turn that damn thing down...