

Clockwise

"Open"

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All though bitter man, I can swear I taste it,
Sniff another line, maybe your closet will become a
room,
Knock my bruse at least, I know I am not hiding,
We got an old school twist on this gift we call rock'n'roll

And our home, if we ever make it there,
Let the shinning wake your eyes,
If we're standing in the sun, in our home
If we ever make it there, don't close your eyes,
We'll be standing in the sun,
Open your eyes,

Where do you get off, questioning if I'm racist,
I got more soul than your peraptrating white asshole,
I don't know your pain, don't revent our glory,
You forget what we were like when your time came,

And our home, if we ever make it there,
Let the shinning wake your eyes,
If we're standing in the sun, in our home
If we ever make it there, don't close your eyes,
We'll be standing in the sun,
Open your eyes,

And our home, if we ever make it there,
Let the shinning wake your eyes,
If we're standing in the sun, in our home
We will make it there in time, open your eyes,
We'll be standing in the sun,
Open your eyes,

I feel you now, I feel you so,
We'll be standing in the sun,
Open your eyes.

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