1st Amendment Jitters

Local H

Bombard, glass shard
Tell me why you think that my life's so hard?
The days of the weeks, the weeks of the years
The years of my life would like to disappear

Disappear, rash fear
Music falls upon your rintin ears
The notes of a "G" could have been a "D"
Could have been an "E", could have been a "C"

At sea you saw me
In a shark cage struggling to breathe
Turned your boat around, headed for dry ground
You left me there to drown, you never made a sound

Flap, flap, bad wrap
Got my foot caught in your moral trap
I fell to my knees, begging you please
The sap from the trees, dripped off the leaves

Dead leaves, bad sneeze
You pushed me off the flying trapeze
I fell to the floor, my back got sore
The crowd wanted more, they began to roar

Soft roar, old snore
Thinking all the thoughts of a dinosaur
Floor begins to crack like a big smokestack
Driving us back past the Warsaw Pact

Blood pact, hard smack
Making me a part of your vicious attack
The room begins to spin, my head begins to swim
The lights grew dim, I think it's getting grim

Uh, fat lip, bad trip
Freedom of a speech in a censorship
Fat lip, bad trip
Freedom of a speech in a censorship, uh huh, huh
Fat lip, bad trip
Freedom of a speech in a censorship
Fat lip, bad trip
Freedom of a speech in a censorship

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