

Guns L.A.

"Frequency"

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This is not
This is not my
This is not my frequency
This is not my freq.....

Even as a child I was different from those
Excommunication from the ones that I loathed
And no amount of threatening could make me inclined
All your propaganda could never change my mind
To hell with all you demons you poor deluded fools
Take me to a place where there are no rules

This is not my
This is not my frequency

And any body there ever broken a heart
Being you who are and not playing the part
And all the best intentions could never make it real
Sorry to my lovers but that's the way I feel
Changing like a season no time for regrets
Don't you ever wonder if this is good as it gets

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So when it comes down are you in or your out
Take a little time and let them think about
I will not be driven like a rusty old Ford
I did my way I was not bored
Can't buy me off with silver
Won't do as I'm told
Keep your drunken hands off me
Touch just leaves me cold

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