

Push It

Delta Spirit

The kindness of man decayed,
the forces of darkness played.
The last thing I heard her say,
"Keep pushing it down,
keep pushing it down on me."

The roar on Decatur grew,
and rushed up the avenue.
What can this city do?
Keep pushing it down.
Keep pushing it down on me.

Average America,
that's just the way it is.
Losing her interest.
Keep pushing it down.
Keep pushing it down on me...