

L7

"Pretend We're Dead"

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Aah, yeah
Aah, yeah

What's up with, what's going down
In every city, in every town?
Cramping styles is the plan
They've got us in the palm of every hand

When we pretend that we're dead
When we pretend that we're dead
They can't hear a word we've said
When we pretend that we're dead

Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on

Turn the tables with our unity
They're neither moral nor majority
Wake up and smell the coffee
Or just say no to individuality

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When we pretend that we're dead
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When we pretend that we're dead

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