

The Shape of your Shadow

F

I do not believe in you,

C

You hang over wherever I go.

Bb

Call it fate, wyrd or destiny

F

Forced to live in the shape of your shadow.

So, forgive me if I kick at your door

Or shout out from a crowd in the street,

You cannot rule, represent or govern -

Put simply, you do not speak for me.

Bb

When will you see,

F

That no politic, gun or history

C

Gm

Gives you the right to oppress me

When will you see,

That no faith, creed or philosophy

Gives you the right to conquer me.

I did not vote for you,

You cannot expect me to follow.

No god, ghost or deity, says

I should live in the shape of your shadow.

So, forgive me if I spit on your wars

And avoid your bankrupt ideology.

You cannot rule, represent or govern -

Put simply, you do not speak for me.

When will you see,

That no politic, gun or history

Gives you the right to oppress me

When will you see,

That no faith, creed or philosophy

Gives you the right to conquer me.