

Billy Talent, Turn Your Back

And when the clock strikes 12, tell me where you gonna be?
Cleaning up the mess we've made or watching your TV
And if you have to ask, then you don't have a clue,
There's snow in Arizona while they're bombing in Beirut

I hope some day... when I'm dead and gone,
We learned to right... everything that's wrong,
With loving hands... turn sick to strong,
Our time will tell... if life goes on...on...on, on, on

When the storm hits your front door, with a roar you can't ignore....
Ya run, run, away! but there's no place to hide, mate!
When the days turn into night, you don't got no chance to fight...
'Cause you're too late! So kiss your ass goodbye, mate!

It just don't make no sense, there's a million mouthes to feed
We got military action over monetary need
And you can turn your back, or you can plant the seed
You can choose compassion over universal greed

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And you can turn your back... but it won't go away
And you don't look scared... but you should be afraid
You can shut your mouth... but you still have a say
And you just don't care... for tomorrow, today

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Well no way-a-ay! way-a-ay!... no way, no way, no way, now way-a-ay!

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