Pro-test

Skinny Puppy

hit me on the street
while waiting to do nothing
where within the space
can anything feel
certain look
into the future
make out the word speak
send in the spies to watch themcreepy are the people
unable to do something
sitting on an armchair
fenced in their creation
look up to be there
anywhere is somewhere
itchy past scratch the itchin the streets
hit me in the street
hit me
hit me
in the streets
hit me in the street
hit me
hit mefeel about a nation
so precious is the freedom
carousel the brass ring reach into a black mass
so its corroded
always polluted
we all want some of itmaybe all the people now left without no loving
where within the strength gone better see it coming
get off the fence trip
rip up the garbage
make it up to the earth bitchin the streets
hit me in the street
hit me
hit me
in the streets
hit me in the street
hit me
hit me
in the streets
hit me in the street

hit me
hit mehit me (x15)
hit me (x8)be a politician eroding all your freedoms
down the rabbit hole cracks
money markets fall through a looking glass
time becomes too fast all to benefit the rich
so keep eating from the apple
edges from the center shaken to the core
until it doesn't matter
no one to turn to
no where to run to
better the bomb to blow itin the streets
hit me in the street
hit me
hit me
in the streets
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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