

At the Edge

B12

Yeah, you can smell it in air ...
Frustration, you know, like no one cares.
We've forgotten how to dream.
When they come scraping through the wreckage and leave it all for saints to sanctify,
You'll be dancing ...at the edge of the world.
Now read the headlines, What a sleeper.
Now I ain't Ghandi and I ain't no teacher.
But it's all the rage with my generation, I'm doped up fat, can't get it up.
Gimmie another shot I'll be fine. I'll be fine.
Some one's kicking in your door and you're screaming for the more.
Dancing at the edge. Yeah you're just going to take it?
Ain't going to make me bow my head. Dancing at the edge!

Time to listen, cards close.
Time to look at what's behind closed doors.
Got gasoline, ammunition, like 911, a controlled demolition.
?Come to Jesus?, they say. ?Don't be a sinner?.
They chose a mad man to be our leader.
Now where's the rage? My generation, doped up fat.
Can't get it up. Gimmie another shot! I'll be fine.
Campaign promises. No one's buying it.
How much can you take before your back breaks?
Now where's your rage?
My generation, doped up fat, can't get it up.
Gimmie another shot! Gimmie another shot!

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