

Tr-I "Worldwide Epiphany 1.2"

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Worldwide epiphany
Worldwide epiphany, epiphany

Babies and bachelors, fishes, cabbages, and queens
Can't hear it comin', but we know what it means
Boats upon the ocean, every plane in the air
Never know just how or when, but we always know
where

Give it up one more time for the king of soul
Let the good times roll, bring it on, bring it on
Dusk 'til dawn, the landlady's gone
Send the bill to the government, pack it in cement

Take it from the ground up, this is the last roundup
You can't win, and you can't break even
You can't be leavin' the game anyway
You've got to stay 'cause we came to play

It's a new gene, a new wavelength, or maybe it's a virus
Put the fire in us and inspire us
To trust and lust for the good life
And all that is required of us

Turn to the headline news as if we had a right to
choose
To have no views as the rocket's red glare pollutes the
air,
And we swear that it can't happen here
And we'll never be there

Killer bees finally make it to Tokyo
Juliet never made it with Romeo
But check out the video later
Terminator III's gonna preview the next fifty years or so

We got the right to know, which means
We got the right to misunderstand
And slant the plan to help our hand and man
They call it a culture, but it sucks you in like quicksand

Give it up one more time for the king of soul

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