

# Down On Freestreet

The Hellacopters

Down on Freestreet  
Buried six feet down  
In a one horse  
Carefully locked door town

Where no one ever comes around  
There ain't nothing there to be found  
An eye for one eye, pound for pound  
Blown up yet minimal, built up by criminal hands

And to the republic, it's sick  
For which it stands

There's a man on desolation row  
Reaping fruits that someone else has sown  
And a prime time appearance on a television show

You know, the sheep are ridden with disease  
And I'm down on bending knees  
The tumor's spreading oh, so fast  
The remedy will never last  
The die's been cast and the deadline's past

There's a crying beholder  
But no one told her, why  
Just wrapped up in plastic  
Conveniently elastic lies

I got my radio on  
It's playing that same old stupid song  
Over and over for much too long  
I've got to turn that damn thing down

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