

The Amsterdams

"Coalmine"

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Hey now, why are those people all gathered down-town?
Hey dad, why are they holding those clubs in their hands?
Oh, no, why are they beating up students and geeks?
Oh, no, they look like monsters coming out of the dark.

Leave my glasses on my face
To see you better,
Try and find some other place
That you could scatter

Take your folks and beat it,
Let us go back to my house.
These streets are made for walking,
Let us walk back to my house.

Holy cow, how can a poet lead an army of fools?
Oh my God, ten thousand people with a plastic cap head,
Oh no, they fucked darkness with the light on their forehead
Only now they came out mining for the coal in our brains

Leave my glasses on my face
To see you better,
Try and find some other place
That you could scatter.

Take your bats and beat it,
Let us go back to my house.
These streets are made for walking,
Let us go back to my house.

All I wanna say is
I'm not a coal mine,
All I wanna say is
Please don't hold me down.

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