

Time

"It Never Came"

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[Time:]

I don't know it never came
The telephone never rang
Same window, same day, same everything
The sun makes me sad, I get happy when it rains
The smiles are the same
How you doing, doing good, it'll never change
Never will, go to hell
Break your back, pay your bills
And you wonder why we drink wine and pop pills

No revolution, just a bunch of talking
You'd go real far if lips were good for walking
Skyline bruised, pigeon shit on the roof
Alarm clock, working fine, so they hit snooze
Wake up, go to work, no break, go eat
Go home, don't think, watch TV, go to sleep
I pray the cycle don't repeat but the cycle just repeats
I pray the cycle don't repeat break the cycle just repeats

Cliché, I know but back to the pen and pad
Paper shower curtains and a black ink bath
1 graph, no para. just mascara on the side of my shirt
No parties for me, cause people just like to get fucked
up and flirt
But what's it all worth? When your laying in the dirt
How could you think about love, when you're living in
your hurt?

[Damon JeVon:]

Revolution won't be televised
It never happened, it never happened
The revolution won't be televised
Open your eyes
Revolution is revolving in circles
Revolution is the only way we gonna get further

[Time:]

Gil Scotts rolling in his grave
And the road ain't made out of gold shit it ain't even

paved
Prices go up but we ain't getting paid
Everyone's afraid, they stare at their TV amazed
Pigs shooting us in the instant replay
Cops shooting us in the instant replay
And no one talks anymore cause no one gives a fuck
what we say

Someone was knocking at the door now opportunities
missed
Change wants to fuck but you won't even kiss

You won't talk, you won't even hold her hand
You procrastinate but you say you gotta plan
The revolution will put you in the driver's seat
Now everyone's dead and we go where survivors meet

All I ever see are pictures of Nixon
And paintings of Jesus in the wrong depiction
The revolution won't be televised but the second
coming will
It's all planned, your savior is a hologram
We're all so perfect, we're all so faithful
So why don't we applaud
So that's why we pull out guns for god
I laugh cause it's an illusion
I smile cause it's a mirage
It's a collage

You waited for the revolution it happened without you
And I'm part of the problem cause I started to doubt
you
Now look at us, all caught up in the flesh
Doubted our love so we put faith to the test
Asking for signs, when it's just a change of mind
Looking outside when inside were blind
Now all the protestors are in a warehouse
They're praying to god cause they don't know his
where-a-bouts
I shout, not at them but at myself
And I protest my own personal guilt
Crucify me on a picket sign, internal revolution
Instead of blaming them, in myself I see the solution
It was always inside, my fear placed the blame
Look at your problems, they're all the same

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