

# Somewhere In The World It's Midnight

Tom Morello

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

Somewhere in the world it's 3 o'clock  
Time to get out of school and think  
Somewhere in the world it's 5pm  
And quittin time means it's time to drink  
Somewhere in the world it's 8 o'clock  
Let's get fly, man, and go to gig  
But somewhere in the world it's midnight  
And the guerillas just shot two pigs

[Boots Riley:]

Somebody needs to battle this adrenaline  
Throw death the middle fin  
Stompin' through your suburbs  
Like coke, meth, and Ritalin  
Streetlights and little sins  
We fight for the little yen  
Despite the bitter end  
And ignite carcinogens  
This here's a little shot of  
Can't-Be-Stopped  
A lot o' Fuck-You-Pay-Me  
A little Fuck-The-Cops  
'Cause them parasites'll suck your wop  
And bankrupt your flock  
Chuck you overseas to buck the glock  
And in the gallows of San Quentin  
The officials were smitten  
By the smooth, suave way  
Which my initials were written  
So they paid no attention  
That the scribbled transmission  
Read, "I'm a get outta here,  
Pray I don't get ammunition."

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

Come on, somewhere in the world it's 3 o'clock  
Time to get out of school and think  
Somewhere in the world it's 5pm  
And quittin time means it's time to drink  
Somewhere in the world it's 8 o'clock  
Let's get fly, man, and go to gig  
But somewhere in the world it's midnight  
And the guerillas just shot two pigs  
Come on and come on with me

[Boots Riley:]

Sometimes the night falls just so  
You can't see the scars  
Discourse between the stars  
Is dialogue of stolen DVD players and VCRs  
I know a corner, if you say "cocaine"  
They claim that you takin' the lord's name in vain  
I came to spit flames  
Until this shit change  
Until we switch games  
The streets drown in pain, now



Y'all might just drink and fuck to this  
Let's knuckle up and deconstruct the shit  
I'm a show you what they dysfunction is  
They need some nickel-plated acupuncturists  
Vile and vulturous  
Let's get tumultuous  
And bring a multitude  
To where their luncheon is

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

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Somewhere in the world it's 5pm  
And quittin time means it's time to drink  
Somewhere in the world it's 8 o'clock  
Let's get fly, man, and go to the gig  
But somewhere in the world it's midnight  
And the guerillas just shot two pigs  
Come on now, come on with it