

Blown to Bits

Exploited

In the mist
Hanging in a noose
While I get dressed
Blown to bits by an IRA bomb
Weighing not too much more than half a stone

Blown to bits
By an IRA Bomb

A dirty old man
Had his own ambitions
In his day
To live with the queen
And I should know
Cos I was there

Blown to bits
By an IRA bomb

That little boy is no more
Feed him to the fish
Intestines in a plastic bag
And that's what you get from those fucking fags