

## Oil to the fire

The way the story goes same way from where the wind comes blowing  
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Just walking my way back home far too tired to do any harm  
Waiting for the lights turn green suddenly they focus me  
Flip-Flap bouncing against a police car  
Meanwhile I still wonder who they are  
A bunch of rednecks full of rage troublemakers hard to beat  
I`m better of doing as they please get down on my knees

They use to teach us at the school all those crimes we won`t redo history is young still far away  
It seems absurd to me this call I won`t reply  
The eyes keep on looking youth start a cookin all they do is adding oil to the fire

Hey little soldier what tort you`re charging me  
I`m a peaceful man and I can hardly see  
The reasons for your rude attack tieing up the shackles behind my back  
guess you feel quiet like John Wayne arbitrariness rules again

Officer will you show me your true colours soon  
I know you got a massive problem with everyone`s got a different view  
I guess you hate people like me but I`m not your enemy so can`t you see  
You`re just a puppet dancing on the strings I hear them laughing in the wings

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