

# 1944

## Down By Law

Somewhere a pen is busy with hate tonight  
Jaded eyes and cynics bring me down  
Somewhere a kid is playing his heart out tonight  
But he'll get nowhere with the Berkeley in-crowd  
Well, put-downs are so easy  
Like a novel without a soul  
And every executioner wears a hood  
When it's time for heads to roll  
Well, they're just like new dictators  
Trying to tell us what to love  
Well, their opinion they can take and shove  
Somewhere young rebels will meet up tonight  
Somewhere skateboarders and straight edgers will unite  
They don't need no magazine that's filled with hate and lies  
Get enough from the world around them  
They're young but they are wise  
But negativity's easy  
You just fire and walk away  
And it's the armchair general  
Who lives to fight another day  
Well, their opinion they can take and shove  
If this was 1944, they'd be pointing their guns at you  
'Cause every fascist, left or right, has a fucked-up set of rules  
But do they really think the kids are such fools?  
Or do they even care?

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