

Cease Fire

Slaves

Packet of fags and a dirty magazine
Staring, no expression, at the television screen
Sitting on your armchair rolling up a cigarette
Thinking 'bout what you'd have done and what you could have been
Sick from the nicotine coursing my veins
By mealtime come, I'm losing my brains

You! Cease fire
You! Cease fire
Do it now
You! Cease fire
You! Cease fire
Come on, kick it down

Break your habit, gotta break the chain
Douse the fire, I'll put out the flame
Across the desert lies a promised land
You and your fame walk hand in hand
Write your name with a stick in the dirt
Let the smokescreen come and cover the words up

You! Cease fire
You! Cease fire
Do it now
You! Cease fire
Yeah, you! Cease fire
Come on, kick it down