

## Anger, Inc.

## Adam and the Ants

Legend has it in forty seven  
Four thousand bikes met a force of seven  
Fourth of July was the time  
In a town called Hollister  
At the uphill climb  
Poor Jack Kerouac  
Riding with his paperback Camus  
In the pocket of his army fatigues  
It's kind of hard to spend your time  
Keeping cans of soup in line  
When you've been the waist gunner  
On a B.17 singing

Anger Incorporated  
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Whoever you are  
They will scare  
No friend of hoodlums anywhere  
Like John Dillinger number one  
Crime crazy filthiness all rolled into one  
Born in the shadow of the Booze fighters  
In tiny bars and up all nighters  
Terrorizing the local staff  
Cool and crazy  
Two wheeled Luftwaffe