

No, Your Product

The Saints

The tv screen becomes my eye
it's the legal monster of a future time
there is no opinion that ain't my own
no thought that isn't mine...completely
I said 21 years is a long long time
to be in this prison
when there is no crime
So jailer won't you bring the key
I want to break down the door
can you hear me
You know the damage gets done so fast
it's all the truths that just don't last
I got creeps in drag crawling round my door
disguised as priests they quote the law
Selling bibles for a secret fee
& it's all done for me
I'm such a lucky man
You know the damage gets done so fast
it's all the truths that just don't last
it's another lie they want to uphold
another day till we all grow old & break down
So I get bored with a TV mind
no place to go no future's mine
NF banners flying in the wind
like free lobotomies
I don't recommend one
So open your mouth & you get done
the police state keeps you on the run
scream injustice better scream it loud
as you're punched down in the crowd
You know the damage etc etc....