

Nothing's Free

Agnostic Front

There's a price to pay, for what your wanna say
Another revolution, there's no solution
In the summertime, in the streets of crime
want a situation, one of desperation.

I've got, you've got
Who's got the right to say - what's for me
I've got, you've got - we've got an enemy.

There's no sympathy, a world of apathy
In the name of peace, there's no relief
Where did time go, on death row.