

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