

Heavy Head

The Orwells

Dry-mouthed in the hot white sand
Duct-taped in a big white van
Put a bag over their heads
Cut a hole and their face turns red

I got this feeling when you're not around
Like a freight train runnin' through town
And when they bark at it don't make a sound
This whole generation don't make a

In every wolf
There's a dog looking for revenge
So take me to the desert
And chop off my heavy, heavy head

Oh and then unleash the basket and
Place it down
Upon my momma's bed
My heavy, heavy head

Dry-mouthed in the hot white sand
On the way to the promised land
Did you cross that man? (did you cross that man)
Did you pay that man? (you gotta pay that man)

I got this feeling when you're not around
Tied up on the Native's ground
And when they bark at it don't make a sound
This whole generation don't make a

In every wolf
There's a dog looking for revenge
So take me to the desert
And chop off my heavy, heavy head

Oh and then unleash the basket and
Place it down
Upon my momma's bed
My heavy, heavy head!