

# Little Electric Chair

Iggy Pop

You didn't mean to do it  
But you did it again  
The night started out  
Fuckin' around with your friends  
Somebody screamed and thingd went bad  
Now you're standing accused  
And the prosectuor says you should be dead

And they're fryin'up your hair  
In that little electric chair  
They'll be fryin'up your hair  
In that little electric chair  
They'll be fryin'up your hair  
In that little electric chair  
Fryin' up your hair  
In that little electric chair

Electric chair  
Electric chair  
Electric chair

Easy street is nice in a lawless nation  
The police puts some flyers in circulation  
Stuck one in my door with some scary mugshot  
They're looking for some bad boys  
Height, weight, age, race, tatoos too

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The people are quietly lusting for blood  
They wanna live in peace but they don't wanna budge  
From their lazy ways and lazy notions  
If the other half's win  
Let 'em eat pigeons  
And live in prison

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