

Fish Leslie

"The Discards"

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Look on the horizon.
What do my eyes behold?
Is that a herd of bison
Or a convoy rolling bold?
Could that be my old master
And all his princely crew,
Who ran from the disaster
That they put us peasants through,
They put us peasants through?
Who else would roll so proudly
Across this blasted land?
Who else would bitch so loudly
On every channel band?
Now do they think that no one
Could stay out here alive,
Or did they think us low ones
Were too stupid to survive,
Too stupid to survive?
Why did they leave their bunkers
They built so long ago?
Did they come forth to conquer,

Or did their food run low?
Their wheels so sleek and bossy,
All stuffed with high-tech gear,
No longer look so glossy
After driving long out here,
Driving long out here.
For what looks good in planning
May not be built to last.
Tech toys wore out with manning.
Replacements went out fast.
But salesman's smart assurance
Won't hold you up in hell.
Survival means endurance,
And we've learned that lesson well,
We've learned that lesson well.
For when they fled the city
And left us to our fate,
No panic and no pity,
Nor did we stand and wait,
But jumped up and, unguarded,
We looted for our tools.
We may have been discarded,
But that didn't make us fools,
That didn't make us fools.
So come on, dear old master,

And see what's waiting here.
Our wheels can roll the faster
For lack of fragile gear.
We've stripped down to essentials
Of armor, wheels, and gun.
Don't send me your credentials;
This is no computer run,
No computer run.
No radar for your jamming,
No lasers to deflect.
Just armor made for ramming
And bullets worth respect.
No comps for your misquoting,
No optics to distrust.
Your chips are overloading,
And your laser eats my dust,
Your laser eats my dust.
Now one of you is burning.
Another's punctured well.
A third is overturning.
A fourth is blown to hell.
The fifth is losing power.
The sixth has lost a wheel.
This fate won't last the hour.
Tell me, master, will you deal,
Master, will you deal?

I'll leave you live and walking ...

As much as you left me!

Surrender or quit talking;

Choose death or poverty.

Ah, you're running like the others!

My guns come up to line!

Your friends can face my brothers,

Master, your sweet ass is mine,

Your sweet ass is mine

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