

## Blanket

## Powderfinger

Is it obvious that you have had it wrong?  
You're attitude and angst seem to have gone  
Is there no way you can be what you have said?  
Another self-serving sermon

You can stand and beat your breast  
While they feed on the fruit of their sweat  
You've got it rough  
Haven't you got it rough  
So you shoot shoot shoot  
From the lip

While you emulate the man that touched your heart  
Imitate at due cost  
Your comment on positions out of reach  
Contradict the very words you preach

You can stand and beat your breast  
While they feed on the fruit of their sweat  
You've got it rough  
Haven't you got it rough  
So you shoot shoot shoot  
From the lip

I just know  
I won't - remember your name