

# Nomads Revolt

## Mischief Brew

We go down to throw rocks at the river  
Curses at the parade  
We're the stone in the gears of the clockwork  
Try to keep us from acting our age.

We swore we'd carry on like this forever  
Til the free spirits fled.  
But now can you believe who's a mother  
And that so-and-so's cut off their dreads.

Kill off Columbus  
And turn the world around  
After all  
The nomads are settlin' down.

Used to give most of the bread to the landlord  
Leave the crust for the squats.  
Now the death wages we pay the bankers  
Seem to kill all the flies in one swat.

Hear the wedding band strike up a number  
Yeah they're playin' our song.  
Hold your breath guys, we're gonna go under  
Get the little ones singin' along.

Kill off Columbus  
And turn the world around  
After all  
The nomads are settlin' down.

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But way  
Not to so-and-so

Said he'd never change  
Said he'd never grow

He'd stay  
Always on a roll  
Run beside the train  
To the mossy stones.

Now there's more hope than ever  
And it's all fallin' down  
And the rebels are runnin' for mayor  
In your hometown.

As the nomads are dropping their anchors  
Fallin' into the sea  
And I stopped throwing rocks at the river  
Now you'll find me a'swimmin' upstream.

There is power in unions of ramblers  
That got nothing to own.  
But there's more in one fist-swinin' mother  
Swearin' my children shall never be sold.

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Out of the garden  
We multiply  
Telling our stories  
May all the old ways die.

Lyrics Submitted by kangadog from plyrics.com

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