Hey Bobby (Reanimator Remix)

Sage Francis

AUTHOR: Sage FrancisBy the time the flags rotted off of their antennas,
they were questioning who the real threat is.
Big Brotherly love is the 21rst Century's plague.
no matter how bloody the glove, question evidence displayed.Don't forget what two plus two equals.
Don't let them upgrade your math no matter what they have as proof of evil.
Remember when they went after the Jewish people?
You don't recognize that same black mask as see through?Attack of the eagles. If they don't fall dead
before they reach me, I'll be damned if I don't shoot one in its bald head.
Fuck what we're force fed. All I ever wanted
was a warm bed and a house that wasn't haunted.I'd rather die for a cause than to die just because
we exhaust natural resources forced into wars,
restoring wasteful ways, keeping other countries poor.
"Monkey see, Monkey do" I wonder what those fucking monkeys saw.Keep rethinking the still-frames in your mind,
and guarantee they will change with time.
Your outline is pixelated with poor resolution while
downtime is simply wasted. You were born execution style.Head first in a trial. I'll second the motion
'Til the jury's bored to death and puts your neck in a notion.
The situation's volatile. A naked problem child
is trying to find the right clown costume to make his father smileSo he bombs while he tries to tell jokes.
This ain't a false alarm, can't you smell the smoke?
You're in the line of fire where they buy and sell votes.
Our sense of liberty doesn't ring true, stupid, that's why the bell broke.Trench coat Mafiosos propel rocks
at recruitment officers and rebel against cops
'Til they hurdle infinite circles in small cell blocks.
Turtle upon turtle 'til they're all shell shocked.This so-called president got elected in a court room.
With the war efforts of pops he inherited a fortune.
We "talk, talk, talk..." so the veterans of war assume
the revolution stopped. This ain't a protest tune."Hey, Bobby...the Masters are back. They're up to no good just like the old days.
They played dead when you stood over their grave, Bobby. They played dead when you stood over their grave.
"Hey, Bobby...them bastards are back. It's our turn to stand over their grave.
I'm a do it right this time...I'm awake...I'm a wait until their fuckin' skin decays."You can't roam a lost land as the last existing dinosaur.
There's no escaping ass kickings in these times of war,
replacing apples with hospitals...where doctors are hostile,
Killing two pterodactyls with one fossil.I got you. If they don't fall dead
Before they reach me, I'll be damned if I don't shoot one in it's bald head.
Fuck what we're force fed. All I ever wanted,

Was a warm bed...and house that wasn't haunted.Thumb through novels to have your fingerprints match,
The description of criminals committing innocent acts
of compassion for tired civilians crawling with pistols,
While we fire million dollar warning missals.Force the issues in the back of your head where eyes roll.
Brain wash yourself out of that mind control.
Or act a fool like you're told.
But we won't see no type of justice 'til that bitch removes the blindfold.This ain't a "Love it or leave it," it's a "Change it or lose it."
I'll never sing the anthem of a nation who never faces the music,
Chasing an ever-elusive caveman
in space ships that makes trips to the futures that are name-brand.Faking progress...but we ain't advanced
Enough to change the posture of our ape stance?
They've got the key to the city but they prefer the break-in entry.
Duck and weave, I'm shedding light in their shadow box to make it empty."Hey, Bobby...the Masters are back.
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Fuck what we're force fed. All I ever wanted
was a warm bed...There's nothing scarier than the human stories I tell ghosts,
Chilling accounts with my tongue frozen to bed posts.
The catharses of carcasses whenever threats are close,
Shows a heartlessness that doesn't register on stethoscopes.Sell your hopes for a homeland security chart,
'Til your sense of self is broke and no man's pure in the heart.
Preventive detention for the folks who never left home.
Tensions have grown into a 24/7 red zone.Scare tactics...have got you under control,
The fear factors of a color code. The uppers know
They can't hold you down without having anchors attached.
"It's all the same." Nah, balls and chains on ankles don't match.So drag your torso back to the off road.
We may have lost the fashion battle but we ain't lost the wardrobe.
Go window shopping for your next free meal,
'cause when we start the revolution all you'll probably do is steal."Hey, Bobby...the Masters are back. They're up to no good just like the old days.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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