

Pecking Order (Live 2002)

Tourniquet

Sleight of hand, slight of mind
Slam the door, leave the key inside
With a quick and knowing stare
Like a contest at the fair
You're the winner, you're the loser
You're the chosen, I'm the chooser
Too fat, too poor, too black, too pure
Too white, too foreign, too smart, too boring
Hen-pecked hypocrite, myself included
Fails to see, my thoughts diluted
With our judgement, and mind polluted
Comes prevention, from seeing who God created
Politics of the mind, feeds the ego of the blind
Who made you the judge of me
Turn away, just let me be
The notion that we're better than them
The ultimate delusional gem
The notion that we're better than them
The ultimate delusional gem
Too fat, too poor, too black, too pure
Too white, too foreign, too smart, too boring
Too fat, too poor, too black, too pure
Too white, too foreign, too smart, too boring
Ninety-three million miles
From the earth, the granite boils
Half the heat, half the burn
Scorches those who never learn
Look to Him and you will see
The only judge for you and me
Grace and mercy from His throne
Imparts to those He calls His own
Grace and mercy from His throne
Imparts to those He calls His own

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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