Jeff Bridges
"Malign Fiesta"

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You got your 24 swastika tattoo yesterday
[inaudible]
You got your 24 karat gold pierced earring in your
nose.
Twenty-four years and you still don't know which way
the wind blows.

You got no...you got no

You know when [inaudible] disease [inaudible]
violence
[inaudible] wish away your parents.
You got yourself a girl with the face and the voice of a
whore.
You don't want a phone.
But, you don't know what you kill yourself for anymore.

You got no...you got no...you got no...you got no

You're no soul rebel if you rip on your skin
You're no soul rebel with your boot in your shin
You no soul rebel, it's your own chance to fight
You're just the same as those fat old bastards you hate
with no soul.

You call yourself a rebel but you call that man a nigger
like they do
You call yourself a rebel but a woman [inaudible] like
they do
You call yourself a rebel but you don't talk, act, walk
and piss like they do
You got no room, no soul, no out, no phone
So whadya got? A God to pray to?

You got no...you got no...you got no

You're no soul rebel if you spit on your sister
You're no soul rebel with your boot on your shin
You no soul rebel, it's your last chance to fight
You're just the same as those fat old bastards you hate
with no

You call yourself a rebel but you call a man a nigger
like they do
You call yourself a rebel but you put your woman down
like they do
You call yourself a rebel but you rape, scheme and lie
like they do
You got no woman, no song, no drone
So what have you got, a God to pray to?

You got no...you got no...you got no...you got no

You're no soul rebel if you rip on your skin
You're no soul rebel with your boot in your shin
You no soul rebel, it's your own chance to fight
You're just the same as those fat old bastards you hate
with no

You got no...you got no...you got no