## Ozone

## Motorpsycho

I've got blood on my hands, And sand between my toes If the crowd gets too unruly, We'll spray 'em with the hose

I'm so bored with the whole thing -keep hearing laughter when i turn-Seen a million sunlit faces But none that really burned

I can't keep myself from laughing When I spot someone posessed The fool that's always grinning, Never quite gets the jest

But I know the one I'm laughing at Plays it by the book And screams for revolution Behind his vacant look

We'll keep their eyes red & runny, Kill them in their homes Watch them pray forgiveness And pay interrest on their loans

It was us in the beamers, The penthouses & shrines. If you want absolution We can provide all kinds...

But that's just the way we are Our heads in the ozone And our minds in shangri-la