

Street War

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

You can see it on the TV (or in a magazine)
And you can read it in the headlines (it's bloody Halloween)
Behind the politics of freedom (and burning gasoline)
If we keep drivin' on this freeway, it's goodnight, Josephine.

Eyes ablaze with virtue, they raise the sword of state
But still I see no compromise, it's our heart upon the slate
We're driven to the ledges, just one step to the wire
We're under siege, it's face to face, one spark can start a fire.

Street war, they're burning in the ghetto
Street war, there's writing on the wall
Street war, you can't paint over anger
Street war, the rock's about to fall.

You can dial up a murder (you're watchin' 911)
Or you can tune into a psychic force, the mystery has just begun
And if you wanna see the kids at school, you'd better take a gun
There'll be a curfew in the dead of night until we see the rising sun.

Crazy-eyed fanatics, militia man invades
Inspired by insanity to storm the barricades
Where diamonds buy election, the soul of freedom bleeds
For the martyr and the madman, it's the flame on which it feeds.

Street war, we're blinded by ambition
Street war, we turn the other cheek
Street war, the guilty stand convicted
Street war, by every word they speak.

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Street war, it's trial by oppression
Street war, we're strung out on a plate
Street war, for every dream you vaporize
Street war, you sow the seeds of hate.