

## **Red Animal War**

# **"When I Get The Feelin' (Back In My Hands)"**

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If there is nothing to fear then fear itself would you  
yield they were not supposed to be here i still love  
laying in fields and staring up to get real it makes the  
world just seem so clear and all the words that they say  
don't let 'em turn you to clay yeah i know it's not fair i'm  
waking up to the sound of new york coming down i  
never knew we could be so scared did the timing seem  
like lightning i'm afraid it did she's got new shoes he  
wears an old hat what's it matter what's it matter when i  
get the feelin' back in my hands i promise i'll build  
some bridges across this land when i get the feelin'  
back in my hands i'll pick apart these walls brick by  
brick stone and sand and as night falls we will stand  
tall proud but not sure why this is not a dream this is  
not a game i heard someone say america the beautiful  
blame the catholics blame the christians blame the  
muslims blame the jews blame your mother blame your  
father but blame never got anyone anywhere

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