## Time f/ Extra Kool "Subterranean Homesick News"

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Billy's in the basement mixing up the medicine I'm on the pavement thinking bout some other shit There's a man in a trench coat sitting in a Lincoln The phone's tapped so he knows what you've been thinking Your neighbor's got a cough and you've just been laid off They pass all the bills they want cuz they've been paid off They took the L from learning and changed it to earning If there's a smell in the air it's just your money that's burning They sip Molotov cocktails and spit lies like fire If they say you can trust them then they is a liar You don't need the days of rage to know which way the wind blows Cuz even when I was little big brother was in the window There's a lady with a cigarette giving you a pig pen She wants 500 dollar bills but you only got 10 Look out kid its something you did God knows when but you're doing it again Ah get sick get well get a job go to hell Get laid off and join the army if you fail They won't pay the teachers so don't follow leaders Look out for nukes and watch your Geiger meters Ah get born, get dressed, try to be a success And if that don't work you can always try death Jump down a man hole and light yourself a candle You can't get a grip cuz the vandals took the handles They say listen to us cuz we know best And when we get angry they tell us where to protest Instead of Kent state they kill us with silence They kill us with neglect, which is a form of violence This is who we are we don't speak properly We don't act polite we don't have any money We waived our rights, we don't own property We're exactly what you want we're a bunch of dummies (breakdown) We're a bunch of dummies If they wanna lessen the recession They should lessen their aggression Instead of war their profession They should explore the lesson Of aggravation from oppression Love or war it should have never been a question So why have perplexion over peace or a weapon You only get one life you don't have a second Cuz what goes around comes around kind of like airplanes You bomb us, we bomb you Until the whole wide world looks like a barbeque It is the destination it's not about the journey By any means necessary even if it's dead on the gurney They'll make

it look like a suicide just ask Gonzo Cuz if you tell the truth then they'll lay you horizontal It's socialism for the rich and free market for the poor It's funny they pick their fights then send us to war They bailout themselves but never the bums They give the bread to the rich and tax our crumbs Adam smith turned us all into merchandise I take three hundred and sixty steps in a circle of lies the invisible hand got arthritis and amputated We don't need prisons we need food, that's why were aggravated I'm pulled over on the highway, these snakes blink sideways Their forked tongues ain't my food and their trying to take my pay I don't mean to depress you or give you the blues But this is what's going on in my city, (how bout you?) I'm just telling you the truth (Extra Kool) The dinner is naked, Benway's tube feeding puppies milkshakes With groupies in disguise and a mind for cheese steaks Charlton Hesston told me that Soylent Green is people With pink stars yellow moons and babies in steeples The clouds rain panic and I rain on command With teardrops, snowflakes, mobs and man She's wears a bulletproof heart he wears a dick dastardly smile With carnations in his teeth and a spastic style She can't believe it's love, he can't believe it's not butter She shows her breasts like car wrecks, making his privates flutter But there's grey's in the room eating plates of sushi Watching puppies play poker singing I Love Lucy I watched the cracks sweat profusely as my mind grows thinner Remember to check the clothing at the door and don't be late for dinner

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