

Hot Club De Paris

"Lend Me Your Brain"

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You can lead the punks to reason
But you can't make them think
And lifelong trouble with the burning fists
And angry hearts of america's young is a fear of the
new
And the narrow outdated tunnels they see the world
through
And where to turn but up ones own ass
Where the answers are free but shit nonetheless
We're used to the smell and content with the mess
Because a slogan's much easier than a second guess
And still we water paper flowers
Thinking we've found the way for tomorrow
Lest we forget
The empty heads will always be the first
To try and kill what's already dead

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