

## Mea Culpa

### "Whose Streets?"

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Cold November morning comes but 40,000 feel the sun  
Of a new day that is rising in our hearts  
Like an army with non-violent cause we march into the  
gaping maw  
Of a system that would tear us all apart  
The blue and green, the black and white, united,  
finally, in a common fight  
Where silence ends up skewered on a pike  
This beautiful, chaotic sight, people finally living out  
their bill of rights  
Don't close your eyes, 'cause this is what democracy  
looks like

WHOSE STREETS? OUR STREETS!  
We built them now it's time to take them back  
WHOSE STREETS? OUR STREETS!  
And they're never gonna push us through the cracks  
WHOSE STREETS? OUR STREETS!  
We are standing here by popular demand  
WHOSE STREETS? OUR STREETS!  
We The people gonna finally make our stand

Cut the phone and cut the lights, try and scare us into  
thinking that we've got no rights  
Keep pushing and you're gonna force our hand  
With hope and anger on our eyes, don't ever forget  
where the power lies  
The only real defeat is not to stand  
This is not the start, this is not the end, there's a  
movement rising and a world to mend  
A world that we've been waiting for too long  
We don't agree on everything, there are many voices  
with which we sing  
But this street's our stage and there's no way to  
disregard our song

(CHORUS)

Buried in the lie, running out of time  
Open up your eyes, with this battle cry

(CHORUS)

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