

Take It From The Source

Spirit of the West

I was sitting in basil's with a friend and coffee
Thinking the world a fine place to be
When the man on my right got up to leave
And left a little piece of his mind with me
He said, "faggots like you should be put in asylums"
Now tell me, who takes the blame
For his being scared, so unaware
That he would fire his fear without an ounce of shame
Whatever happened to love thy neighbour?
Nothing more than a worn out cliché
Are all men created equal or has this too become passé?
You don't need to open your mouth for me to read your lips
I can follow the language displayed on your finger tip
They don't look before they leap
They don't think before they speak
They just sharpen their tongues on you and me
Spit poison darts between perfect teeth
You've
Got to take it from the source
Look at where it's coming from
You're got to take it from the source
They're only wasted words on me
I guess I just don't measure up
Strayed from the straight and narrow road
So you lock me up, throw away the key
'cause I don't live by your dress code
That's ok, I've heard it before
You can open the wound I feel no pain
I don't need an armour suit
You're the one with the ball and chain
-chorus-