

# Creepin'

Grand Funk Railroad

Hey, everybody won't you lend me your ear,  
There's something to fear, it's here, and that's clear.  
Men gettin' rich off rapin' the land,  
I can't understand, why we don't take them in hand.

Woah, oh ... Lord, I don't want to be their fool no more.  
I don't want to be their fool no more.  
Open eyes, but you're sleepin',  
You best wake up 'fore tomorrow comes creepin' in.  
'Fore tomorrow comes creepin' in.

Feel that our lives are in the hands of fools,  
Loosin' their cool, it's us that they rule.  
Too many people sittin' dead on their ass,  
They ain't got no class, people, this time must pass.

Woah, oh ... Lord, I don't want to be their fool no more.  
Hey ... I don't want to be their fool no more.  
Open eyes, but you're sleepin',  
You best wake up 'fore tomorrow comes creepin' in.  
'Fore tomorrow comes creepin' in.

Woah, oh ... yeah, tomorrow comes creepin'.

Oh ... hear me cryin' 'cause the people like me,  
That long to be free, are not actually.  
Please everybody won't you hear this song,  
Help a country that's wrong, to someday be strong.

Woah, oh ... Lord, I don't want to be their fool no more.  
No! Lord, I don't want to be their fool no more.  
Open eyes, but you're sleepin',  
You best wake up 'fore tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...

Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...  
Creepin' ...

Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.  
Tomorrow comes creepin'.