

Mr. Woman

Electric Six

Look at young girls with your television eyes
Fixated on nothing, telling dispicable lies
We play on your obsession with candy
And you do what we want you to
So play that guitar
And bring order to the stars
Turn up your stereos and drive around in your cars
And don't think about coming back home until you've never gone
anywhere

'Cos you are not sure if you are going up or down

Expectations go out the window when Mr. Woman comes to town

'Cos when you talk nobody listens
You shoot to kill but you keep missing
They got you running round in circles but it's hip to be square

Tonight's special paranoia with a side of despair
Oh ho!

And one and one and one and one and one, I'm pretty sure adds u
p to five

Teenage alcoholics can be oh-so entertaining when they drive

Yeah!

'Cos turning people into product is easy
Turning idiots into stars is easier
The robots and the cockroaches are gonna be the only survivors

They're gnawing at minds with our sights and their sounds
And this is no time for fucking around
You can't be sure if you are going up or down
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