

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