

# Whole Wheat Bread, Police Song

Going to a punk show  
Somewhere in Orlando  
And here's the police telling us we gotta go  
I never thought that this would happen to me  
Well we're not moving

There's nothing else here in this town  
Why do you want to shut it down  
Well we wont move, well stand our ground  
You can't take this away  
Mr. Police officer  
We're not doing nothing wrong  
Please take your hands off of us  
Or we're not gonna get along

Thinking that your so tough  
With your guns and handcuffs  
Back against the wall and put your hands up  
I never thought that this would happen to me  
We're still not moving  
Law that's well invested  
So the rich can be protected  
Lets live our lives in fear of being arrested  
Sounds like something's wrong with this country  
Well no one's moving

There's nothing else here in this town  
Why do you want to shut it down  
Well we wont move, well stand our ground  
You can't take this away  
Mr. Police officer  
We're not doing nothing wrong  
Take your damn hands off of us  
Or we're not gonna get along  
We're not gonna get along

Why can't we just have a good time without police taking all of our rights  
Here come those damn flashing lights  
Guess where you'll be sleeping tonight  
Downtown county jail ten by six  
Back aches like hell from sleeping on bricks  
If you're not convicted just yet, you better run while you still can

So Mr. Police officer  
We're not doing nothing wrong  
Take your damn hands off of us  
Or we're not gonna get along  
We're not gonna get along

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We're not doing nothing wrong  
Take your damn hands off of us  
Or we're not gonna get along  
We're not gonna get along  
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