

# The Transplants, Doomsday

&quot;Doomsday&quot;

Album : Hunted Cities

[Tim]

I took a slow drag off my smoke  
I leaned back and I drink my coke  
I got approached by a shady bloke  
He talked bad but uh, he was broke  
I was born in a shadowy world  
Wasteland, mean and hard boiled  
With Tragedies and Turmoil  
Disenfranchised and disembroiled  
Lost files and small filed places  
I don't care what color your face is  
One day you're gonna lose all traces  
And war shit on all men and races  
In the city of down and out  
Money's always gonna equal clout  
So all along you have to scream and shout  
In the city of down and out

[Chorus]

Preacher wants a judgement day  
Junkie keeps the world at bay  
Policeman wants us to obey  
Doomsday doomsday  
Doomsday doomsday  
Preacher wants a judgement day  
Junkie keeps the world at bay  
Policeman wants us to obey  
Doomsday doomsday  
Doomsday doomsday

[Rob]

Give me mine give me all that you've got  
Take off your shoes and fork over the pot  
I like your chain and I'm needin' the watch  
And your girl looks good, she could travel the block  
It's all here if you're looking to score  
I'm downtown San Pedro at fourth  
Everything from the stem to the torch  
Then we hang 'em all high for a few dollars more  
I said I won't but I bet that I will  
So fun your clothes, I suggest that you chill  
They all talk about keeping it real  
But the second that it pop up let your homeboy squeel  
Let it go you ain't ready for drama  
Get you sore for trying to wreck my new karma  
Ain't cause I want to, it's just that I've gotta'  
You know conscience is a motherfucker lock on your daughter

[Chorus]

[Tim]

And the television's spewing hate  
Talking bout the rise of crime ratings  
Heard the broke state gonna say it  
It's all sinking now and we're way too late  
You let this wash it clean  
In the heart of Washington  
And if he's looking in  
What they gonna do within the machine?

[Chorus]