

Badlees, The

"Last Great Act Of Defiance"

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No money man is gonna carry us

No Corporate hand is gonna bury us

If we had convictions we'd be dangerous

Don't want their creed to guide our consequence

Don't want their shadow casting darkness on our future
tense

They'd make a killing but we're making sense

With the last great act of defiance

To preserve us well

Heaven or Hell we're gonna know we left our mark

Can't live no life that pushes thorny crowns

No New York minute's gonna tear us down

You and me, hell we're the guts of this town

With the last great act of defiance

To preserve us well

Heaven or Hell we're gonna know we left our mark

Don't want no heart attack like my old man

53 and a policy to help my mother live

They never paid him back for working long

Company man but they could give a damn

For what he had to give

Another evening on the Stockton road
Dreamin' plans for the greatest story ever told
We'll spit on all the cards they haven't shown
With the last great act of defiance
To preserve us well
Heaven or Hell we're gonna know we left our mark

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