

Bourgeois Tagg **"Dying To Be Free"**

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Body count

The more I see of the less I'm in
But it's one of a dozen ways to make amends
1, 2, 3, 4, count the children, don't make me listen, wo,
wo

I know, I know more than I should
But there is no other way to make us look good
1, 2, 3, 4, count the children, don't make me listen

But you could be a hero for the rest of your life
They need you, oh they need you
Tell that to their fathers who have tears in their eyes
They won't hear you
('cause he's a dead giveaway by the look of his face)

Spill the blood of a sister, a direct command
And there is no heavier weight on the back of a man
1, 2, 3, 4, count the children, don't make me listen

Black trees red sky, that's how we left the scenery
Don't ask me why, I don't give the orders
I go, I try, but I can't turn the men around
I'm just one guy, I don't make the borders

But you could be a hero for the rest of your life
They need you, whoa they need you
Tell that to your father you're down on your knees
He won't hear you, he won't hear you
('cause he's a dead giveaway by the look of his face)

The more I see of the less I'm in
But it's one of a dozen ways to make amends
1, 2, 3, 4, count the children, don't make me listen

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