

Revolver

Rage Against the Machine

His spit is worth more than her work
Pass the purse to the pugilists
But he's a prizefighter
And he bought rings and he owns kin
And now he's swingin', and now he's the champion

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver

A spotless domain hides festering hopes
She's certain there's more pictures of fields without fences
A spotless domain hides festering hopes
She's certain there's more pictures of fields without fences

Her body numbs as he approaches the door
As he approaches the door, as he approaches the door
As he approaches the door, as he approaches

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver

Yeah

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver

Revolver
Revolver
Revolver
Revolver