

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/>