

Slim Pickens Does the Right Thing and Rides the Bomb to Hell

Offspring

Take me for a ride
I'm the one you pushed aside
But it's coming back to you
Yeah, it's coming back to you, hey!

Run to the sound
Take it back and double down
'Cause it's coming back to you
Yeah, it's coming back to you

Ah-ah-ah, well we're pouring gasoline
So dance around the fire that we once believed in

Ah-ah-ah It'll never be the same, now
'Cause there's nothing left for us to bleed
Give it up, the champions of greed
So come around and have another round on me

Dance, fucker, dance, let the motherfucker burn! hey!

Snake's in the grass while you are living in the past
Say what're you gonna do?
Yeah what're you gonna do? -hey!

Earn, never learn
When you're cheering while it burns
Yeah we're coming after you
Yeah we're coming after you -hey!

Slim Pickens, well he does the right thing
And he rides the bomb to hell
Yeah, he rides the bomb to hell

Watch the pulse, it quickens after every little sting
If you're gonna go to hell
Drink it up, you might as well

Are you really gonna take it like that?
Riding on the missile with the cowboy hat, and

Ah-ah-ah, well the world is gonna end
So dance around the fire that we once believed in

Ah-ah-ah Wanna tear it down again, now
'Cause there's nothing left for us to bleed
Give it up, the sons of anarchy
So come around and have another round on me

Dance, fucker, dance, let the motherfucker burn! hey!

Are you really gonna take it like that?
Riding on the missile with the baseball bat, and

Ah-ah-ah, well we're pouring gasoline
So dance around the fire that we once believed in
Ah-ah-ah, it will never be the same
The takers and the liars that we all believed in

Ah-ah-ah, well we're going down in flames
So dance around the fire
We dance around the fire

'Cause it's never left for us to be
Give it up, the champions of greed
So come around and have another round on me

Hey! -hey!

Dance, fucker, dance, let the motherfucker burn! hey!