

# Give Me Back My Sandwich

## Five Iron Frenzy

Up from the sands of the mighty Sahara comes,  
Our hero bold, who so it's told,  
is a lot like you and me.  
His passion burns, the world it turns,  
He fills his hand to fill the void,  
And fuels the constant feeling,  
Of nothingness inside his soul.  
Feels like nothing ever did.  
Kills like nothing ever could.  
Dark and jaded world I hated,  
Everything I left behind.  
I don't need you, and I don't want you,  
World that left me blind.  
Beneath the sands of the mighty Sahara lies,  
Buried treasure sunken deep,  
in darkened tombs where dead men sleep.  
Gold fills hands, or is it sand,  
The same that covers everything?  
Where cities stood, soon deserts found,  
Now sink beneath the swelling ground.  
Feels like nothing ever did.  
Kills like nothing ever could.  
Dark and jaded world I hated,  
Everything I left behind.  
I don't need you, and I don't want you,  
World that left me blind.  
This world is for the taking,  
This world is suffocating.  
Plastic bags of novacain,  
Some PCP to kill the pain.  
Build a tomb to store your rust,  
Moth-eaten piles of blowing dust.  
Under the sands of the mighty Sahara,  
Goes our hero bold, in seach of gold,  
a casket for a dying world.  
Our hero stands, wealth in hand,  
The prize for his endeavors.  
The masses cheer, to hide their fears  
That no man lives forever.

Feels like nothing ever did.  
Kills like nothing ever could.  
Dark and jaded world I hated,  
Everything I left behind.  
I don't need you, and I don't want you,  
World that left me blind. 4 kids in Memphis,  
should pay me 5 dollars.  
I wrote this song and they said they would pay me,  
and I want to buy a hot dog. What could this be, too much MTV?  
Chalk another fad up for its fall into infamy.  
What's in a standard if it changes all the time?  
You're still having trouble in defining your own kind.  
Need I remind you, we all knew you before,  
you threw the rocks at the stage from your glass house on the floor?  
Now I think you're punk, just because it's in.  
You found a foul mouth and a couple safety pins.  
Got a peaceful feeling,  
I don't want to fight no more.  
Got a peaceful feeling,  
I don't care if we're punk, or ska, or hardcore,  
enough for you, it's sad but true,  
you can call us names till your face turns blue.  
Our assurance comes from God,  
it's nothing new,  
we'll never care 'cause we're never cool enough for you.  
That smug look on your face,  
your nose up in the air,  
your patches say you're open-minded,  
but still you couldn't bear,  
some punk thrown in with ska.  
You said it wouldn't work.  
Well you can take your Vespa home 'cause ska made you a jerk.  
The purist turns a deaf ear.  
He's such an intellect,  
Does he think his censorship is gaining our respect?  
The raising of a fist, like a trigger of a gun.  
Stop and see we're all alike, and we can dance as one. I walked into the room, and she was right there waiting.  
Leaning up against the bar,  
well she was perpertraitin'.  
Slick as snot her spandex,  
and blacker than some coal,  
she set her gaze upon my bootie,  
with disco in her soul.  
So much for indecision,  
so quick did she decide,

the temptress with her doors open inviting me inside.

"I want to take you home with me",  
said the sparkle in her eye.

"I would like to honey, but I'm about to die."

I have got a time bomb,  
I strapped it to my chest.

When it blows I'm out of here,  
you can have what's left.

The room got kind of quiet,  
and you could smell the fear.

I only heard the jukebox play "A Tear is in My Beer".

"So what's the verdict Mister?

When's it gonna blow?"

I just winked at her and said,

"Darlin' I don't know."

Time-bomb tickin' in the room,  
everybody goes someday,  
blows so quick you better be,  
somewhere where it's safe.

Thin skinned thread-bare thinkin',  
now you're gonna die,  
don't try to rock the jukebox,  
just kiss this world good-bye.  
What's the deal, don't you feel,  
alone now in the silence?

Pushing up the daisies now,  
there's better ways for you to diet.

Seeking after sucker wealth,  
suckers feel what suckers dealt,  
All your life you stuffed your face,  
now you're dead I rest my case.

Got a story here to tell,  
so you better listen well.  
some old lady in a church,  
got a nickel in her purse.

You were rich, she was poor.

You dropped some fifties on the floor.

She dropped her nickel with a clank,  
she was thinkin' Third World Think Tank.

The Karaoke master,  
the drunkard,  
and the jerk,  
ditch this sorry world and all its worth.

Keep your candle burning,  
waiting for the time,

ready to explode,  
the bomb is primed. Up until the middle of the 20th century,  
many Americans believed in the idea known as the "Manifest Destiny."  
It held that all of North America,  
from sea to shining sea,  
was rightfully the property of the U.S. and was given to us by God.  
Native Americans were unscrupulously thrown off their homelands  
and slaughtered in the name of Jesus.  
Horror stories of entire tribes being led through rivers while being baptized,  
just to be shot and scalped on the other side,  
rival those of the Spanish Inquisition.  
Today, I see street corner preachers screaming at passers-by,  
while the amount of Neo-Nazi Hate crimes are escalating every day.  
All of this under a blanket name of "Christianity."  
Read Your Bible.  
Jesus never beat people or insulted them into believing in him.  
He spoke the truth  
And set an example by loving every man.  
We are called to follow his example.  
Remember the Massacres at Sand Creek and meeker.  
Those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it.  
Some cowboys were a ridin', ridin' on the range;  
The grass was over grazed there,  
and spotted like some mange;  
The buffalo were dead there,  
the trees they all were through,  
and if they saw some Injuns,  
why they would kill them too.  
West or bust, in God we trust,  
"Let's rape, let's kill, let's steal"  
We can almost justify, anything we feel;  
I'm climbing up that ladder,  
more brownie points for me I'll work my way to Jesus you wait and see.  
Said one cowboy to another,  
"I think it would be nice,  
if we could take these injuns and convert them all to Christ;  
See, they are all disgusting, and bringing me great pain,  
and if they don't believe me,  
we'll put a bullet in their brains!"  
I am always shoutin',  
when I go outside,  
how people should repent now,  
or they're going to die.  
My motives are all selfish,  
I'm a cannon brimmed with powder.

If people don't believe me,  
I just beat them and yell louder. I see a city on a hill,  
I see the only way to be filled,  
mighty rushing wind around us,  
Holy Spirit burn within us.

[Chorus:]

Burn. Burn. Burn. Within us, within us.  
Spirit of truth, my eyes deceive me,  
Teach me how to see,  
Ears cannot hear, my mouth is too dry to speak.  
You have searched me, you, you know me, there is nothing good inside me.  
Purge me, make me clean.  
My heart needs courage so burn inside of me.  
Burn within our hearts oh God.  
Teach me to be still.  
Let the tears roll from our eyes,  
all we want is Jesus Christ.

We want to...

[Chorus]

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine, I'm gonna hold it up, I'm gonna let it.

[Chorus] Johnny's got a grip on a blissful life,  
He sucks on the smoke from the dope in his pipe.  
Wrapped around his fingers, a noose is loosing slack,  
strangling his forearm to fill his veins with smack.

P.C.P. spells gun to the head,  
half a syringe or a barrel full of lead.  
grasping at straws and coming up empty,  
Carving with his life  
this somber song of hope:  
"Kill me."

Sally spells success M-O-N-E-Y.  
If she steps on some toes, it's an eye for an eye.  
She's climbing up the ladder, she's building up a wall,  
to block out the world or the fear that she'll fall.  
Tightrope thins, conviction never stops.  
Money means nothing from a 40 floor drop.  
her security blanket has worn itself thin,  
she's hanging in the closet from a rope of her own sin.  
Nothing changes nothing will.  
Always skeptic, primed for the kill  
Seeking nothing but selfish gain,  
filling your pockets, again and again.  
Selling your soul, taking you fill.  
Grasping at straws, feeding your own will.

Killing your conscience, empty, bereft.  
Losing your life for the world, you are left alone.  
Some throw bricks through windows and yell,  
others beat their backs for fear of hell.  
Two-edged sword that cuts flesh to the joints,  
the path is narrow, you missed the point.  
Fistful of sand a pitiful prize.  
YOu're blinding yourself, closing your eyes.  
The point was made eons ago,  
chaff in the wind, your life's gonna blow.  
Nothing you do, nothing can be new.  
What is good? What is true?  
Seeking to serve not ourselves, never.  
The Lord is God, we will live forever. If you could ever find it in your heart.  
If you could ever think to find some sympathy.  
Never ask us to play this song, or that song about our pants, or our Kitty-Doggie.  
Never ask us to play Godzilla, or Shut Up, or a song we haven't written yet about that time we did some stuff. I  
feel pretty good today,  
This time I can see it.  
This time when I see her face,  
the words will come out right.  
I comb my hair, and put on my favorite shirt.  
I take one last deep breath, then I go outside...Praise the Lord, Everybody praise. Ahhhhhh. People of th earth,  
praise. Give me back my sandwich!

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