

What I See

The Chisel

Listen, mate
Spittin' all that muck you read today in the paper isn't impressing anyone
I don't know what you read or what you heard
But that nonsense, it don't fly around here
What they print in the fuckin' rag
We don't believe it

This is what I'm talkin' about
See it in the rag, all the shit they spout
Oh, this is what I see
It's the same fuckin' dickheads tryin' to influence me
Don't know why but it seems to me
There's a lot of hatred in this country
And what you gonna do?
'Cause the real enemy wants divide and rule

And I know what I see
Fuck the wait, set 'em straight
No matter the cost
You can't let 'em shape your fate

This country's brought to its knees
But not by the people in the paper you read
Blue or red, they don't care about you
Their money, their mansions and their suits
Fantasize what it used to be
This country ain't ever been free
They'll make you pay one way or another
They'll pit you against your fellow brother

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Your fate
Your fate
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