

For Spacious Lies

Beats International

You can buy what money buys and call it friends,
You can lie with spacious lies for your own ends
Democracy is just a word its often used and seldom heard
And Freedom's just a song by Wham but we pretend
You can call your TV priests and be born again
The men with the ten gallon hats and the seven pint brains
McCarthy's ghosts won't help you now, as we struggle through our finest hour
Your army fights for money but we fight for peace.

And you won't put out this flame
It burns so bright through any wind any rain
No you'll never put out the fire
The dream that will burn on and on.

You can kill, wheel, deal, steal if you believe
The end lies just 65 miles north of Tel Aviv
Whether coffee, missiles or cocaine,
Do you buy and sell lies just the same?
Your conscience is as foul as the lead that you breathe

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(Music interlude)

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Lyrics submitted by Roan Hawes.

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