

# Hard Heads

Herbert Grönemeyer

On the street, it's blood and boots  
'round at mum's, they're tea and smiles  
on their own they're going nowhere  
but in their gang they can goosetstep miles

Get the hard on when they're hunting  
prowling for their prey in packs  
real hard cards in real hard toe caps  
they'd collapse should you push back

Hard boiled heads  
who've had their small brains  
scrambled soft  
jellies with no bone  
leaderless tape  
playing back hatred, sounding tough  
en masse, but not alone!

See the victim wheelchair weak  
poor and homeless in the park  
now the wolves are closing in  
cowards hidden by the dark

With their deadly killer dogs  
they think they're sharp just like the teeth  
but its racist paranoia  
bites them on their soft beneath

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They wash their minds in slogans white  
and hang them up until they've dried  
marching to a clean new world  
while running from the skunk inside

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Soul less, booted human tanks  
they're crushing all that's different  
while smart, white collar criminals  
push cannon fodder to the front

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