

Live "White"

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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

I want you
I prepared you
I instructed you
I told you what to expect
[Incomprehensible]

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

[Incomprehensible]

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