

## One Outnumbered

Prong

What a crying shame  
Talk about pass the buck  
No thought of a change  
Go out and get your gun

Thought we've had out fill  
Of that they've had enough  
All of those with good will  
Let the rest run amok

They won't come clean  
So we're bound to lose  
Don't even have a clue  
No respect for you, dignity for whom

One more outnumbered  
Bleeding hearts that humble  
To find some shelter  
From a bloody shower

Another cause to blame  
Another soul to judge

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