

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