

Paper Chase

Brieve Morison

The night comes slowly
To drown the day in darkness
And the stars like some holy crown
Harness the heavens
That surround us
And many mortal
Thoughts confound

Things are going
From bad to worse
The dream of democracy
Is a curse
We think we're free
But we're held by the throat
Try to exercise your freedom
You'll choke on your vote

We think we can have
A different point of view
We can only express
What we're allowed to

The papers in the gutter
Say the streets aren't safe
Violence on the increase
Case by case
It's not a flash in the pan
It's a flash in the face
There's a gun being pointed
At the whole human race
We're on someone's data base
We're a number
We're a letter
We're just another paper chase. X2

So she talks to
Jack almost every night
He and her get along alright
Though he slurs her syllables
As he holds her tight
If they could have each other
I think they might

But he is no Orpheus
Trying to bring her to light
He's darkness in a bottle
Messing with her sight x2

Beneath these suns
So silent so persistent
Amazed am I
At my insistence
That I know them
Can name them
and pronounce them mine
We think we can express
A different point of view
We can only express
What we're allowed to
We're on someone's data base
We're a number we're a letter
We're just another paper chase