Street Dogs "Leave The Cameras On"

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Officer Officer Officer Where you going with all that riot gear I see no broken windows Do you have faith in those that sent you here In a full bloom afternoon commute The news crew beats you onto the scene Where we lay down in Market Street Violent voiced and bleeding from the knees They say we're wrong So leave the cameras on Leave the cameras on And yeah we'll see whose wrong Officer Officer Did we get to close to Union Square Is high class pride the tender line? Cause in the Tenderloin you didn=t seem to care So it's prison bus after prison bus to the warehouse docks to lock us all away While the white clout in the white house, whites out everything we have to say I thought I saw myself on the split screen Broadcast against the presidents bombing I think he needs a tap on the shoulder I think we need to get a little bit bolder

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