

Blanket

Powderfinger

Is it obvious that you have had it wrong?
You're attitude and angst seem to have gone
Is there no way you can be what you have said? Another self-serving sermon
You can stand and beat your breast
While they feed on the fruit of their sweat You've got it rough
Haven't you got it rough?
So you shoot, shoot, shoot
From the lip While you emulate the man that touched your heart
Imitate at due cost
Your comment on positions out of reach
Contradict the very words you preach You can stand and beat your breast
While they feed on the fruit of their sweat You've got it rough
Haven't you got it rough?
So you shoot, shoot, shoot
From the lip I just know
I won't
Remember your name

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