

Pretend We're Dead

L7

Aah, yeah
Aah, yeah What's up with, what's going down
In every city, in every town?
Cramping styles is the plan
They've got us in the palm of every hand When we pretend that we're dead
When we pretend that we're dead
They can't hear a word we've said
When we pretend that we're dead Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on Turn the tables with our unity
They're neither moral nor majority
Wake up and smell the coffee
Or just say no to individuality When we pretend that we're dead
When we pretend that we're dead
They can't hear a word we've said
When we pretend that we're dead Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on When we pretend that we're dead
When we pretend that we're dead
They can't hear a word we've said
When we pretend that we're dead Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on

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