

## **Burning Heads**

### **"Handcuffed"**

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Police, police, police in the streets,  
Looking for someone, searching for something,  
Screaming sirens in the streets,  
Looking there's something wrong, in the city

Up from the north and they come by my side,  
Down from the south & there's no place to hide  
There're coming from the east & there're coming from  
the west  
Anyway they come, man I'm under arrest

Like a criminal, they won't never catch my soul  
Now in my backyard, there's the men in blue,  
You know they came for me, tomorrow maybe you,  
They cut my plants they burned my crop,  
You know they made a big fire with my pot

Up from the north and they come by my side,  
Down from the south & there's no place to hide  
There're coming from the east & there're coming from  
the west  
Anyway they come, man I'm under arrest

Handcuffed, like a criminal, but they won't never catch  
my soul..  
Ain't no justice, ain't no freedom & peace  
The DEA, came in my garden, yes it's the DEA who  
came in my garden  
Hey Mister Judge, don't call me sick, don't call me ill,  
Cause it's my choice, yes it's my choice

Handcuffed

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