

Jim Gordon Blues

The Dictators

Alienation generation's constipation
Consequence of years of Oprahzation
Super-concentrated self infatuation

I don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon Blues

Now that every word has lost its meaning
Now we know the image is deceiving
I can't trust what I'm not believing

I don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon Blues

Don't kiss it, who knows where it's been
Don't think it, if it might offend
Don't chase what's blowin' in the wind

I don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon Blues

The voices are screaming, constantly berating
A moment of silence would be so intoxicating
The urge to kill can be so liberating

I don't have a clue
I don't trust those who do
I'm just tryin' to shake these
Jim Gordon Blues