

Here Come The Romans

Cherry Ghost

World without sound, can't you keep the noise down?
'Else you gonna make the baby cry
Over split blood heavens anyone would
Think you had an Axe to grind

Baby, look out here come the Romans
With their steely gaze they're climbing on your sofa
Cheap veneers and a swinging brisk for a heart
Forked tongues same song we're tired and we wanna go home

Hide the swag bag, quick before the tongues wag
Cross your heart and claim a noble cause
Quote the scriptures, paint your pretty pictures
Fleece them with your filthy paws

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Bad news spread fast and they're spreading
They're spreading like a chip pan fire
We must confess, we ain't progressed
Since Elvis has left the building a mess

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