

Sub-Urban Tribe, Rodeo

le tried to hold
a rat in its hole
but I had to let it go
to warn its kind
of all those mines
le laid in front of lies
Roses in a junk yard
full of car bone piles
I trust my heart
but the trust is God
I wish to be apart

Rodeo
Rodeo
The clown has saved a star again in a rodeo
Slave parade runs through the day to get away
The clown has saved a star again in a rodeo

le tried to reach
someone through my speech
but them words are last and least
Poor hates the slave
who yields to his fate
trust makes him so afraid
got scars as a birthmark
on both of my knees
I trust my heart
but the trust is God
I wish to be apart

The damned inherit the earth and for what it worth
it already sold
Wisdom stands in the spotlight
looking old