

Dan Reed Network "Mix It Up"

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"Aggression is defeated.. The war is over!" (George Bush sample)

Open the door, hinged on reality
There's more than the floor, there's the sky,
Spirituality?
Maybe, who knows, time to get free.
I care about you even if you don't give a shit about me
That's what love is.. It's not just built for two,
It's built on a future, one we might not get through.
Strangers & brothers & beggars & sisters,
Hipsters, Quipsters, Quadrophonic tricksters
They don't care about your hair, the issue is dead, over
& out.
Vanity sucks, enough said.. Instead.. Instead..

Let's talk about violence. Let's talk about ignorance.
Why don't we talk about prejudice. Go back to school
fool.
You're a fool.. Believe it, but you can relieve it.

Do what you got to do.. Say what you got to say.
Mix it in the middle.. Let everybody play. Mix it up.
Do what you got to do.. Say what you got to say.
Mix it in the middle.. Let the piano play.

One thing is for certain, it's curtains if we keep flirtin'
fate &
Hurtin' with hate. Time to grow up, get real, come on
We can ressurect the world by the lights early dawn
What so proudly we hail at twilights' last gleaming
"This victory belongs to the finest fighting force this
nation has ever seen in it's history" (George Bush)

Tonight it's alright, you can groove
Tomorrow you wake up, you can't move
Cause the weight of the world gets too much to hold
You need somebody when the night grows too cold.

Do what you got to do.. Say what you got to say.
Mix it in the middle.. Let everybody play. Mix it up.
Do what you got to do.. Say what you got to say.

Mix it in the middle.. Let evertbody play. Mix it up.

Drugs, That's a life of glamour
Comes crashing on your hopes like a ball-peen
hammer
Get rich quick, sure.. End up dead on a curb
Or be alive like a ghost in a drive-by suburb
Pressure.. That's the lesson here
Control enough people you can have a career

That's a beaten road, it's tired, it lacks imagination
We got mass on sunday, but no mass communication
My dream.. knowledge is no pipe dream
Money makes the world go around? Full blown hype
dream

Do what you got to do.. Say what you got to say.
Mix it in the middle.. Let everybody play. Mix it up.
Do what you got to do.. Say what you got to say.
Mix it in the middle.. Let evertbody play. Come on.

What's holdin' up the party
A brand new state of affairs in the department of arty
Congressman got your tounge?
Well a bumpin' new rhythm has just begun.

Story 'bout a greedy girlie, she was named Lisa
Left her man for a gold-plated Visa
Made the right moves, had the world in her fist
But the kiss of her poor boy she sure missed
She didn't Mix it Up.. Rich & poor, young & old.
Black & white, wrong & right.. Here comes the night
"What happened to her boyfriend?"

He believed the commercials that said drink beer, get
laid
But at closin' time he was alone, he didn't get paid.
Last night his lover was a razorblade..

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