

"WORDS and CONTRADICTIONS" by Bicyele Bell

8/75

If a man thinks he's better and he thinks he's not part of the wrong goin'

on and puts himself aside it's there that he's wrong and the circle will

start and he's cought in confusion of pride

CHORUS:
Words roll on and they

fade and words become empty with age I would be a martyr but I

never made the grade and my words roll and fall down the page

Words and Contradictions
Verses:

2:

Few have been willing to fight - now they're gone
Dying to prove that they cared
The remaining have noticed but little was done
and their tongues are beating the air

3:

Mr. Lincoln you left us and gave us your fame
Remembered a good man who tried
and since you've grown famous and we all know your name
But we wouldn't if you hadn't died

4:

And maybe if I had one more than one life
I might give my spare to a cause
But I'd rather be breathin' and sharin' the blame
than remembered a good man who was

5:

The talkers are talkin' themselves out of breath
and If talkin' was doin' then talkin' would do
Someday we'll all talk each other to death
and then We'll all be martyrs too