

Peyoti For President "Survival Of The Fittest"

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Hope for the day believe in the day
Hope for the day believe in the day

We open up ourselves, like a cannonball
fired across the bows
of a big ship hauling up its sail
sailing out – sailing in
hoping that good luck prevails
on a journey to our destiny
never knowing how it's gonna be
& when you wake up on the other side
We're too old to live & we're too young to die

We fight we fuck we fall
& then we get back up and then do it all,
to some other guy who you never really knew
well... he doesn't look like me
he doesn't look like you
well what the hell am I supposed to do?
It's a dog eat dog and tiger too

well... fuck the politics of survival
far too complicated

Concentrate on self-preservation
Concentrate on self-preservation
Survival of the fittest

Concentrate on self-preservation
Concentrate on self-preservation
Survival of the fittest

Although the breakfast time of life has come and
passed you by
the filthiest of courses still remains...
You drew your life, you drew your home
you drew your picture
but you still can't draw the blood from out your veins

But it don't mean nothin' to me.... oh no
& it don't mean nothin' to me.... oh no

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