

Bombs

Chikinki

I can make your head turn with just one word
I don't need no bombs to make my voice heard
Why when you strike me do you think I'll agree?
Which bit did you not like to begin with?

All those eternal songs
Rolling from your tongues
Dogmatic, xenophobic, folly

I can make your head turn with just one word
I don't need no bombs to make my voice heard
I can make you see that there's both you and me
What else could there be that we so need?

You can choose to ignore
But I've made you make that choice
New fangled ways to use your voice

So much money wasted
I'd like to bring you paper
We're all just as mad as each other

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I can make you see pas both you and me
What else could there be that we so need?