

# Live "White, Discussion"

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I talk of freedom  
You talk of the flag  
I talk of revolution  
You'd much rather brag

And as the decibels of this disenchanting discourse  
Continue to dampen the day  
The coin flips again and again, and again, and again  
As our sanity walks away

All this discussion  
Though politically correct  
Is dead beyond destruction  
Though it leaves me quite erect

And as the final sunset rolls behind the earth  
And the clock is finally dead  
I'll look at you, you'll look at me and we'll cry a lot  
But this will be what we said  
This will be what we said

Look where all this talking got us, baby  
Look where all this talking got us, baby  
Look where all this talking got us, baby  
Look where all this talking got us, baby

Talk on

I want you  
I prepared you  
I instructed you  
I told you what to expect  
All the time in piece of trouble

Look where all this talking got us, baby  
Look where all this talking got us, baby  
Look where all this talking got us, baby  
Look where all this talking got us, baby

Lier  
Lier  
Lier

You yourself know [Incomprehensible]  
That the things don't come in

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