

Crocketts, The

"1939 Returning"

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Well I was wondering, do as I choose
Or follow the ancient, chip off the block
Well I was thinking, I'll wear a rose
Then in the morning, I'll be your dog

President of presidents
The killers here to take your life

We are not learning
1939 returning

If bricks were circular, the would would come in
And we would all freeze, but I would be laughing
Humans or animals, we do as we please
Control is the currency, the vultures disease

Naked solo, renegade
The bodies of other animals will be my grave
No words, conscience
Clothes or name, flesh in the natural chain

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