

## **Buck 65**

### **"Protest"**

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The sun is shining on full blast, it's garbage day,  
Airing my tires and all my cares are far away,  
You're looking like a million bucks, feeling good and  
sorta frisky,  
Plus enough money in my pocket for a quart of whisky.

Tattooed teardrops, confetti,  
I've learned to trust my animal instincts, when farmer's  
fields turn to dust,  
This is the day we've been waiting for, for all our lives,  
So let's write letters to our parents, and call the wives.

Raise the flag,  
So we can drive and raise our voices, celebrate our  
differences, and build a bridge of greater choices,  
This baby's crying and it makes it hard to go to sleep,  
Some days are 'throw-aways', and others, you're  
supposta keep.

Time waits for none of us,  
Even though my watch is slow, and nothings for  
certain, but I'm searching for Saskwatch,  
And you know what? The unknown is all part of the  
plan,  
For a run-away soul and a hard-lovin' man.  
Protest, I've had it up to here, see ya, get lost! This is  
what we think of your ideas,  
Protest, we're not gonna take it, we've been through it,  
so make a wish and break it in two.  
Protest, I've had it up to here, see ya, get lost! This is  
what we think of your ideas,  
Protest, we're not gonna take it, we've been through it,  
so make a wish and break it in two.

New beginning,  
I've washed my hands and made my bed, maybe I'll  
turn on the television, or shave my head,  
I'm getting kinda bored with the same old cheese and  
crackers,  
My plan's all inside-out, my razor's backwards.  
Some new air in my lungs,  
Is what the doctor ordered, being exposed makes me

feel kinda awkward, sorta,  
Give me a shot in the arm first, the clock's ticking,  
I'm watching the water boil, I like to let the plot thicken.

I'm ear to ear with good intensions and vibrations,  
I'm on fire, sometimes I conspire with bon squires,  
Sometimes we go alone, over hills and through the  
sewers,  
Trying to keep the ledger sharp and learn a few new  
maneuvers.

The whole world is drying up,  
And everybody's eyes are red, it's hard to see or even  
guess what lies ahead,  
But you know what? The unknown is all part of the plan,  
For a run-away soul and a hard-lovin' man.  
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