

# This Is What I Want

## This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb

This is what i want, I want all the punks to take to the streets  
playing their guitars.

This is what i want [x2]

This is what i want, Black kids and white kids sharing all the songs  
that their grandmamma taught 'em.

This is what i want [x2] And we'll play em on our horns, we'll bang em on our drums,  
we'll play em on our guitars... Singing songs that our mother sang to us when we were young,  
or songs that we may remember reading

Songs we heard a stranger sing or humming on the streets.

Songs we made up yesterday on the porch in the rain on our guitars. And we'll never sing a song we heard on  
your radio,

or a song someone else was paid to write sing

and we'll never sing of sex - the fakest kind of love,

those songs will not be played on our guitars. And we'll play em on our horns, we'll bang em on our drums,  
we'll play em on our guitars...

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