

# The Dance Of The Headless Bourgeoisie

NoMeansNo

Listen man, never mind who this is  
We've got your wife  
Yea, your better half, your partner in life  
You'll find her Volvo abandoned at the mall  
Her credit cards are in the trunk  
We don't want that junk  
We want the money, and we want it in cash  
Cause there are ten sticks of dynamite stuck together with duct tape  
They're wrapped around her new perm, strapped around her little face  
So don't do anything funny, man, don't do anything smart, or we'll  
Blow up her head

Listen man, we've got your son  
Yea, your one and only heir  
The scion of your loins the chosen one we picked him up off the playing field  
You'll get his short pants by priority mail  
We need some cash to finance our political aims  
Put it in your work-out bag and leave it at the gym  
Cause there are ten sticks of dynamite stuck together with duct tape  
They're wrapped around his little skull just to stop the constant snivelling  
And if we don't hear from you by tomorrow, we'll  
Blow up his head

We've got your daughter, that's right  
Daddy's little girl, the light of your life  
And all we want is every penny you've saved  
Empty out your retirement fund and put it in an old suitcase  
How do you know we've got her?  
We'll send you her little pinkie  
You can shove it up your ass and call it stinky  
Cause there are ten sticks of dynamite wrapped around her golden locks  
And only you have the power to make this stop  
And if we don't get everything that we want, we'll  
Blow up her head

Forget it man  
We're coming after you  
We have no political beliefs  
We don't want your fucking money  
There's just one thing that motivates us  
We hate your fucking guts  
There are ten sticks of dynamite waiting for you  
They'll cover your eyes  
They'll muffle your ears  
They'll shut your fucking mouth  
They'll  
Blow up your head