

Change

Jamie Webster

If you believe the frozen trees
Of this picture painted parody
That turns your laughter into tears
And defines your reality
It's all the same and oh so wrong
But in it you see clarity
Been sat on the bench for far too long
I'm tired of inhumanity

Don't believe the stories that the hierarchy has told
Because somewhere along the way
The truths been born and sold
And all these politicians
With their hearts of burning coal
All pulling in different ways
To achieve one common goal

But you've gotta have a voice
So that someone can hear your name
Forward my questions to the powers that be
I'd like to hear their answers
With them stood in front of me

Your paper it tells lies
And your telly's not the answer
Your laptop's full of spies
And subliminal propaganda
They all dictate the rhythm
And they leave us as the dancer
We need to break away
From this formidable cancer

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