

# Malign Fiesta (No Soul)

Jeff Buckley

You got your 24 swastika tattoo yesterday  
You got your 24 karat gold pierced earring in your nose.  
Twenty-four years and you still don't know which way the wind blows.

You got no...you got no

You know when ... disease ... violence  
... wish away your parents.  
You got yourself a girl with the face and the voice of a whore.  
You don't want a phone.  
But, you don't know what you kill yourself for anymore.

You got no...you got no...you got no...you got no

You're no soul rebel if you rip on your skin  
You're no soul rebel with your boot in your shin  
You no soul rebel, it's your own chance to fight  
You're just the same as those fat old bastards you hate with no soul.

You call yourself a rebel but you call that man a nigger like they do  
You call yourself a rebel but a woman ... like they do  
You call yourself a rebel but you don't talk, act, walk and piss like they do  
You got no room, no soul, no out, no phone  
So whadya got? A God to pray to?

You got no...you got no...you got no

You're no soul rebel if you spit on your sister  
You're no soul rebel with your boot on your shin  
You no soul rebel, it's your last chance to fight  
You're just the same as those fat old bastards you hate with no

You call yourself a rebel but you call a man a nigger like they do  
You call yourself a rebel but you put your woman down like they do  
You call yourself a rebel but you rape, scheme and lie like they do  
You got no woman, no song, no drone  
So what have you got, a God to pray to?

You got no...you got no...you got no...you got no

You're no soul rebel if you rip on your skin  
You're no soul rebel with your boot in your shin  
You no soul rebel, it's your own chance to fight  
You're just the same as those fat old bastards you hate with no

You got no...you got no...you got no