Powderfinger "Blanket"

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Is it obvious that you have had it wrong? You're attitude and angst seem to have gone Is there no way you can be what you have said?

Another self-serving sermon You can stand and beat your breast While they feed on the fruit of their sweat

You've got it rough Haven't you got it rough? So you shoot, shoot, shoot From the lip

While you emulate the man that touched your heart Imitate at due cost Your comment on positions out of reach Contradict the very words you preach

You can stand and beat your breast While they feed on the fruit of their sweat

You've got it rough Haven't you got it rough? So you shoot, shoot, shoot From the lip

I just know I won't Remember your name

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