

Millencolin, Cash or Clash

I shouldn't live in this part of town.
Human nature sure has let me down.
Segregation! Does it ring a bell?
Well, I've gotta name that you can't spell.

Oh yeah, I know I've said it all before,
that I don't care where I belong no more.
Well, I'm just amazed cause when I look around around,
there are only rich, blond kids at the near playground.

At the Wellpark Tramstation they get in and you get out.
It's a modern world sensation and it makes me wonder.
Yeah, it makes me wonder what it's all about?

I say it's fear, it's fear, for all what's queer.
If it's strange we panic. Yeah, we won't come near.
And this, this fear, won't disappear.
No, the problems organic. Yeah, it will stay here.

I know I'm here cause I've got the cash.
Yeah, once you've got the money there won't be no clash.
Yeah, money is kind of sweet, it solves a lot for me.
God bless A.Smith and the economy.

So what's a citizen to do?
Well, I could change my name or give all my money to the few!