

Heart "Rage"

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Hands on the wheel, grid lock and steel
Dogs are barkin' out in the street
It's a neighborhood war, better lock that door
Flesh and blood and cold concrete

Baby, can't make it
Baby, can't make it

Standing in line at the tabloid shrine
In the middle of the public night
Addict consumers, consumin' the rumors
With a killer, killer appetite

Livin' on plastic, baby
Livin' on plastic now

Rage
Rage
Rage
Rage

Amphetamine vapor on glass and in paper
Underneath fluorescent light
In a catacombs of Styrofoam
Out of mind and out of sight

Baby, can't make it, no
Baby, can't make it

Rage
Rage
Rage
Rage

Where is the heartbeat, not up elite street
Beatin' down the little guy
The madness mounts, the judge lost count
Lost inside a technical lie

Rage
Rage
Rage

Rage

Rage

Rage

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