

Well Measured Vice (Chucks Remix)

The Correspondents

A political man
I am not
But I can smell a scam that's spreading like dry rot
Mounted on high horses here they come
And their very own newly written rules of fun.
From ladies in their strips clubs
To the men that sell you porn
Puritanical bugs 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. What is life, what is life
Without well measured vice
Sweep it away
You'll pay the price. Your eyes are undecided for you
They will be the end of you
And assume with you
Because every time machines journey has travelled in too soon
Although the body and the sight of sin
Is really wearing thin.
Spruce it and a crown
What a surprise
We bring this to a darker demise
And to the hands of crooks who beat on bribes
Be witness to a darker demise. 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. When will the politics of envy end?
Moral police are out to cleanse, cleanse, cleanse
Say gay cabaret
That might offend
So they'll grab it from the law
Which they can bend.
First I chose simply to ignore
But the many changes that they had in store

But now the cleanup operations 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.

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