

Go Tell the Women

Grinderman

We done our thing
We have evolved
We're up on our hind legs
The problem solved
We are artists
We are mathematicians
Some of us hold extremely high positions
But we are tired
We're hardly breathing
And we're free
Go tell the women that we're leaving

We're sick and tired
Of all this self-serving grieving
All we wanted was a little consensual rape in the afternoon
And maybe a bit more in the evening
We are scientists
We do genetics
We leave religion
To the psychos and fanatics
But we are tired
We got nothing to believe in
We are lost
Go tell the women that we're leaving

We done our thing
We're hip to the sound
Of six billion people
Going down
We are magicians
We are deceiving
We are free and we're lost
Go tell the women that we're leaving

Hey hey
Hey hey
Come on back now to the fray
Hey hey
Hey hey
Come on back now to the fray
Hey hey
Hey hey