Got No Soul

Cop Shoot Cop

Late for work again today
Somebody's lying down on the job again
Will you people please stop jumping under my train
Ladies and gentlemen, there will be a slight delay
While we hose the blood away
(and the clock keeps ticking...)
So I spent my evening wishing I never was born
Drinking toasts to that hood with the hooves and the horns
Because the roaches won't do my laundry no more
And the rats refuse to fix the holes in the floor
Water comes through the ceiling...
I asked a pig if he wanted to dance
He says is that a 45 in your pants
Or are you just glad to see me ? (rim shot)
I said, all I need is a distraction
Or maybe a sense of satisfaction
Perhaps a pair of pliers to rip off these blinders
Because my peripherial vision is dying
It ain't as if I ain't trying
I'm a rat in a maze of my own devising
And is that a call to arms...
Is that a call to arms I hear rising ?
Is that a call to arms I hear rising out of that concrete hole ?
Yer war on drugs got no soul, yer hired thugs got no soul
You hippy trash got no soul, yer yuppie cash got no soul
Yer video clips, yer beauty tips, remote control
It's a big black hole, got no soul, got no soul
And the clock's clicking off like the timer on some big neutron switch
Except there's just one hitch: you gotta strike it rich
Before the shit comes down
So They're out there panhandling for gold
Prospecting in the street, sifting garbage in the gutter
Digging in the tenements, looking for a vein
Trying to find that big score, the mother lode
And everyone's A wanna be - the wicked and the weak
The victors and the victimized, the economists and the economized
My TV mind-set is shatteres (sh'dooby)
No guts, no glory, no balls - whatever you wanna call it
There ain't nothing real there at all (And I don't feel whole...)

Yeah, yer mobile phone got no soul, yer rolling stone got no soul
Yer music scene got no soul, yer answering machine got no soul
Yer microdrive, yer toilet slave, you corporate swine, yer bullshit line
Hey, you on the payroll! Hey you on the J train!
Hey you on the TV news! Hey you in the 3-piece suit!
You goy no soul. I got no soul. Got no soul

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