

Wake Up

Joss Stone

Thanks for stoppin' in
This ain't no [?], not a synonym
Ah Jr. Gong and Joss Stone the modern day is ...ing
Come to tell you what is happenin'
If you've been tuning in
I'm assuming that you're [?]
I just wanna let you know the root of the music
From the beginning
In this modern day test tube culture that we're livin' in

What is this nonsense I came here to?
This compilation of money and fools
It's abominable
Uncontrollable
Remember the stage where the fly shall choose
The music was chose so the people could choose
The suits to control

My life is a soundtrack to a beautiful movement
We're supposed to get closer to a revolution
What are you doing?

Wake up
Tell me what is this nonsense
Why can't we be conscious?
Of what we're feeding our people
Wake up
Tell me what is this nonsense
You can be conscious
We are delivering evil

What is this shit now they force you to see?
[?] and our soul got split
It's incredulous
How your lyrics got treacherous
Flashing back to the soul I flick
When a couple of strings and a mic was it
It's a fashion show
Unbelievable

My life is a soundtrack to a beautiful movement
We're supposed to get closer to a revolution
Tell me what are you doing?

Wake up
Tell me what is this nonsense
Why can't we be conscious?
Of what we're feeding our people
Just wake up
Tell me what is this nonsense
You know that you can be conscious
We are delivering evil

(First they take your mind)
And leave you in subliminal
What does singing have to do with my abdominals?
Hard to read the fine print in your peripherals

(Then they take your soul)
[?] for the signals
What a sneaky set of individuals
(And just before you know)
You can't see no residuals
And those that say they have your back
[?] the strings attached
[?] of the decimals
(The hold of you is owned by
Somebody else, is screamin' for help
So shape up yourself, the call is comin' through)

Wake up
Tell me what is this nonsense
Why can't we be conscious?
Of what we're feeding our people
Just wake up
Tell me what is this nonsense
Oh can you be conscious
What you're feeding your people

What's this nonsense
Can't we be conscious?
Of what we're feeding our, what we're feeding our
What's this nonsense
Can't we be conscious?
Can't we be, can't we be?
No wake up, wake up
All my people now wake up
Wake up for me, wake up for me people
Wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up
You got to be conscious
Ah I fucked up the ending