

5 Vs. 7

The Hellcopters

Gone down and out feels like it's sinkin'
With a sense of direction it comes tumblin' down
And the sky's gone dark, the streets are stinkin'
And the howlin' wind comes blowin' through the neon towns

And on sweepin' over the land
Yeah, the shit is aiming for the fan
And no, there ain't no chosen few
It's comin' down by the minute
It's sad but you're in it, too

You play along but deny the pressure
Side by side with fools you're feelin' like a King
You're just a pawn moved around in a massive tester
But you play your part real, well so you, don't feel a thing

And on sweepin' over the land
Yeah, the shit is aiming for the fan
And no, there ain't no chosen few
It's comin' down by the minute
It's sad but you're in it, too

Dead set like you had a reason
I could never walk your way
My soul been down for treason
And no, there ain't no chosen few
It's comin' down by the minute
It's sad but you're in it too

Heart's gone black, the sky is fallin'
Piling up outside the transplantation camp
Time's up, coyote's calling
Debris being left as treasures
For the waiting tramp

And on sweepin' over the land
Yeah, the shit is aiming for the fan
And no, there ain't no chosen few
It's comin' down by the minute
It's sad but you're in it, too

Yeah, the street's a mess and the howlin' wind
Blows hard, the hammer's fallin' again
Ain't no jewels left in your crown
With a sense of direction, it comes tumblin' down