Poison

MC5

The partisans not the artisans are doing their dirty show
But I ripped my pants doing some dance
That I learned in France
And they think there ain't nothin' to knowAll day used, abused, locked up, beaten and fined
But I got free, I copped a plea
And I can see that there ain't
No freedom bell gonna chime this timeTruth and love
Are my law and worship
Form and conscience
Are my manifestation and guideNature and peace
Are my shelter and companion
Order is my attitude
Beauty and perfection are my attackFalse faces, fast company
A night of thrills
With no jealousy, no poisonNobody's tool will be a public fool
To manipulate the masses, yeah
Who'd lie and cheat and eat their meat and think it's sweet
While the rest all clean their glasses in status classes

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