

Down On Freestreet

The Hellacopters

Down on Freestreet
Buried six feet down
In a one horse
Carefully locked door town

Where no one ever comes around
There ain't nothing there to be found
An eye for one eye, pound for pound
Blown up yet minimal, built up by criminal hands

And to the republic, it's sick
For which it stands

There's a man on desolation row
Reaping fruits that someone else has sown
And a prime time appearance on a television show

You know, the sheep are ridden with disease
And I'm down on bending knees
The tumor's spreading oh, so fast
The remedy will never last
The die's been cast and the deadline's past

There's a crying beholder
But no one told her, why
Just wrapped up in plastic
Conveniently elastic lies

I got my radio on
It's playing that same old stupid song
Over and over for much too long
I've got to turn that damn thing down

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