

The Pigs

Oxymoron

Bluelight screaming, figures in the dark
Shelter-seeking, but you've run so far
They gonna get out if you're slow and put you in a cell
You don't wanna be arrested so you run like hell

[Chorus:]

Here comes ... the pigs
They always nick the underdogs

There's no regret but nowhere to go
Draw back, breathing, but you've run too slow
They don't care if you're innocent, they don't care if you're right
They're looking for a scapegoat and they found their prey

... hide or you're getting screwed