File under "ADULT URBAN CONTEMPORARY"

Dillinger Four

watch them laugh unashamed
when they tear your rights away
they're counting on your silence
broken down by the weight
of the climate they create
psychological violence
and it's all for one
and none for us
just pretend you don't see it
try to blame only one
but accept that we've become a system that feeds itwe're taken a beating
the crooked arm of the law
authority over-reaching
dignity crushed in its clawstake a look around won't be long before you found
blatant intimidation
at the hand of a few
decorated all in blue
the suppress the accusations
keep your head bowed down
and don't look back
keep your hands in your pockets
people have died for less than that
made one wrong move
they got it in the backthe moment of outrage
matter not in the least
a little slap upon the wrist
welcome to the belly of the beastlittle men with little minds
little roles that they define
these things are connected
trust them with power
without thinking twice
every man has got a price
do you feel protected
the chance is too much too resist
to hold another under your fist
i'd like to believe that
each time anothers lost
something is gained
the blue becomes a

reddish stain
and we are reminded
of who they really are

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