

Junkyard Dog

¡Mayday!

This junkyard dog may seem quite slow
Just wait until the eastern winds have blown
You think my will to fight is gone
But I still go

This junkyard dog may seem quite slow
Just wait until the western winds have blown
You think my will to strike is gone
But I'll kill though

Back aching, 40 hours but it ain't enough
New friends, old friends seen them all come and go
To get high most try to lie and get low
The years pass fast, making time to go slow
Give your minutes to the man
Charging you for barging you with difference in your plan
Republic renegades render riddles in the ram
Just to get the upperhand
God damn, what a scam

These are the days that I sit
Thinking how can I shift
Into better conditions
You know me, I fight until the death
Last breath
Broken hands got me slipping
Some rise, some set
Some try, some get
Some will end up missing
Welcome to the teradome, my friend
Fight back until the day of our extinction

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Go get it, gimmick critic
If you want your records to sell
Made a break, heard this bigot
And they look like hell
Give me medicine to jettison
About this little self
Blame yourself, chasing wealth
And you fail
I've seen a vision in the sand
Digging through the million pounds of shit that's in demand
My innocence is deadly
Better rent for the land
Just to get the upperhand
God damn, what a scam

These are the days that I sit
Thinking how can I shift
Into better conditions
You know me, a student of the world
Jet setter, still we better
Still be tripping
Used to teach, used to cook
Used to reach for a book
Now they hold ammunition
Welcome to the teradome, my friend
Fight back until the day of our extinction