

NoMeansNo, We Are the Chopped

We are the chopped, the chopped
The lecer drops and stops
This is not good or bad
Transformers hum and pop
The little dials they drop
No reason to be sad

It's only to be still with one more role to fill
The widow stands inline, the loved one's killing time
Cause when you've stopped, you've stopped
It's either now or not
No viction and no crime

As you wander through your days, you leave the
Moments lying cold and underpaid, your savings plans are sound
They'll do somebody good when you are underground

This is not good or bad
No reason to be sad
No viction and no crime
Cause when you've stopped, you've stopped
The ball is thrown and caught
It's just the end of time

The mourners ring the bells and shed tears for themselves
It was really unkind to leave us all behind
We are the chopped, the chopped
But you've not said alot
There's nothing to find

You make patterns with your eyes and blacken in
The details you don't recognize, you say that life is breath and when
The breathing stops you turn mutter
Death

We are the chopped, the chopped
But you've said a lot
This not good or bad
No reason to be sad
We are the chopped, the chopped
And when the pressure drops
You simply stop, you stop
You stop
You're dead