

## Rabbit Junk

### "February War"

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Standing on the curb, wasting my life, wait for a bus  
The 36 was full the 13 was late, I think I've had enough  
Standing in the corr, that seat was mine, I said what the  
fuck

Pray to the gods they show me pity and beam me up,  
but I know I'm stuck so I read my book I wish for better,  
better luck!

Who are these people, what are these customs, what is  
this language, I don't understand

I feel the battle rage, I feel the steel in my hands, I feel  
the wind on my face, I am not of this

Thank you god, for making me an alien, thank you god,  
for making me alright, thank you god, for making me  
an alien, thank you god, for making me alright

I finally got myself a seat, by the homeless guy, who  
been smoking crack,  
He said his name was Phil and this was the bus he's  
gonna hi-jack,  
I had to ask would it be too much to drive me home, he  
said where to I didn't know because I've never ever  
known.

Who are these people? I don't understand!

I feel the battle rage, I feel the steel in my hands, I feel  
the wind on my face, I am not of this

Thank you god, for making me an alien, thank you god,  
for making me alright, thank you god, for making me  
an alien, thank you god, for making me alright

I feel the battle rage, I feel the steel in my hands, I feel  
the wind on my face, I am not of this land

I feel the battle rage, I feel the steel in my hands, I feel  
the wind on my face, I am not of this!

Thank you god, for making me an alien, thank you god  
for making me alright, thank you god, for making me  
an alien, thank you god, for making me alright

Yea eh eh eh, GO!

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