

## **Filth** **"Freedom"**

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Look down next to yor feet boy, what do you see down there?  
glass glistening  
in the moonlight pick up that bottle and feel it's weight  
in your hand/feels  
good now doesn't it? Why don;t you put that bottle  
where it belongs?  
CHORUS: TRASH IS THE WINDOWS OF A MILLION TRACT  
HOUSES/  
TRASH IS THE WINDOWS OF A MILLION COP CARS/  
Do you know what else you can do with that bottle?  
You can recycle it/I'll  
show you how to do that since you obviously don't know  
how/(CHORUS)/All I see  
is a dead world, covered up by buildings and  
streets/All I see are dead people  
living in this dead world they made/All I see our dead  
thoughts unable to  
understand anything except what they see/I will open  
your eyes, then I will  
shut you down/(CHORUS)/But that would not be nice  
now would it boy?/Put that  
bottle back down in the gutter, think your thoughts of  
order, and go back  
home...

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