Bad Stuff

Free Energy

Last ditch effort to communicate
And if you hear my voice then it might not be too late
You feel my heart, then we're tied by fate
Well, come on, come on, you can't understand itThe battle city on a Friday night, all right
The lonely people don't know that we're alive
Well, the city swears that it never lies
So come on, come on, hopeful romanticsThe streets are dark and all the buildings burned
They were the only sign that we'd lived on this earth
They only fought 'cause they never learned
How to love like the spirit is fadedTheir minds are sick and empty eyes are red, oh yeah
Their hearts are heavy and their hopes are all dead
The fever grows and the concrete spreads
Come on, don't look away
Hey, hey, heyThere'll come a time when they listen
There'll come a time when they listen, ah, ah
There'll come a time when they listen
There'll come a time when it's different, oh
(Da-da-da, di-da)There'll come a time when it's different
But not today
A time when it's different, oh
(Da-da-da, di-da)There'll come a time when it's different
But not today
A day when it's different, oh
(Da-da-da, di-da)There'll come a time when it's different
But not today
Well, not 'til we'll run and stop
(Da-da-da, di-da)There'll come a time when it's different
But not today
Well, not 'til we'll run and stop
(Da-da-da, di-da)Last ditch effort to communicate
If you hear my voice then it might not be too late
If you feel my heart then we're tied by fate
Can you see our hearts leavin'?SOS, there's no end in sight
Good, free people, lock your visions up at night
Your sons are dead, now prepare to fight
Well, there's no consolation

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