

All for the Cause

GBH

We've travelled your six lane highways,
and still arrived late.

Then saw a cockroach dancing,
upon our deli plate.

I've drank your wicked potions,
ended up on the floor.

Yes we did all those things - all for the cause. We never stopped there's nothing new - All for the cause.

I smoke the pipe of peace with you - All for the cause.

Sampled things 'till I went blue - All for the cause.

There ain't no doubt what we're about - We're all for the cause. I've slept on beds of concrete,
showered in streams of ice.

Watched your scratchy TV's,
and fully paid the price.

We've broken none of your windows,
but kicked down all the doors.

Yes we did all those things - All for the cause. We're practised in the art of suffering,
never happy without the real thing.

Your hate cuts like a knife,
this is no lifestyle, this is out life.

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