

# Gisli, I Don't Fight

flawless undress arrested unless the drama expires  
my head is on fire  
i sleep on the pavement, the one man movement,  
the band, a circus with all the members drunk and on drugs  
an' mounding my muscles, love letters, g-strings and pleasures  
yo fuck is the word as hostile as the world  
an incredible world of gin, juice and girls  
entertaining the crowd but thinking out loud  
with the stereo beats and the club and the heat  
with the glimpses of skin, and sad within,  
where the idiot's been, oh lord it's a sin  
and when the ratings drop they get the army and cops  
to fight an impossible cause with theatrical props

i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i dont... i dont...  
i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i don't... i don't...

yeah, the phones the cash, electrical ash, tacky and flash  
tits and ass, the present, the past, the future is fast.  
the fashion junkies are dead, atlast. My karma is broken.  
Last night was on fire, all the streets run cool.  
my time's for expanding, my mind is unwinding,  
i listen to your pleasure, singing to the racer.  
give your name to strangers.  
my uniform is unique, the shopping mall chic.  
My crew is on steroids and im in love with androids.  
i may be caved in with concrete, got lost in a car seat.  
I make my living paying bills, i'm years beyond my skills.  
I write records in the sky with God. He's a nice guy.  
my enemies are alright. all the blacks are white.  
everyday is the night and my talent's out of sight  
fashion is the devil

i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i dont... i dont... yeah,  
i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i don't... i don't...

yeah,  
i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i dont... i dont... yeah,  
i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i don't... i don't...

fight the mind (x8)

i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i don't... i don't...  
i don't fight the mind (x3)  
i don't... i don't...  
i don't fight the mind (x3)  
[fade]