

Black Happy "Bullmonkey"

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Too much talk has been going on lately
And when I get done there's some people
Gonna' hate me
I can only smile while I'm watching you shout
There's too many people moving in the
Frame they don't know about
I keep hearing about this line
You keep saying that all is fine
I read about and watch you everyday
Nothing wrong with that 'cause that's okay
I watch you holler to make some change
I watch you promise to rearrange
You're marching hard to prove your point
Your token affection is new in this joint
Time and time and time again
We keep finding out you're your own best friend
If we criticize anything you say
You tell us we're wrong and get out of the way
You think we're livin' in '84
When you don't know it's sad and what's more
Big Brother's coming not blind or deaf
Didn't you know he's coming from the left
We gotta' clean this up, we gotta' make this top
We need to talk in another way
We need to watch what we say
We gotta' forget all that, we gotta' drop our bats
Everything you're walking is unclean junk
We don't play that game punk
I'm sick of hearing you speak your mind
It's the same old chatterbox every time
Every time we offer something new
You shoot it down and say we haven't got a clue
I'm sick of hearing you speak your mind
It's the same old chatterbox every time
Every time we offer something new
You shoot it down and say we haven't got a clue
It hear you say our minds are shut
What's your definition of trust
Another person another bed on another day
Your lame excuse is that we make you this way
I know there's a place,
I know there's a race

I washed my hands in dirt, I prayed it wouldn't hurt
I couldn't even look, I watched the hands I shook
I asked for so much more
Everybody's got their own opinion, here's mine
You just divorced your 86th wife
And you wanna' talk about real life
You're telling us about your grand world plan
Which part of I don't care don't you understand
You say we're wrong and that depends
What do you see from behind that lens
You say we're a world with all one voice
But you're never gonna' let me
Make my own choice
Everybody's got their own opinion, here's mine
None of your ideas ever stick,
I must admit that's a real nice trick
Your voice must hurt, you should give it a rest
Add to the fact you're a creep at best
I'm sick of watching you eat your own
The fact remains that you've never grown
We're wearing body bags not body gloves
And none of this would happen if we talk about love
I hope that this will end, I pray I find my friends
I know that I have one, ending time has just begun
I still pray every night, but that doesn't make it right
This happened once before,
It's always ripped and torn
Everybody's got their own opinion, here's mine

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