

## Choice Of The Chosen

Six60

Choice of the chosen, yeah  
Choice of the chosen, yeah  
Choice of the chosen, yeah  
Choice of the chosen, yeah

When the people of the power meet the power of the  
people,  
Then it changes every hour of the day,  
All you need is one man with his head in the sand,  
To rise up and say,  
It's the regime of a beauty queen,  
You gotta come clean cause you're a liar,  
But if you stand up and fight for the things that are  
right,  
Then you'll find one day you start a fire,  
And when that flame burns,  
The people start to learn,  
It's all you need to take you higher,  
Higher than the trees and the birds and the bees,  
It's the flame that we call desire, yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah  
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It's the man at the docks working off the clock,  
Who's a time bomb ready to explode,  
Can we find a way to make it through the day,  
Please tell me cause I don't know,  
And then one day he goes boom,  
His mind begins to break,  
The weight upon his shoulders is too much for him to  
take,  
Sick of living his life by the edge of a knife,  
Yeah he's gone  
Said he's gone,  
Never to return,  
'Cause you know his flame will never ever burn again,  
again  
Again, again  
Again, again  
Again, yeah yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah  
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I was on my way just the other day,  
When a man said I've got a problem,  
I have everything that money can bring,  
But I can't stop the wind from blowing,  
I could sympathize with the pain in his eyes,  
When I told him he'd fade to nothing,  
You can try to change,  
When you pass the blame,

But you know it's the choice of the chosen, yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah

Said it's the choice of the chosen, yeah

Choice of the chosen, yeah