some cowboys were a riding, riding on the range;

the grass was over grazed there, and spotted like some mange;

the buffalo were dead there, the trees they all were through

and if they saw some Injuns, why they would kill them too

kill them too

they would kill them too

west or bust, in God we trust, “let us rape, let us kill, let us steal"

we can almost justify, anything we feel;

I am climbing up that ladder, more brownie points for me

I will work my way to Jesus you wait and see

said one cowboy to another, "I think it would be nice

if we could take these injuns and convert them all to Christ;

see, they are all disgusting, and bringing me great pain

and if they do not believe me, we will put a bullet in their brains!”

put a bullet in their brain

west or bust, in God we trust, “let us rape, let us kill, let us steal"

we can almost justify, anything we feel;

I am climbing up that ladder, more brownie points for me

I will work my way to Jesus you wait and see

I am always shouting, when I go outside

how people should repent now, or they are going to die

my motives are all selfish, I am a cannon brimmed with powder

if people do not believe me, I just beat them and yell louder

west or bust, in God we trust, “let us rape, let us kill, let us steal"

we can almost justify, anything we feel;

I am climbing up that ladder, more brownie points for me

I will work my way to Jesus you wait wait and see

my car broke down in Arizona

have to ride the bus again

at ten-o-clock on Tuesday night

with thirteen cents and a broken pen

I put my backpack on the bench

tell two people I do not smoke

see the cop across the street

he thinks that I am selling dope

I could have walked another block

to get away from the scene

why does it always come to this

where zero meets fifteen?

and so I gave my thirteen cents

to the man who peed his pants

he passes out and falls on me

I watch my change fall from his hand

I see the lady next to me

holds her baby black blue

the junkie gutter-punks keeps asking

where I got my new tattoo

what does it matter anyway

thirteen cents or all I own?

how can I ever save the world

on cup-o-soup and student loans?

I want to try and save the world

but it never goes that way

god I do not know what to do

down at Colfax and Broadway

now the man with no shoes on

says I do not know how to play

he says I fumble all the time

he thinks that I am John Elway

I put my face down in my hands

water wells inside my eyes

what do I have to give them?

does it matter if I try?

I can not stand to see you suffer

I try to intellectualize

a formula to end you pain

it does not work

God knows I have tried

I want to try and save the world

but it never goes that way

God I do not know what to do

down at Colfax and Broadway

sometimes my cup is overfilled

sometimes I am too afraid that I am going to spill

I want to try and save the world

but it never goes that way

God I do not know what to do

down at Colfax and Broadway

what could this be, too much MTV?

chalk another fad up for its fall into infamy

what is in a standard if it changes all the time?

you are still having trouble in defining your own kind

need I remind you, we all knew you before

you threw the rocks at the stage from your glass house on the floor?

now I think you are punk, just because it is in

you found a foul mouth and a couple safety pins

got a peaceful feeling

I do not want to fight no more

got a peaceful feeling

I do not care if we are punk, or ska, or hardcore

enough for you, it is sad but true

you can call us names till your face turns blue

our assurance comes from God

it is nothing new

we will never care 'cause we are never cool enough for you

that smug look on your face

your nose up in the air

your patches say you are open-minded

but still you could not bear

some punk thrown in with ska

you said it would not work

well you can take your Vespa home 'cause ska made you a jerk

the purist turns a deaf ear

he is such an intellect

does he think his censorship is gaining our respect?

the raising of a fist, like a trigger of a gun

stop and see we are all alike, and we can dance as one

got a peaceful feeling

I do not want to fight no more

got a peaceful feeling

I do not care if we are punk, or ska, or hardcore

enough for you, it is sad but true

you can call us names till your face turns blue

our assurance comes from God

it is nothing new

we will never care 'cause we are never cool enough for you

got a peaceful feeling

I do not want to fight no more

got a peaceful feeling

I do not care if we are punk or ska or hardcore

la

la la la la

la la la la

la la la la la la la

la

la la la la

la la la la

la la la la la la la

la

la la la la

la la la la

la la la la la la la

la

la la la la

la la la la

la la la la la la la

la

a nation stands with heart in hand

to sing their anthem proudly

voices raised to sing their praise

of their hollow country

all this talk of freedom

and some talk of liberty

from your plastic podium

you try and convince me

I can not fall anymore

for some silver-tongued song

your freedom is not free

so let me say what freedom means to

I can not see red, white, and blue waving in the air

I do not hear the bombs bursting and I do not even care

I am sorry for my lack of faith

I am not the greatest patriot

if this is all their is to freedom I do not want it

I can not fall anymore

for some silver-tongued song

your freedom is not free

so let me say what freedom means to

pushing us a drug that you call freedom and democracy

promise us that selfishness is the means for happiness

I burned that bridge so long ago that I can hardly see

anything but solace in what freedom means to me

I can not fall anymore

for some silver-tongued song

freedom is not free

so let me say what freedom means to

it cannot mean to serve ourselves

that does not mean a thing

it does not mean to give the license

to seek ourselves in anything

that would be slavery to ourselves it is not free

Jesus Christ, the only thing that freedom means to me

through this mirrored image feeling

was my head so oddly reeling

not aware of floor or ceiling

kneeling and crying

all the past I would spent denying

watching others lose in trying

the time I wasted spent in crying

where could truth be found?

joy could not be found in money

do not put your faith in somebody

not in attempts to be funny

life seems incomplete

why doubt the life He offers

when all the world is not enough?

who knows if we have got time

we cannot wait 'till it is too late

searching for someone else to blame

hoping I will not go insane

selfish pride my only gain

faking sanity

the charade said I was fine

knowing riches would be mine

I chose to face the cross the sign

I gave my future up

joy could not be found in money

do not put your faith in somebody

not in attempts to be funny

life seems incomplete

why doubt the life He offers

when all the world is not enough?

who knows if we have got time

we cannot wait 'till it is too late

shut up

straight from the ghetto streets of

Harlem, came two brothers Willis

and Arnold, black goldfish swims

in the bowl, he is three feet high

four with the afro. Stealing

cookies from the jar

dropping water balloons on cars

I hope Mrs.. Garret will not see

just play sick for Mohammed Ali

the Gooch is coming, to steal

milk money

Arnold, and Willis, and Mr

Drumond, and do not forget

Kimberly. they just cancelled

Dukes of Hazard, Different

Strokes is all I want to see

way up high in the penthouse

apartment, making us laugh its

Willis and Arnold. Mr

Drumond has got the dough, they

get to ride in a limo

Different Strokes, its almost time

we just watch 'cause Kimberly is

fine. Half hour long it never fills

us, when he says, "what you

talkin' 'bout willis?". write the

cable company, different strokes

all the time

Arnold, and Willis, and Mr

Drumond, and do not forget

Kimberly. they just cancelled

Dukes of Hazard, Different

Strokes is all I want to see

Mr. Drummond a man of the means, loves two black brothers they have only got the blue jeans

Mr. Drummond a man of the means, loves two black brothers they have only got the blue jeans go

feel

the air is so clear, the sky is so

blue, I know what you mean, I feel

lucky too. I found a dollar, it is like

a dream. I love this place, my slurpee is

so green

so much easier to think we did this all

ourselves, so much easier to let our hearts

do what they have felt. so much easier to steal

from God than take the blame to throw our chips up in

the air, and let the praise fall where it may

I feel, I feel lucky

it is a well known fact, our hearts are black

a maze full of mice, a game of cosmic dice

a never-ending quiz, is all you think this

is. a gaping black hole, all the glory that

you stole

there is no such thing as luck

so much easier to think we did this all

ourselves, so much easier to let our hearts

do what they have felt. so much easier to steal

from God than take the blame to throw our chips up in

the air, and let the praise fall where it may

I feel , I feel lucky

I feel , I feel lucky

today

if I had a nickel for every single time

I have tried to classify the populace around me with a word

or a catchy phrase, I could quit my job for good

and play Nintendo until my fingers ached

am I an idiot, too lazy to think twice?

I point the finger, but I can not take my own advice

I put a name on something and ever since

I have made an art of building my counterfeit intelligence

seemingly to me

I am straightening a world of cluttered thoughts

and debris inside of my head

but I think instead of prejudiced

and I give people names to make me feel safe

am I an idiot, too lazy to think twice?

I point the finger, but I can not take my own advice

I put a name on something and ever since

I have made an art of building my counterfeit intelligence

how does it feel what does it take to make me understand?

if I could only walk a mile in the shoes of another man

if I could look out through his eyes

and know what it means to bleed the same red blood that I do

what is economic status, and tell me what is race?

who decides to classify taxonomy of grace?

if one man gets less than another is it true

that he is all that different

that he is less than you?

the man on the television said I

need to drink this, and sleep with

that, in order to be cool. and

you know that I would do almost

anything, to be like that guy on

TV. I know that if I had just the

right outfit and hairstyle that

could be me. do not you know

you can not be cool if you dress

dumb, I need to have that 'cause

everybody has got one. I think I will

start smoking, that would make

me intellectual, that is what I have

always wanted to be. I need to

lift weights, that would make me

more sexual, and that would be so

good for me

in America it is wonderful, all

you have to do is fake it. own

anything you want, all you

have to do is take it. live for

today, do not think about

tomorrow, have a good time in

America-Gomorrah

what are you looking at, you

better not make me mad. I will drive

by your house and shoot your

dog, and mom, and dad. I do not

need you or the Bible or anything

to tell me what is the law. with a

good enough lawyer I can do

anything in Beautiful America

in America it is wonderful, all

you have to do is fake it. own

anything you want, all you

have to do is take it. live for

today, do not think about

tomorrow, have a good time in

America-Gomorrah

I want to be in America

okay, For me in America

everything is free in America

for a small fee in America

I want to be in America

okay, For me in America

everything is free in America

for a small fee in America

I want to be in America

okay, For me in America

everything is free in America

for a small fee in America

I want to be in America

okay, For me in America

everything is free in America

for a small fee in America

way to go

arriba

here we go now

aw yeah

blah

hey everybody this is Combat Chuck and I love this song because it is about me

a real life superhero

he has got the Holy Ghost

he is either praising Jesus

or he is making toast

aint got no superpowers

aint got no giant brain

but he would try and help you

if he heard you call his name

there is some kids there in some trouble

need a Pepsi on the double

then he shouts, not so quiet

"would you like regular or diet?"

found a campsite for some kids

by the stage is what he did

people ask why he is so nice

he wants to be like Jesus Christ

go go go go go go go go

whenever you are in trouble

whenever you are in need

Combat Chuck will help you

he nearly runs with speed

he is on the ball to save the masses

got some thick old horn-rimmed glasses

his head is bald, he shaved it shiny

kicks the devil in his hiney

found a campsite for the kids

by the stage is what he did

people ask why he is so nice

he wants to be like Jesus Christ

Combat Chuck

go go

Combat Chuck

pick it up pick it up

Combat Chuck

go go

Combat Chuck

pick it up pick it up

Combat Chuck

go go

Combat Chuck

pick it up pick it up

Combat Chuck

go go

Combat Chuck

pick it up pick it up

doo doo doo doo

you have got a cause now, I heard you bragging

always the fastest one on the bandwagon

so sit down and I will tell you, what I am feeling, what I am feeling

for lack of better words you are stealing, you are stealing

all of my joy away from me

whatever happened to our unity?

we cut ourselves, wounds we have severed

it is time for us to pull together, and stand, as one

all eyes are turning towards the Son now

drop your fists now, what you resent

let us not forget who we represent

and fall to our knees in unity

another day now, another doctrine

another monkey wrench in the system

some folks kneeling, some just listen

some falling our of the pews from twisting

I do not care kids, how you do it

united we stand, we can pull through it

all were dead once. all enslaved

now pull together because we have all been saved

we cut ourselves, wounds we have severed

it is time for us to pull together, and stand, as one

all eyes are turning towards the Son now

drop your fists now, what you resent

let us not forget who we represent

and fall to our knees in unity

the only Jesus this world is gonna see

is the Jesus in you and me

so pick your cross up, stop your swinging

stop and look at the stink you are bringing

to this body with your fighting

you bust more knuckles than the wrongs you are righting

what is important is where we relate

it is the meaning of the word Amalgamate

we cut ourselves, wounds we have severed

it is time for us to pull together, and stand, as one

all eyes are turning towards the Son now

drop your fists now, what you resent

let us not forget who we represent

and fall to our knees in unity

I was wasting time

oh so sure to find somebody who

would never go

how could I know

none I had found was true

none could be but you

the only one love divine

my heart, my mind are yours

everywhere I go I see your face through the crowd

everywhere I go I hear your voice clear and loud

everywhere I go you are the light that I seek

everywhere I go you have found me

where could my heart go

where you would not be

where you would not know to find me?

far, far from here

still you are near

still you are near to me

and I see

everywhere I go I see your face through the crowd

everywhere I go I hear your voice clear and loud

everywhere I go you are the light that I seek

everywhere I go you have found me

I have seen you in the morning  
in the guiding light you hold me  
closer than the air around me  
you surround me always

everywhere I go I see your face through the crowd

everywhere I go I hear your voice clear and loud

everywhere I go you are the light that I seek

everywhere I go you have found me

blah

beautiful day, wonderful feeling

I feel like singing, Psalms

meaning songs singing praises

all day long. Joy fills the weak

joy makes us strong. Filled 'till we

burst, songs of praise to the God

of the Universe

despite our selfish selves

despite all loss of hope

despite our lack of faith

despite our stony hearts

despite the waning moon

despite the ebbing tide of how we think this world should be

praise God from whom all blessings flow

praise Him all creatures here below

praise Him above ye heavenly host

praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

gray rainy day

down in the mud for us

do not feel I can sing

songs to the God in control of the Seasons

what is good and bad

flow from the hands

of the God with the perfect plan

filled with joy all of this will glorify

despite our selfish selves

despite all loss of hope

despite our lack of faith

despite our stony hearts

despite the waning moon

despite the ebbing tide of how we think this world should be

praise God from whom all blessings flow

praise Him all creatures here below

praise Him above ye heavenly host

praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

praise God from whom all blessings flow

praise Him all creatures here below

praise Him above ye heavenly host

praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

I walked into the room, and she was right there waiting

leaning up against the bar

well she was perpertraiting

slick as snot her spandex

and blacker than some coal

she set her gaze upon my bootie

with disco in her soul

so much for indecision

so quick did she decide

the temptress with her doors open inviting me inside

"I want to take you home with me"

said the sparkle in her eye

"I would like to honey, but I am about to die.”

I have got a time bomb

I strapped it to my chest

when it blows I am out of here

you can have what is left

the room got kind of quiet

and you could smell the fear

I only heard the jukebox play "A Tear is in My Beer"

"so what is the verdict Mister?

when is it gonna blow?"

I just winked at her and said

"darlin I do not know.”

time-bomb ticking in the room

everybody goes someday

blows so fast you better be

somewhere where it is safe

thin skinned thread-bare thinking

now you are gonna die

do not try to rock the jukebox

just kiss this world good-bye

I have got a time bomb

I strapped it to my chest

when it blows I am out of here

you can have what is left

what is the deal, do not you feel

alone now in the silence?

pushing up the daisies now

there is better ways for you to diet

seeking after sucker wealth

suckers feel what suckers dealt

all your life you stuffed your face

now you are dead I rest my case

got a story here to tell

so you better listen well

some old lady in a church

got a nickel in her purse

you were rich, she was poor

you dropped some fifties on the floor

she dropped her nickel with a clank

she was thinking third world think tank

the Karaoke master

the drunkard

and the jerk

ditch this sorry world and all its worth

keep your candle burning

waiting for the time

ready to explode

the bomb is primed

I have got a time bomb

I strapped it to my chest

when it blows I am out of here

you can have what is left

Tuesday one fifty one p.m.

hey kids it is combat chuck I just want you to know that this song is about me and we all love ya

I wanna do this again hold on

this is an edit right here

hi kids it is combat chuck this song is about me combat chuck and we are rocking for the kids

I will give you one more

hey everybody it is combat chuck and this song is for the kids

hey everybody it is combat chuck I love what you are doing for the kids

hey everybody this is combat chuck and I love this song because it is about me

hey everybody it is combat chuck keep on rocking for the kids

oh man that was stupid

alright one more then I gotta go

hey everybody it is combat chuck, this song is about me, hope you like it. oh, and only you can prevent forest fires. bye, guys.

loco you know oh yeah here we go now yeah let us go baby oh yeah

bluah