

Dirty Hands Empty Pockets / Already Gone

Corrosion of Conformity

There's a righteous fool among the weak
Where a fallen man is bitter sweet
And with his soul he defecates
Into this world he filled with hate
All your lies have turned to logic
And you got nothing in your pocket
Who? You
The truth is hard to find
When you got survival on your mind
If you promise to tattle I'll bring your son
Back home from battle
And keep you floatin' on your feet
So you feel alive but your really asleep
Who? You
You observed it from the start
Now you're a million miles apart
As we bleed another nation
So you can watch your favorite station
Now your eyes pop out your sockets
Dirty hands and empty pockets
Who? You
Homemade deception, now a source of pride
You can take all you want, old lady
'Cause God knows I've tried
Truth be known it was never shown
Run like hell, it comes as no surprise
One day you will see what it feels like
To be free, remember me when you're safe at home
I'm already gone, yes sir
The man said we're gonna do it alone
We're gonna give it to him 'til they bleed
Gonna lay it on 'em 'til they're gone
Then give them everything they need
Truth be shown, future stays unknown
Give 'em hell every single time
One day you will see when you're six feet down
Like me, remember me when you're safe at home
Yes sir, I'm already gone
Attention, fire when ready

Kill that son of a bitch, get up
Get on, get on, get on, get up
Get on, get on, get on, get up
Get on, get on, get on, get up
Get on, get on, get on, get up
Get on, gonna lock and load
Gonna give it to 'em when they're hazy
Get on, lay your mothers down
Gonna give it to 'em 'til they're crazy
Truth be shown, the future stays unknown
Give 'em hell every single time
One day you will see when you're six feet down like me
Remember me when you're safe home
'Cause I'm already gone, yes sir
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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