

## Backstreet Law

### "Blend"

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Girls in dresses surround the man in fame  
Mother stands back, watch her son go down in flames  
Bubbles headed for the brain, lines destined to change  
Best thing to do is blend. Know what I'm saying

People contemplating their next move  
On the chessboard of life  
Take a joke, close your eyes, and turn the music up  
Stale people, stale uniforms...hands in their pockets  
Miniature minds thinking their grand thoughts  
Miniature people picking out everyone's faults  
Ideas seem to change with the last thought of the night  
Questions written on your face  
Questions wading in your mind

Girls in dresses surround the man in fame  
Mother stands back, watch her son go down in flames  
Bubbles headed for the brain, lines destined to change  
Best thing to do is blend. Know what I'm saying

People masterbating their way  
Thru thier own chessboard of life  
Take a joke, close your eyes, and turn the music up  
Fake people in uniforms...cocks in their hands  
Miniature minds thinking their grand thoughts  
Miniature people picking out everyone's faults  
Ideas seem to change  
With the last thought of the night  
Answers written on your face  
Answers wading in your mind

Girls in dresses surround the man in fame  
Mother stands back, watch her son go down in flames  
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Best thing to do is blend. Know what I'm saying

First finger and my thumb on my face...  
Who have I become?  
A slave to the bottle?  
Faceless man to society?  
Some days masked by sobriety

First finger and my thumb on my face...  
Who have I become?

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(Guitar Solo)

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