

Raising Hell

Tom Morello

Summer's past and winter's gone
Sabbath blasting in headphones
I played 'em all and woke up with a song

Well, I fell in love with a drunken friend
At a South By show with R.E.M
Staggered down the road in last night's clothes
But I had to see the rainbow for myself
And I had to put some platinum on my shelf

And it's one, two, three, four
Rusty chain holds me to shore
Five, six, seven, eight
Sunset floods when the levee breaks on me
Oh, on me, on me, oh, on me
Oh well, I'm still raising hell

Well, I shake my faith in marshall stacks
Feedback, fender, skinny slacks
All around the globe, beside the boss

And the hornet's buzzing in my head
Like fascists in the government
The powers change but we still pay the cost

And the road is always paved with shooting stars
And the time is now, decide who you are

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Rusty chain holds me to shore
Five, six, seven, eight
Sunset floods when the levee breaks on me
Oh, on me, on me, oh, on me
Oh well, I'm still raising hell

And it's one, two, three, four
Rusty chain holds me to shore
Five, six, seven, eight
Sunset floods when the levee breaks
On me oh, on me, oh on me
Oh well, I'm still raising hell

On me
Oh well, I'm still raising hell