

# Revolution

John Butler

So tell me family now what do you think?  
Watch it all go down the great big sink.  
Watch how the scum it rises to the top.  
Don't you wonder when it's all gonna stop?  
Sometimes I wonder how we do sleep,  
Serving the dodgy companies we keep.  
All kicking and scrounging for the very first place,  
Dictionary definition of a rat race.  
Pay off those losers we elect to lead,  
Stealing from the mouths that we're meant to feed.  
Enslaving the very clothes upon my back,  
I feel the sting but I hear no crack, no crack, I'm saying  
Running through the fire, running through the flame,  
Running through the hatred, pushing through the blame,  
Running through the hopelessness and shame,  
Revolution already underway. Big Heavy Pirates man digging those holes,  
Messing with something that they can't control.  
Trespassing lands where they don't belong,  
All I hear is screaming where there once were songs.  
I got my brothers there fighting those wars,  
Fighting over scraps and scraping their souls.  
Under a blanket of a fire and pride  
That can't keep us warm for the cold inside,  
Inside, I'm saying  
Running through the fire, running through the flame,  
Running through the hatred, pushing through the blame,  
Running through the hopelessness and shame,  
Revolution already underway. So tell me when you think we're gonna rise?  
Wake from this slumber wipe the tears from our eyes?  
Yes from this nightmare yes I must now wake,  
Open my fist my destiny I take !  
Good people sick and tired of being pushed around,  
We call them kings but I see no crown.  
Tell me when you think we'll just stand up,  
Say enough is enough is enough, enough I'm saying  
Running through the fire, running through the flame,  
Running through the hatred, pushing through the blame,  
Running through the hopelessness and shame,  
Revolution already underway. Take back your feet, take back your hands.  
Take back your words, take back your lands.  
Take back your heart, take back your pride.  
Don't got to run, don't got to hide.

Revolution.

Songwriters

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