

Up in the hills they are
Having a white riot with no violence
Or protesting for change,
They simply buy it.

If you're think I'm Caucasian,
Well I'm actually gray.
I was conceived on Ash Wednesday
And stoned on Christmas day.

My baby's meditating to stop the war,
But I got myself a rifle
'Cause I ain't gonna get
Walked on anymore.

Out my window I see a battle of hawks.
My best friend has been dead for years,
But still we have great talks.

And just like the planets we will
Never touch, just float around in space
Not expecting very much.

My baby's meditating to stop the war,
But I got myself a rifle
'Cause I ain't gonna get
Walked on anymore.

We feel such hunger like vampire bats,
I got myself a gang
And we're called the (sleek rats?).

I was out in the desert,
Hunting UFO while I
Saw scorpions and aliens I already know.

My baby's meditating to stop the war,
But I got myself a rifle
'Cause I ain't gonna get
Walked on anymore.

She gave him head till she
Lost a tooth, that's what she gets for
Molesting people in the DJ booth.

I used to be a palace, now I'm
Just a dive. I'm made widow out of you
Even though I'm still alive.

My baby's vegetating to stop the war,
But I got myself a rifle
'Cause I ain't gonna get
Walked on anymore.