

Dirty-Faced Brethren

Crobot

Riding into town on the edge of our shadows
Pigeonholed, not pigeon-toed, boxes off, no more TV shows
The world splattered with conformity covering rationality
But we're bringing down your disco deities

We weeble, we wobble, but we don't fall down
You're working hard for your money like it's going outta style
A bloodshot, dirty-oiled entity
Putting filth in the groove that keeps the cylinders clean

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You're working hard for your money like it's going outta style
A bloodshot, dirty-oiled entity
Putting filth in the groove that keeps the cylinders clean, yeah

Oh, oh, hey, oh
We're the dirty-faced brethren
Oh, oh, hey, oh

Dear friar of the ancient human experience
Cut another node off of us to clone the essence
Never in line for this ride, we're already aboard
Tell that to the man charging for tickets and he'll carve your throat

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