

## Get Up

Skid Row

Indecisions pre-empt holy war  
Every religion has it's  
Drunkard and whores  
We're only your savior in the days of your need  
Yet you drag our dead bodies through your piss  
Landed streets

Your gods are guns that make you run to what you  
Can't conceive  
Sit back and feed our wealth  
Give me a bomb and I'll drop it myself

Get up- get ready to go  
Get up- you know you got to  
Get up- 'cause she's ready to blow  
Get up  
Get up- get ready to go  
Get up- you got to, got to  
Get up- 'cause she's ready to blow  
Get up

Done is the hatred that is scaling our walls  
Won't turn a blind eye when you're storming our halls  
If only once you had the presence of mind  
You'd appreciate your fears if we left you behind

Does not our being to burn away in eastern sun?  
Bury your heads in the sand  
Then celebrate with out blood on your hand

Sit back and feed on the wealth  
Hand me the bomb and I'll drop it myself