

Target

Fugazi

It's cold outside and my hands are dry
Skin is cracked and I realize
That I hate the sound of guitars
A thousand grudging young millionaires Forcing silence sucking sound
Forced into this conversation So I say shine let their planets collide
This is the darkening down of my mind
We could be making it oiling like crime
We could be making it staking last dimes If you want to seize the sound you don't need a reservation
Now if you want to seize the sound, you don't need a reservation The torch is passed it's yours to return
Lay at their feet now use it to burn
For marketing the use of the word "generation"
A false alliance of money persuading Forcing silence sucking sound
Forced into this conversation
Now if you want to seize the sound, you don't need a reservation Shut down So open, so young, so target, I can
smell your heart
So young, so open, I can smell your heart
So young, so open, I can smell your heart You're a target
You're a target
You're a target
You're a target Ooooooooooh

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