

# The Show

Bulletboys

Let me entertain you  
Rang through my head  
I was a reckless child  
And I did what he said  
People came  
From miles around  
To hear the sound  
That was tearing up the town  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're a god  
(Baby you're an icon)  
(Maybe you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're a dog  
The next batter up  
Was a man  
A scary man  
With the golden hands  
He brought his axe  
To bury the tracks  
No mortal man  
Could follow his act  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're god  
You can't refrain  
From going insane  
It's what you want to do  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're a god  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Maybe you're god  
Now that rock & roll's in the palm of our hands  
We take it to the people every chance that we can  
We are the party that never ends  
Live by these words until we meet again  
You can't refrain  
From going insane  
It's what you want to do  
Do  
Do  
Do  
Do  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're a god  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're god  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're a god  
(Maybe you're an icon)  
(Baby you're a hard on)  
Or maybe you're god

Whoa! It's time for the show babe  
N-n-n-n-no!  
Whoa! Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Time for the show  
Aha-ha-ha