

So you really want to force my hand  
For the sake of some old plan  
It's theivery.  
Because you're taking from us  
What we need the most  
Some soul and dignity  
I said it's thievery

So many chains have been broken  
So many chains that remain  
It could be like ammunition  
Fear in people, superstition, who's the richer  
The bigger picture is that in the end  
Aint nobody can hold back the rain

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Spoke to an old friend  
Who's running out of faith  
He's been running this here race for so long  
Kinda seems a little out of place  
More and more out of focus  
With the weight upon his shoulders  
Politician, Television, can't you see it's all a fake

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