My Politics

NoMeansNo

Don't ask me what to do
I get sick just thinking about you
And when I look at all we've done
I went to walk away just hang my head und pray
That you will, look at me, what da you see?
Am I the king of the hill, standing over his kill?
Well baby
The taste of blood is sweet, I'll lay this carcass at your feet
lf you'll only keep me company
This is it, my politics this is it
I've learned to hate, it's much to late
This is it, my politics
I stand before you, a simple man
A sly dog
A politician
This is it, my politics this is itI've seen more than I can stand
But in my acts and deeds I'm a political man
I'll give you, I'll give you all my worn out tools
Another brutal shot of my rhythm und blues
I need to
To draw you close, to joke your hand
And in your shining face I see the promised land
Well baby
Maybe you can share with me the depths of our compability
In the crimes of humanity
This is it, my politics this is it
I love to hate, that's fucking great
This is it, my politicsOut the edge between the living and the dead,
I try to throw you off with a shake of my head.
I try to drag you down and bury you alive,
but when I fall asleep that's when you open your eyes.
You laugh, you cry, you look me in the eye with your hang-dog face,
that's when I put you in your place.
Can you tell me, how will you survive?
You have to be the biggest fool alive.I lay awake all night but all that I can see are the vicious, clever lies of my mythology.
I'm beating my head up against the wall and on each single,
separate brick there is a picture of you all.
This is it, the end, I'll tell you what I'll do,

I'm going to pick you with a stick und look inside of you.
But when you wander in the dark there is nothing to see.
I'm on a desperate search for reality.

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