

The Mission, Raising Cain

I'm sick and tired of this masquerade
I'm bored to death by the games we play
For to long now it's been a charade
Don't wanna stay around to piss on parade

Gotta get the hell outta here
Too late now to wrap me up in chains
Too late now to bite my tongue, stop me
Raising Cain

The chip on your shoulder is a monkey on my back
You steal the glory, I'll take the flak
Can't stand your accusations, your recriminations

It's time to jump this train cos we've crashed the station

Don't wanna take this ride no more
Too late now to wrap me up in chains
Too late now to bite my tounge, stop me
Raising Cain

The gift of masque was like pearls before swine

Too late now to wrap me up in chains
Too late now to bite my tounge, stop me
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