

## Hella

### "5 Vs. 7"

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Gone down and out feels like it's sinkin'  
With a sense of direction it comes tumblin' down  
The sky's gone dark - the streets are stinkin'  
And the howlin' wind comes blowin'  
Thru' the neon towns

It's sweepin' over the land  
The shit is aiming for the fan  
No there ain't no chosen few  
It's comin' down by the minute  
It's sad but you're in it too

You play along but can't hide the pressure  
Side by side with fools you're feelin' like a king  
You're just a pawn moved around in a massive tester  
But you play your part real well so you  
Don't feel a thing

Dead set like you had a reason  
I could never walk your way  
My soul be down for treason  
No there ain't no chosen few  
It's comin' down by the minute  
It's sad but you're in it too

Hearts gone black the sky is fallin'  
Piling up outside the transplation camp  
Time's up coyote's calling  
Debris being left as treasures  
For the waiting tramp

The street's a mess and the howlin' wind  
Blows hard - the hammer's fallin' again  
Ain't no jewels left in your crown  
With a sense of direction  
It comes tumblin' down

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