

# Target

## Fugazi

It's cold outside and my hands are dry  
Skin is cracked and I realize  
That I hate the sound of guitars  
A thousand grudging young millionaires Forcing silence sucking sound  
Forced into this conversation So I say shine let their planets collide  
This is the darkening down of my mind  
We could be making it oiling like crime  
We could be making it staking last dimes If you want to seize the sound you don't need a reservation  
Now if you want to seize the sound, you don't need a reservation The torch is passed it's yours to return  
Lay at their feet now use it to burn  
For marketing the use of the word "generation"  
A false alliance of money persuading Forcing silence sucking sound  
Forced into this conversation  
Now if you want to seize the sound, you don't need a reservation Shut down So open, so young, so target, I can  
smell your heart  
So young, so open, I can smell your heart  
So young, so open, I can smell your heart You're a target  
You're a target  
You're a target  
You're a target Ooooooooooh

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