

Wildhearts, And The Bullshit Goes On

life, you think it's all in your hands, you play tricks, manipulating the band
you want fame, well here you are in the track and all without a spinal column in your back

you make waves while being jealous and weak, you want stars unless they happen to speak
you use blackmail tactics as part of your plan to undermine the battle of the working man

so we just play and smile all day at things you say and do
and use our little victories as trial for the few
and that means you

CHORUS:

and the bullshit goes on, it don't matter how far you run
it's that old familiar feeling when they're all convinced you're wrong
it's just different words and the same old f**king song
and the bullshit goes on

and it goes...

you pass blame because you think you're immune, and when your fingers should be itching to reap
you go on and on and on some more, your stupid ideas that we all ignore

so take your place and hide your face and we'll get on just fine
keep the distance, earn respect and we'll work it out in time

CHORUS

I want you to see some honesty you believe it's true
so come on open up to me like human beings are supposed to do
so won't you

CHORUS

it goes