The Transplants, Doomsday

"Doomsday"
Album : Hounted 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]