

Fuck The Pigs

Warrior Soul

Trapped in the back of the cab, I got no time to lose
Got a cold one in my hand, I tell the driver the news
Security's such a drag, always on my ass
Stripped me down and emptied my bag, I plead my innocence

He said: "Son you're too drunk to get on the plane"
Then the machine guns were put in my face
He said: "You're too drunk to get on the plane"
Then the machine guns were in my face

Fuck the Pigs

I gotta get out of town, I'm sick of hanging around
Don't got no more cash, no rash, no stash, no anti-crash
In trouble going to Chicago, gotta fly again tomorrow
Hope the guns don't stop me now, the eye in the sky
go try to fly

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I just wanted to relax, I forgot about the hippie tax
If you don't look just like them, they love to bust
and throw you in the slam
In trouble going to Chicago, gotta fly again tomorrow
Hope the guns don't stop me now, the eye in the sky
go try to fly

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