

## Charta 77

### "Can't Stand It"

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I was standing there in nomans land  
In the dark dark night, I couldn't see my hand  
I was searching for some light so I could see  
The rain was hard, the wind was cold  
My feet were wet and I stood there on my own

But I can't stand it any more  
Open the windows, open teh doors  
I've got an idea in my head  
Is this the town of the living dead

They build it up with the force of hate  
If you don't look out it will be to late  
And you're in their private army of their cause  
You can close your eyes but it won't go away  
I can't place the face but I can place the words they  
say  
All the same

Transform the crowd, make them dance  
The same old music puts them in a trance  
They say that you are special, not unique  
Put the showers on, let it burn again  
If you don't say no, you're responsible my friend

You've got the power, we kill for you  
You've got the courage to help us through  
You've got the vision, you've got the gift  
We beg you to lead us and we follow you to hell

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