

Pieta Brown

"The Press"

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It's a barrage of violence, sickness and shame
You struggle for your living and you're paying with pain
I read of the poor, and the women and the victims to
blame
For the collapse of the country again and again

They're checking all the people
In all their holes
Whips and lashes and cuts back
To double standards, backhanders
It's a grey desolate country
But we're glorious again

He's peeling his banana while roasting your nuts
You've got to get your gums around his plums
He's going to modify your attitude
And customize your crawl
With the muck he prints
He's got to us all

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