

Glue

"Belmont And Clark"

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I'm trying to give back, more than sarcasm and lust,
You gotta know that this class,
Ain't big enough for the both of us,
Seems like you popular kids never learn,
Your tribals tattoos are different than these ciggarettes
burns,
Jumping through hoops, full time to get medical care
Cause having coverage today is so rare,
I need to get better, they want bigger donations,
I'm sick of the weather, so i'm looking for locations,
Bigger than one horse and smaller than hell,
And i'll get there with nothing but a story to tell,
My idols died by the bad timing of gunpowder,
So it's ironic how much it's provoked us to get louder,
On sidewalks and train cars, packed bars,
And vocal booths, we're looking for ideas and truth,
For generation need a label, dying for a slogan,
Glue has come together to fix what's been broken.

The top's a lonley place,
But the stars always fall to the bottom,
I'm not leaving this city,
Until there's no doubt that i've got em,

We make hiphop so ya'll could appreciate,
But then remixed it, so rock kids can relate,
To using double pedals for hardcore screamers,
Using a resaaince type of demeanor,
We caused mosh pits, cause head nods are boring,
We burned down the house because we love to keep
touring,
We've got no where to live except in basement's and
hotels,
So the name of this song is sell sell sell,
Priceless now just wait til the album gets older,
But theme this time is coffee is for closers,
We want the kids to follow and parents to understand,
The difference beteween playing and bleeding for fans
It's not stress free, but i've got no one to impress,
unless,
You count humans, soldiers, martyrs, and activists,

This is dedicated to the mission of change,
We heard ya'll were bored so we'll try a different
game,

The top's a lonley place, repeat
But the stars always fall to the bottom, repeat
I'm not leaving this city, repeat
Until there's no doubt that i've got em, repeat

This is for role models, fully clothed, drug free,
Cold callers, with no budget or publicity,
In a city, where doors slam and cell phones die,
Where 2 party systems share the same eyes,
Where independent movie theatres keep you sane,
On belmont and clark where angels heal brains,
Blame the crowded streets for killing the individual,
Where everyone looks fresh from a sex pistols video,
But i stay, to get some work done, to quiet the doubts
Play until my words are gone then find the scenic route,
With 30 miles to the gallon keeping you balanced,
From 14 million hands grabbing your talents,
You need a homebase, someplace to relax,
In the arms of medicine and fate's perfect match,
A confirmation of wasted years and torture gone,
A new beginning of full lungs and nothing's wrong,

We always talked, about white chalk and dark water,
while
Anxious fathers tried, but neither of us ever bothered,
To alter our course, before the brick wall,
Stole the roar from our mouths, and showed us how to
dance,
We always hurt but never enough to lose a chance,
We dragged each others feet through the broken glass
to advance and
Make something out of our broken selves,
With dizzy spells hyperventalating in a paper bag hell,
You destroyed me for the sake of rebuilding,
Squeezing my thoughts while the skin was peeling,
Revealing the new breed of nice guy, so appealing,
No man made, obstacle, can keep me quiet,
I'd rather kill the pilot and crash into a giant,
I took care of that in a past life, but now the future is
worth it
The drugs will balance out but cant make me perfect
Forget being nervous, your job is be steady,
You taste the posion, i'll find a remedy,
And mention me, when god wants revenge and names,
I'll be waiting with slingshot rock and good aim

So lick a shot because the bullet tastes good,

Bandage the wound because the blood is see through,

And no no no one can see how much you suffer

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