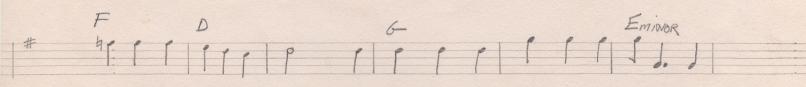
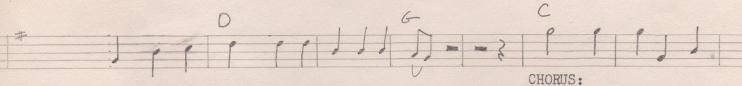


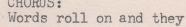
If a man thinks he's better and he thinks he's not part of the wrong goin'

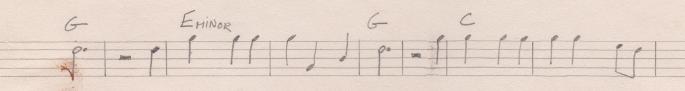


on and puts himself aside it's there that he's wrong and the circle will



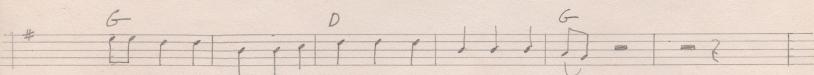
start and he's cought in confusion of pride





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



- 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
- 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