

# 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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