

Zebda**"Just The Tip"**

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We got bruised wrists
Kick flips and an I'll invasion
They say loose lips sink ships but might get you
probation
And we're deep six in the mix ripping round rotation
Chuckling cheap tricks and kung fu kicks just to get
sensation
So turn your radio off
Press one for love
You got to cough to get off
What's done is done
Turn your radio off
It's never enough
Want to change it all
I want it all
But you can't always get what you want, you can't
always get what you want
Give up, give up, give up
The dream is over
We lost the buzz
And now we're running sober
Give up, give up, give up
Don't even bother
Can't get what we want
Give up, give up, give up
The dream is over
We're going slow
And driving on the shoulder
Give up, give up, give up
Don't even bother
We'll never get what we want
We want starships and banana clips to start a new
religion
And no post scripts or sensor ship to help define our
vision
With a red brick or double click we move with great
precision
Like with arsenic we're getting sick of all our indecision
It's like holding onto pieces when the puzzle doesn't fit
It's like the feeling that you get right before you hit
It's like the ground opened up and swallowed you

where you sit
It's like you'd kill for what you had 'cause now you got
shit
It's like you can't always get what you want
Opened up and swallowed you
You can't always get what you want
It's like a time bomb
You can't always get what you want
Opened up and swallowed you
You can't always get what you want

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