Hadron Collision

Propagandhi

Ride fucking free, forty below,
It's the car that kills the punk.
Pedal for momentum, feel the fucking vibe,
Blaze through traffic, burn the red, push my luck.There's not much I need, I ride a single speed,
My toque and mitts protect me from the freeze.Hadron Collision.
I'm ripping through a cloud of exhaust.
A fucking conniption,
In their cages on wheels they fucking rot.And I might be trapped in a world going backwards
But nothing's in vain -
Right now I'm happy just to clog up your lane.There's not much I need, I'll leave you with your greed
To wallow in your shit 'til you can't breathe.A head-on collision,
A species that's lost all control.
We'll learn by extinction:
We don't need all that shit we've been sold.And we might be headed to the brink of disaster
But nothing's in vain -
Right now I'm happy just to clog up your lane.If all that I can do
Is just stay on the move,
Keep a few cents from your grasp -
That's all I need to prove.I'll see you on the bus. It's the car that kills the punk.

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