

Behind

M.O.D.

Walk the streets called home.
You're walkin' on thin ice.
Try to keep the pace.
The rat race ain't no life.
Livin' in a concrete box.
Another slave to the grind.
Ain't gonna turn my back.
And leave my life behind.
We're gonna take it to the streets.
To the streets.
We're gonna take it to, we'll take it to the streets.
Won't give an inch of ground.
Won't give in at all.
Won't turn to run away.
One of us must fall.
Won't lay down my arms and pray.
I'd rather die and fight.
If this be the price I'd pay,
I'll pay in full tonight.
We're gonna take it to the streets.
To the streets.
We're gonna take it to, we'll take it to the streets.
Sit back and watch your world.
Crumble with decay.
Sit back and listen to the songs of yesterday.
Sit back and sing the songs of rebels who have lost.
Cry out when dreams of hope crumble into dust.
Ain't gonna leave it behind.

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