

## No Answers

## Blood or Whiskey

There's no answer (3x)  
For the chemical dancers

Their checking on the race now (3x)  
On their hi-fi stereos  
Their checking on the race now (3x)  
Causing us to be wary of

We don't see their grey point of view now  
Turning us into dilapidated folls, how?  
Forces us to play ya

Trouble at noon (4x)  
We don't feel now

Their working hard in camden  
Their burning up in capetown  
Their forcing it in trenchtown  
We're moving into range now  
Call up the people  
Smash up the steeple  
Smiles like treacle  
Burn up the picture

We don't follow no set of rules now  
Forcing us to march for the truth  
We're forcing them to listen

Trouble at noon (4x)  
Tearing up the posters

Causing an infection (3x)  
Seething with reflection  
We're selling out our culture  
We really think so

We don't follow no set of rules now  
Forcing us to march for the truth  
We're forcing them to listen

Trouble at noon (4x)  
Causing an infection