New Harlem Shuffle

Crime In Stereo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's not the end! Forget what I said that fucking letter says, I'm not going over. I'm not crossing oceans for them. It's not defense and I wont let the business of making new Soldiers roll over our making promises. Well tell them I was only joking when I said all those things I swore I meant at the time, either joking or lying. So better the stateside than brave the great desert divide, The whole ride over I was growing wings and better the road stretched ahead than the cheap threat of me stretched out dead. What's to think over? Just grab your fucking things. They'll be no statewide searches for some AWOL stateside kid like me. I swear it'll just be a few weeks of hotel rooms and diner food, or face the new american exchange of one rifle for every wife I'll lose. Listen! I've been thinking we'll take all we've got and i can dodge the draft and you can quit your job. and we'll make these fuckers catch me if they want me. They'll find me a fighter after all. So better the stateside than brave the great desert divide . sound the sirens for a long drive. better the days in for weeks than the days away in the desert streets, so sound the psalms of retreat

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