

# Sub-Urban Tribe, Rodeo

le tried to hold  
a rat in its hole  
but I had to let it go  
to warn its kind  
of all those mines  
le laid in front of lies  
Roses in a junk yard  
full of car bone piles  
I trust my heart  
but the trust is God  
I wish to be apart

Rodeo  
Rodeo  
The clown has saved a star again in a rodeo  
Slave parade runs through the day to get away  
The clown has saved a star again in a rodeo

le tried to reach  
someone through my speech  
but them words are last and least  
Poor hates the slave  
who yields to his fate  
trust makes him so afraid  
got scars as a birthmark  
on both of my knees  
I trust my heart  
but the trust is God  
I wish to be apart

The damned inherit the earth and for what it worth  
it already sold  
Wisdom stands in the spotlight  
looking old