

No One

I Mother Earth

Shades of gray hate influence
A constant truth put into effect
The question on a dead friends face
The tragic stance he used to take
Pissed away by circumstance
A forced exit out of innocence
The right to choose stays in her head
Systematic ignorance
A politicians hand in your pants
Searching for what he don't have, that's right
Creating new obscenities
Harassed and broken down
And in an eye towards eternity
A passing glance and half a chance at sanity
Shows you things, they get away
It's all we can do, all we can do
All we can do to ride

It's all we can do, all we can do
All we can do to ride on through
No one leaves the caravan
No one leaves the caravan
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No one leaves the caravan
No one leaves the caravan
Feel the signs, the jazz, the bind
Affection for a certain time
A haze of mid-life drunkenness
You're crucified for what your art says
If art is God, true art has left, art has left
No one leaves the caravan
No one leaves the caravan, no, no

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