

# Tilly And The Wall, Sing Songs Along

we'll wake up your mothers, we'll start a commotion  
we'll take you apart, we'll swallow the ocean  
and just when you've labeled us one of your types  
we'll fly our flag right up up out of your sky  
so puff out your chest in some weird dusty fight  
we're taking no part in your cracked antique life  
we're believing everything that we have heard  
we're taking our turn with the kids that don't learn  
you know I'm going to take my turn  
let us be free, let us sing songs along  
the bottoms of barrels , let us be free  
so out come you clowns, all you wolves, all you martyrs  
you holy rat rattlers, holy found fathers  
we're selling ourselves so ourselves can find  
we're living at night trying to pull out the light  
we'll turn up the heat as we burn up you boxes  
we'll loosen our wrists as we fill in your foxholes  
you've got your bad apples to ruin your bunch  
yeah we're all right here so you better eat up  
oh yeah, there's nothing you can do  
if you want me here, you can have me here  
if you want me now, you can have me now  
if you want me down, I will get really low  
you better believe I'll be down by your shoes  
if you want it all, you can have it all  
if you want some more, come and get some more  
'cause the dirt feels good when you're underground  
you better believe that we're all getting down  
you know that us feral kids love straying about  
so start giving in, yeah you better get down