

The Title

"Time To Go"

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Well we altered the face of our city, yes we've often
burned it down
Is our union what we hoped for when our children hit
the ground
It's simply government and British soldiers out not who
governs or unity now
Or do you complain of what could happen if your favor
isn't found
It's not as plain as colonial rule no more so we've grown
up with the times
But it's as plain as coexistence not making something
that binds
Yes catholics were incriminated, tortured and opressed
But we've agreed to talk now and we don't need bullet
proof vests

So give it up, it's time to go
There'll be better jobs for us if we let it go
So give it up, it's time to go
Nobody wants to subsidise an economy that can't
stand
We kick our legs out from underneath us every time we
raise a hand

Well Good Friday every fucking where is burning in my
mind
But no accord can help the junkies with their kneecaps
left behind
There's no desired governance or subsidation left in
toil
Hell, they don't even want us now fed up with our
turmoil
True rebels never grow out of the hateful adolescent
phase
For to perpetuate rebellion you need blind incessant
commitment through the maze
We've concluded and refused to learn to assess or
scrutinise
A non functioning mind is clinically dead when your
mind's made up it dies

It's not the mastery of earth or wealth or leisure that is
your contention
But the privilege of taxable servitude you contend
against you laymen
Behave like fucking children every day on Downing
Street
Who can't concede to play along or even just to meet
No this isn't a bold statement, ya wanna know how I
know
Whoever's celebrated a victory's always said I told ya
so
So look me in the fucking face when you point the
barrel down
No I don't need a prayer for me, just put the hammer
down

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