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## 3 Colours Red "Mental Blocks"

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I've been thinking about this wasted time Straight to middle age, I'm last in line So I drug myself to get smoe peace Cos you turn it like it's my last leaf It don't feel right Don't taste right Living in Mental Blocks This is the concrete nation Don't fuck with our sedation We're alive

So I walk into another room And sister pain is with me too Out tongues are anaconda twist

Cos we're holding out for what we missed

It don't feel right Don't taste right Living in Mental Blocks This is the concrete nation Don't fuck with our sedation We're alive

It don't feel right Don't taste right Living in Mental Blocks This is the concrete nation Don't fuck with our sedation Our sedation Our sedation

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