

## **Joss Stone**

# **"Governmentalist"**

Visit "[Governmentalist](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Don't you dare)  
Interrupt the White House ball  
(We're living scared)  
It's in foreign fields the soldiers fall

Ooh, ooh, ooh, la, la, la  
Snatch 'em in their prime  
Go ahead that's fine  
That's fine

Just go drill for grease, yeah  
Like a diamond thief, yeah, yeah  
Their mamas will be alright  
Just give 'em time  
Go get your money right  
You won't lose no sleep tonight

Nominate your kids  
I think they'd prove your theory right  
Would you watch them die?

Like tryna get a hold of smoke and water  
Coming up with nothing every time  
How come we ain't getting any closer  
Tryna find the truth behind the lies?

(Look up, look up)  
See a dead man walking  
(See his baby face)  
Hey, let's duplicate a few  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, la, la, la  
That don't mean much to you

(If you need some help)  
Send some hippies in to help  
You think more than you do  
Hows about another line or two  
To pick you up , pick you up  
While your people drown, drown

I hope your happy  
And you sleep so great at night

While the lovers cry

Like tryna get a hold of smoke and water  
Coming up with nothing every time  
How come we ain't getting any closer  
Tryna find the truth behind the lies?

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

How many lives will you sacrifice?  
Will you ever be satisfied?  
If in God you trust, can't you hear him still?  
I ain't no preacher but thou shalt not kill

Yo, check it  
I'm praisin' the states and the streets I'm raised in  
Pain is the perfume scent I'm sprayed in  
It clash with the federal agents fragrance  
I smell a pig, that's a cop who's racist

I'm an ordinary project dude  
I'm subject to genetically modified fool  
That's FDA approved, mass produced  
So you can tell a lie from the truth

Even though I'm fly in my tie and force suit  
Le jet like a Concorde, swoop through the air  
Then I land in my van, I'm cool  
And I still stand with the Uganda youths

All the poor kids out in Moscow that live hostile  
I ride for you when I ride with the top down  
Listenin' to Joss' sounds, you see how that feel  
I see these come with government seals

Open it, peek Nas getting' at his enemies  
And the paragraphs are for similies  
Governmentalists killed the Kennedy's  
I heard that Joss Stone got the remedies

Governmental, confusion  
Governmentalist, it's delusion  
Governmental, confusion  
A bunch of governmentalist, it's delusion

Tryna get a hold of smoke and water  
Coming up with nothing every time  
How come we ain't getting any closer

Tryna find the truth behind the lies?

And all that we're left with  
Is a hand full of nothing  
A hand full of nothing  
That's all that I got  
Hand full of nothing

Governmental, confusion  
Just some governmentalist, delusion  
Governmental, confusion, yeah  
Governmentalist, it's delusion  
Yeah, yeah

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

Visit [Joss Stone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.