

Pardon Me, Thanks A Lot

A Wilhelm Scream

Blood pressure is headed south
Servant becomes the master now
The greediest sons of a bitch alive
They came to bleed our city dry

Your ashes are dust to us
Born to money, fucked it up
The greediest sons of a bitch alive
Won't buy us all

Backpedaling and preaching like you're putting out a fire
You practice your pleasantries while you're draped over the wire
Pardon me, well, thanks a lot

We were coming back to life
But Brutus couldn't resist the knife
The greediest sons of a bitch alive
Shame on us all

But soon we will expose you for your ignorance and lust
We'll keep our talking dirty while we drag you through the mud
We'll vilify your slanderings while you're under the gun
A most hideous thing, denial

Pardon me, thanks a lot
Thanks a lot