Down on Freestreet

The Hellacopters

Down on free street
Buried six feet down
In a one horse
Carefully locked door town
Where no one ever comes around
There ain't nothing there to be found

An eye for an eye
Pound for pound
Blown up yet minimal
Built up by criminal hands
To the republic, it's sick
For which it stands

There's a man on desolation row
Reaping fruits that someone else has sown
And a prime time appearance
On a television show
You know the sheep are ridden with disease
And I'm down on bending knees

The tumor's spreading oh so fast
The remedy will never last
The die's been cast
And the deadline's past
There's a crying beholder
But no one told her why

Just wrapped up in plastic
Conveniently elastic lies
I got my radio on
It's playing that same old stupid song
Over and over for much too long
I've got to turn that damn thing down

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