

## **Flatliners**

### **"Fred's Got Slacks"**

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Destroy positions of power and what stands between  
you and the final stretch  
Where you find out what happens in the end  
Man on the corner preaching, screaming the devil is  
coming!  
And the earth will plummet to the ground again  
I hope to death that no one knows and they don't find a  
way  
To bullshit, cheat, lie, and steal  
Then run away through the trenches and the streets  
The famous alleyway  
I've got a feeling that today is not my day  
The facts have been stated, they're implausible  
The cause of the week  
Too heavy for a freak like me  
Like me  
Hit the brick running with the rhythm in your feet  
And all your feelings in a fist  
It's too much to resist when you're only 16  
Waiting for the weekend train to come  
Right outta here  
6 strings to the wind and I'm gone  
Head on collision with the barrel of our social forms  
gun  
When the shells hit the ground, it's time to go home

Apathetic, were pathetic  
It's easy to see  
The fires ignited and the flames have gotten the best  
of me  
Hands up, fists high  
For everyone to see!  
Were destructive, so disruptive  
It's gotten to me  
Lets hit the streets and show em what we mean  
HEY!  
We've got the heart and mind to mix in with the  
gasoline

Hopping along the border of whats rude and whats  
insane  
It's the same as everyday

Everyday is the same  
Still haven't found the answers to the questions I've  
been asking  
And nothing strikes resemblance to the memory I  
remember  
Those days, didn't they seem so long ago?  
Free to go wherever we wanted  
Free to say no  
End of the line and were really wasting time  
End of the like and theres no one left behind us  
Hit the cobblestone road  
Theres precision in the distance  
Who gives a fuck if hes a metro-sexual?  
I know you did, cause you're a hetero-molestico  
Theres malice in the words that first seemed oh so  
comfortable  
Finding a new way can be devastating to some  
Look on the bright side, you're not the one toting a gun  
You wipe your ass like everybody does  
And ask for my reasons  
Well I've got none

Hands up  
Fists high

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