

Well Measured Vice (Featurecast Dub Mix)

The Correspondents

A political man, I am not
But I can smell a scum that's spreading like dry rot
Mounted on high horses here they come
On their very own newly written rules of thumb
From the ladies in the strip clubs
To the men who sell you porn
The puritanical thugs are out to shoot you down with scorn
So much desire on display day to day
It makes no sense to push the real display away.
What is life, what is life, without well measured vice?
Sweep it away, you'll pay the price.
Your rights and wrongs are decided for you,
They will pity and deplore you
And assume that you are goods that
Have been damaged in your journey
As you traveled into sin, but the body
As the site of sin is really wearing thin.
Push it underground, what a surprise
Be witness to a darker demise
Into the hands of crooks who feed on bribes
Be witness to a darker demise
When will the politics of envy end?
The moral police are out to cleanse, cleanse, cleanse.
Say gay cabaret that might offend,
So they'll grab another law which they can bend.
At first I chose simply to ignore
The many changes that they had in store,
But now a cleanup operation's put in place,
Well my friends this is one thing we must face.
What is life, what is life, without well measured vice?
Sweep it away, you'll pay the price.
What is life, what is life, without well measured vice?
Sweep it away, you'll pay the price.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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