Jim Gordon Blues

The Dictators

Alienation generation's constipation
Consequence of years of Oprahzation
Super-concentrated self infatuationI don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon BluesNow that every word has lost its meaning
Now we know the image is deceiving
I can't trust what I'm not believingI don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon BluesDon't kiss it, who knows where it's been
Don't think it, if it might offend
Don't chase what's blowin' in the windI don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon BluesThe voices are screaming, constantly berating
A moment of silence would be so intoxicating
The urge to kill can be so liberatingI don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon Blues

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