

Artist: tangarine

Title: Convinced socialist

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Silent is the morning, in the place where I'm from.
Birds they wizzle for the sky to serve another song.
Blue is the colour above that seems to light the sun.
But it colours everyone, it colours everyone, that
colors none.

They say I am a good man with the fortune that I
make
I am generous and social but I never give away.
Coz the numbers on my paycheck grow bigger in the
pay,
for my coffin to be payed, for my coffin to be payed
when I die someday.

And I could say I do believe in righteousness and
more.
I care for other people as long as they don't knock at
my door.
My words they sound like angels but they don't feel
for the pour.
Cos they only weep and mourn, they only weep and
mourn, cry and roar.

I went out to take a breath and stopped in disarray.
A man said; "son your time will come and it ain't so
far away".
So I took my time to make stand and words got in
delay.
No It ain't so far away, It ain't so far away, for
those who say.

While children fill there lunchboxes and parents take
a break.
Whill dogs fatten up the sidewalk, and you cannot look
away.
I lay me down in the green green grass where nothing
seem to sway.
While the guns begain to play, while the guns begain
to play many miles away.

And the man I am so proud so clean and nothing I do
wrong.
I spend my time in writing words for my next political
song.
And all will hear my filosofie for people to grow
strong.
But I know abve it all, Yes I know above it all, It's
just my call.