

The Dictators "Jim Gordon Blues"

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Alienation generation's constipation
Consequence of years of Oprahzation
Super-concentrated self infatuation

I don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon Blues

Now that every word has lost its meaning
Now we know the image is deceiving
I can't trust what I'm not believing

I don't have a clue
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Don't kiss it, who knows where it's been
Don't think it, if it might offend
Don't chase what's blowin' in the wind

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The voices are screaming, constantly berating
A moment of silence would be so intoxicating
The urge to kill can be so liberating

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