

And The Bullshit Goes On

The Wildhearts

Life, you think it's all in your hands
You play tricks, manipulating the band
You want fame, well here you are in the track
And all without a spinal column in your back
You make waves by being chinless and weak
You want stars unless they happen to speak
You use blackmail tactics as part of your plan
To undermine the battle of the working man

So we just play and smile all day at things you say and do
And use our little victories as triumph for the few, and that means you

And the bullshit goes on
It don't matter how far you run
It's that old familiar feeling when they're all convinced you're wrong
It's just different words in the same old fucking song
And the bullshit goes on, and it goes

You pass blame because you think you're immune
And with your fingers simply be itching to reopen the wound
You go on and on and on some more
With stupid ideas that we all ignore

So take your place and hide your face and we'll get on just fine
Keep the distance, earn respect and we'll work it out in time

And the bullshit goes on
It don't matter how far you run
It's that old familiar feeling when they're all convinced you're wrong
It's just different words in the same old fucking song
And the bullshit goes on, and it goes

I want you to see some honesty, you'll believe it's true
So come on open up to me like human beings are supposed to do
And so are you!

And the bullshit goes on
It don't matter how far you run
It's that old familiar feeling when they're all convinced you're wrong
It's just different words in the same old fucking song
And the bullshit goes on, and it goes, it goes