

Vanity Project "Hit And Run"

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Protest song
Everybody sang along
Now they pan and scan
And edit out the everyman

Nothing matters, consensus scatters
It's all irrelevant now
A soul redemption, the last temptation
Goodbye, farewell, ciao

Oh, yeah
Hit and run
Everybody knows who won
If you're the chosen son
Then you don't even need a gun

The music died
The singer lied
The market lives
The chairmen hide

I have heard the Sotto Voce
Threats are coming true
Whilst disenfranchised
Franchise holders
Take it all from you

Oh, yeah
Hit and run
Everybody knows who won
If you're the chosen son
Then you don't even need a gun

Oh, yeah
Hit and run
Everybody knows who won
If you're the chosen son
Then you don't even need a gun

Hit and run
Everybody knows who won
If you're the chosen son

Then you don't even need a gun

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