

## Limpwristed

GBH

I can't see smoke hanging like a noose in the sky.  
I can't see death lurking, only you and I.  
We're small cogs in a big machine,  
wake up son 'cos it's no dream.

Go .. ..  
Wake up the whole worlds gone ,  
wake up the whole worlds gone,  
wake up the whole worlds gone ..  
.. gone limpwristed.

Genders, bend over for me,  
nothing can hide your bland puppetry.  
We ain't got your elegant grace,  
got gravel in our guts and spit in your face.

Do you really believe you can corrupt the youth ?  
Credit them with more, they know the truth.  
Stay out of the way, don't keep in touch,  
'cos reality hurts like a kick in the crotch.