

Hellicopters, No Dogs

No I don't need no nations
No leaflets for a damn good cause
No reasons for me to hang around
No guidelines or no clever laws
I don't need no brochure
To tell me what I need to do
No priest or preacher
To realize that I love you

Up to my neck in reasons
Up to my neck in whys
I'm starting to choke on good advice
Going up shit creek river
Down kneedeep in stench
Don' t need no dogs to help me sense

No I don't need no fashion
No rags to show me elite looks
Don't need no interpretations
To guide me through the holy book
Don't need to be a member
Of no party or no secret lodge
Don't need to beg your pardon
For leaving or to get outta dodge

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Up to my neck in whys
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No I don't need no vision
Or bets on what's the next big thing
No prophecies or crystal balls
Predicting what the future will bring

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