

Hard-Fi

"Killer Sounds"

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You gotta play it cool, real cool
You gotta let frustration be a friend to you
And rejoice young man in your youth
I said you gotta play it cool, real cool
You gotta let misfortune be a friend to you
And rejoice young man in your youth

My best friend died tonight, he didn't make sixteen
So I'm gonna raise hell tonight like you wouldn't believe
From paris to athens to the barbary heat
Gonna take my revenge, take it out on the streets
Gonna burn down my house, gonna light up the sky
If you're killed by the cops you deserve to die
I think I'm throughÃ,Â...

I said you gotta play it cool, real cool
You gotta let frustration be a friend to you
And rejoice young man in your youth
Dancing to the killer sounds, killer sounds
The rhythm of the gun, live ammunition rounds
Turn me on, turn me in, turn him looseÃ,Â...

My best friend died tonight, he took his own life
He fought a war but he survived, then couldn't deal
with life
You're a hero in hell but a problem at home
A killing machine now stuck in the wrong hole
You end up inside then out on the streets
You sold all your medals to make some ends meet
Well thank you son!

I said you gotta play it cool, real cool
You gotta let frustration be a friend to you
And rejoice young man in your youth
Dancing to the killer sounds, killer sounds
The rhythm of the gun, live ammunition rounds
Make the choice, turn him in, turn him looseÃ,Â...

I said you gotta play it coolÃ...
Keep your head down brother!

I said you gotta play it cool, real cool
You gotta let misfortune be a friend to you
And rejoice young man in your youth
Cause it might not last for longÂ...
Cool, cool, coolÂ...

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