

## **Cop Shoot Cop "Got No Soul"**

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Late for work again today  
Somebody's lying down on the job again  
Will you people please stop jumping under my train  
Ladies and gentlemen, there will be a slight delay  
While we hose the blood away  
(and the clock keeps ticking...)  
So I spent my evening wishing I never was born  
Drinking toasts to that hood with the hooves and the  
horns  
Because the roaches won't do my laundry no more  
And the rats refuse to fix the holes in the floor  
Water comes through the ceiling...  
I asked a pig if he wanted to dance  
He says is that a 45 in your pants  
Or are you just glad to see me ? (rim shot)  
I said, all I need is a distraction  
Or maybe a sense of satisfaction  
Perhaps a pair of pliers to rip off these blinders  
Because my peripheral vision is dying  
It ain't as if I ain't trying  
I'm a rat in a maze of my own devising  
And is that a call to arms...  
Is that a call to arms I hear rising ?  
Is that a call to arms I hear rising out of that concrete  
hole ?  
Yer war on drugs got no soul, yer hired thugs got no  
soul  
You hippy trash got no soul, yer yuppie cash got no  
soul  
Yer video clips, yer beauty tips, remote control  
It's a big black hole, got no soul, got no soul  
And the clock's clicking off like the timer on some big  
neutron switch  
Except there's just one hitch: you gotta strike it rich  
Before the shit comes down  
So They're out there panhandling for gold  
Prospecting in the street, sifting garbage in the gutter  
Digging in the tenements, looking for a vein  
Trying to find that big score, the mother lode  
And everyone's A wanna be - the wicked and the weak  
The victors and the victimized, the economists and the  
economized

My TV mind-set is shatteres (sh'dooby)  
No guts, no glory, no balls - whatever you wanna call it  
There ain't nothing real there at all (And I don't feel  
whole...)  
Yeah, yer mobile phone got no soul, yer rolling stone  
got no soul  
Yer music scene got no soul, yer answering machine  
got no soul  
Yer microdrive, yer toilet slave, you corporate swine,  
yer bullshit line  
Hey, you on the payroll! Hey you on the J train!  
Hey you on the TV news! Hey you in the 3-piece suit!  
You goy no soul. I got no soul. Got no soul

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