

Grant Lee Buffalo "Homespun"

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Faithless on the skids hung out to dry oh seen better
days
With the sunlight fading like a tabloid and I i have
found
All those double-barreled freedom fighters are in for
themselves
And a call to arms has never been about anything else

Fire one more round
But hate is not a lone assailant
Hear the drummers pound
Listen to the homespun violent sound

Hatred on the prowl underneath an oh new guise garb
and gown
And he's so persuasive when you look in his eyes all
dumbfound
And the double-talkin' politicians expose their intimate
lives
While the sheep are lowing for the shepherd to show he
never arrives

Fire one more round
But hate is not a lone assailant
Hear the drummers pound
Listen to the homespun violent sound
Sound
Sound

Ooh I'll tell you how it
Pains to say this
Ugliness is ours
'cause I would better lay in bed and
Maybe even sleep all day

Maybe sleep some more
Some more

Too
Yeah now

Suspicion is a powerful religion when it leads to the

force on these shores
In the jungles of the midwest dwarf militia train for war
right on course
Unlike the famous fable revolution won't yield a
firework show
Unlike the famous fable revolution won't end on july the
fourth

Fire one more round
But hate is not a lone assailant
Hear the drummers pound
Listen to the homespun violent sound
Sound
Sound
Sound
Yeah sound

Yeah the homespun sound
I hear the sound
Yeah the homespun sound

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