Cool Calm Pete "Get With The Times"

Visit "Get With The Times" on MotoLyrics.com

(Okay... {clears throat} Ya hear that?) That's the hand of time Opportunity knockin' The front door It's the god of war The five fingers of death The hand that feeds This altered beast Says he peace.

From feast to famine, the hunger is honest to God Pray for your fake phony-facades Devoted to see the empire fall Eyes glued, watch the megabytes crawl Try to get loose, just try to get thru Out of his skin, "Very nice to meet you" Astonishing tales, days unfurl Still lost in the ways of the world.

You took a shot, all water, I got glasses What goes up, must come crashing Let's all go play suicide friends Descendin', straight off the deep end The cat's outta the Louis-Vitton Your hope is not a plan, no magic wand Home, stoned, paranoid, alone— Let freedom ring, they done tapped the telephone.

Hello? (Hello)... Not you again— The clock strikes twelve, the magic ends You ain't psychic; You're just a pessimist Calculations... sheer coincidence

Hey world, the coordinates are off The brain at work, turns Microsoft Healthy body, your healthy mind I'm 0-2, bottom of the nine Last licks, got nothin' but wounds You're crushed, killed, destroyed, now consumed You are what you eat, some filthy animals Medium-rare, ya bloody cannibals

What a hoot, they taste just like chicken The hands full of grease; the plot thickens Ya hear that? That's the moment slippin' History repeats—brand-new shipment.

Visit Cool Calm Pete page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.