

Protest Song '68

Refused

To sing you must first open your mouth
You must have a pair of lungs and a little knowledge of music
It is not necessary to have an accordion, or a guitar
The essential thing is that I want to sing
Then this is a song, I'm singing I breathe in and I create
Revoke the spirit '68
Fresh meaning to torn ideas
Let's bring life to old clichés Punch a hole in tradition, yeah
Let's listen to the songs of discontent
To the chords and the movement
To the chords and the movement It could all be so simple
We would all stand baffled by the precision and accuracy
Our jaws would hurt from dropping so hard, fast and unexpectedly
It would be the perfect metaphor
Be the perfect song we'd be singing I breathe out and I scream
Revoke Malatesta's dream
Inspiration from the past
Focus to the future at last Fixed dogmas can't substitute
Creative thoughts and action It could be dangerous
Art as a real threat All it is, is words
Words said a million times before
All it is, is a song
A song sung a million times before I breathe in, I create
Revoke the spirit '68
I breathe out, I scream
Revoke Malatesta's dream

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