

Rush

Don Johnson Big Band

Rush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how
Try to spell it out
Why the foul smell and loud yelling
Are you selling out?
Rush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how
Try to spell it out
Why the foul smell and loud yelling
Are you still in doubt?

(2x)

Is it 'cause you dwell about looking for some better ground
Quietly defiant, like a giant leap ahead and now
Hit 'em hard and let 'em drown, kick 'em when they're dead and down
What you prevented now is more than a poetic row
Physically so well endowed, mister thoroughbred and proud
Never settle down, gotta get it all, and get it now
But now your head is down, the weight is like a leaded crown
Your latest trick was faded out, a dire fate I read about
And then the letters found a sentence and descended down
The pen is like a menace, yeah I said it and I said it loud
Make a noise, develop sound, make a more synthetic sound
Visible to many, but a-plenty ways to let it cloud your judgement
Yet judging by the way that you resented crowds
And budgeted your bread and found the credit to go spread it round
I'm bulldozing aesthetics, now you're almost on prophetic ground
I'm close enough to close it up, the flows are out, just hit it now

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(2x) We're out of time, meaning all remaining time is out
But everything I write about continues redefining how
We look at things, I'm finding out that crooked things are often
Straighter than you think and my design is bound to soften
The boundaries on how to reason quiet for a louder reason
How to be so proud of these surroundings or societies in conflict

Discounting these encounters when we're steaming like an armpit
Discomfort isn't offered like a gauntlet, it's complex
A crowd is teased with modesty and pompousness
Hard as this art is respond as you were on your knees
No compass will guide us through anomalies and darkness
Fallacies and countless means of robberies and conquest
Are you an instigator? Are you an accomplice?
An insulated isolated incident of progress
Your infant eyes are hypnotized, I synthesize my senses
By surprise and club my sympathizers senselessRush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how
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(2x)Hardcore
Truth is what you make it, it's an art form
A super soaking sacred piece of hardcore
Seemingly evasive, if you clean it or erase it
Now I've seen enough and face it
This is hardcore
Truth is what you make it, it's an art form
A super soaking sacred piece of hardcore
Seemingly evasive, all we gave 'em was a taste
And now they're steaming in our facesRush! Tell 'em now, tell 'em how
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(2x)Rush!
Are you still in doubt?
Rush!
Hey!
Selling out, selling out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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