

The Rebels

From the drowning fields `round Amsterdam came a kid
wore a clean-white shirt over blue tattoos, made of blue suede were his shoes
had his trousers ripped in an ongoing fight to thrill the shit out of „honest“ men
tutti-frutti-babe got along very well so they joined their forces and then

“Get `em out, join them in, form a line - with equals
Lock `em in, squeeze `em out, hang `em high - the others
Fight our fight, raise your fist, save the earth - everyday
freeze your smile, camouflage, go to church - on sunday

Join us in our struggle to prevent the earth from dying“

They had little clue `bout politics but they sure knew what to do
coming from the land where the soil was meant to be drowned by a rising sea
Carbon dioxide in the air tonight pesticides in our every cell
When establishment doesn't comprehend they must go down and burn in hell

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When the mighty ones had been terrorized it was their turn to face the day
hidden in the shadows of the media angry mob blew their life away
Now streets get named after them `cause their spirit just can't be beaten
while the poor keep yearning, the rich are learning that money just can't be eaten

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Lead Vocals: Thomas

Lead Guitars: Forbi

© 2007 freiBadverlag Music: Matthias Forberg&Thomas Burlefinger Lyrics : Thomas Burlefinger