

# New Harlem Shuffle

## Crime In Stereo

It's not the end  
Forget what I said that fucking letter says  
I'm not going over  
I'm not crossing oceans for them It's not defense  
And I won't let the business of making new soldiers  
Roll over our making promises  
We'll tell them That I was only joking  
When I said all those things  
I swore I meant at the time  
Either joking or lying  
So better the stateside than brave the great desert divide  
The whole ride over, I was growing wings  
And better the road stretched out ahead than the cheap threat of me stretched out dead  
What's do think over? Just grab your fucking things There'll be no statewide searches  
For some AWOL stateside kid like me  
I swear it'll just be a few weeks  
Of hotel rooms and diner foods, or face the new American exchange Of one rifle for every wife  
I'll lose Listen, I've been thinking that we'll take all we've got  
And I can dodge the draft and you can quit your job  
And we'll make these fuckers catch me if they want me  
They'll find me a fighter after all  
So better the stateside than brave the great desert divide  
Sound the sirens for a long drive  
Better the days in for weeks than the days away in the desert streets  
So sound the psalms of retreat

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>