

## 5 Vs. 7

### The Hellacopters

Gone down and out feels like it's sinkin'  
With a sense of direction it comes tumblin' down  
And the sky's gone dark, the streets are stinkin'  
And the howlin' wind comes blowin' through the neon towns

And on sweepin' over the land  
Yeah, the shit is aiming for the fan  
And no, there ain't no chosen few  
It's comin' down by the minute  
It's sad but you're in it, too

You play along but deny the pressure  
Side by side with fools you're feelin' like a King  
You're just a pawn moved around in a massive tester  
But you play your part real, well so you, don't feel a thing

And on sweepin' over the land  
Yeah, the shit is aiming for the fan  
And no, there ain't no chosen few  
It's comin' down by the minute  
It's sad but you're in it, too

Dead set like you had a reason  
I could never walk your way  
My soul been down for treason  
And no, there ain't no chosen few  
It's comin' down by the minute  
It's sad but you're in it too

Heart's gone black, the sky is fallin'  
Piling up outside the transplantation camp  
Time's up, coyote's calling  
Debris being left as treasures  
For the waiting tramp

And on sweepin' over the land  
Yeah, the shit is aiming for the fan  
And no, there ain't no chosen few  
It's comin' down by the minute  
It's sad but you're in it, too

Yeah, the street's a mess and the howlin' wind  
Blows hard, the hammer's fallin' again  
Ain't no jewels left in your crown  
With a sense of direction, it comes tumblin' down