

Eighthnerve, The good the bad and the truth

So if towns are films my estate is a western,
Cowboy's on road, and indian's running the shops,
All trigger happy if you step up to test them,
Shooting their pistols off and selling head's rock,

New era hats with tilted brims, the new stencions,
This place was cool, now just its O.K coral,

Bombs! Council houses here are looking like factories,

You want a fight? Let's go!
You're in the right place for it,
how can we be this cold?
Is there no other way?

I put on my headphones and blast it all away,
In tune with how i feel,
You know hope's died when showing smiles,
Has lost all it's appeal,
I'll hold out for you,
And pray we change our minds someday,
And learn to use our hearts,

Because I just can't do it on my own!

This is a misled fight,
Bombing in the name of good?
That doesn't sound right!
Propaganda packed headlines,
Scroll before my waking eyes.

With stories made up by both sides.
How ugly is the truth?

So now we'll choke on,
Car fumes and news stand lies,
Black lungs, warped minds.

So if the World's starting to hate all that's western.
Is it really any surprise at all?
No wonder council flats here,
Look like bomb factories.

I put on my headphones and blast it all away,
In tune with how i feel,
Cos hope has died and showing smiles,
Has lost all it's appeal,

And I can't call this home,
When hate pours through the city with the river's constant flow,
Only we can't stop this tide,

Who tore the heart of life and handed it down?
Will we do the same?
And spill the last drops of blood from switchblade wounds.