

## Days of Rage

Tom Robinson Band

Seeing is believing a feeling  
And something needs seeing to fast  
I've had seventeen years of nowhere  
Now they're trying to put me out to grass  
Well I've always been a bit of a loner  
And never had a life of my own  
Coming of age I'm feeling the rage  
That I never had the bottle to show

Every year of bitter submission  
Been plotting my bitter revenge  
The endless humiliations  
Gonna tear their eyes to pieces  
Same way you treated the Peaches  
Breaking their hearts and their bones  
Now you gonna face the hatred  
Of the dog you wouldn't have in your home

Now I'm coming out in the open  
I ain't about to step on the rail  
Footsteps follow on the tube train  
But God help the man on my tail  
Every one of you can take it or leave it  
But you'd better get out of my way  
I'm a jackal on the ultimate rampage  
And a killer at the end of the day

Watch out wild women doctors  
Witch hunt's out with the pack  
Even if you're high and mighty  
You gonna feel that steely backstab  
This time I mean to get even  
It's the last time I mean to be hurt  
They'll never get to figure what hit them  
Unless they get a gun to me first