

## Randy I Don't Need You

Randy

I've got to tell you about a strange, poor man.  
I met him at our concert, now he's a legend in our band.  
Claimed we had to sell him a T-shirt for one mark,  
I explained we really try to be as cheap as we can  
But that didn't get through to that man.

Yeah, it is cool that you believe in me, but you have to understand

We're not Peter K., Emma, Gandhi and Marx reincarnated as a pun  
krockband.

And even if we found our major enemy  
In the core of this capital dynasty,

We're still a part of this goddamn money machine.  
Right after the show, strengthened with a bottle of wine,  
He said to me: "Diese T-shirt ist ja mein,  
You kapitalistische schwein"!!

He grabbed an empty bottle of beer  
And aimed right at my head,  
I got scared and took shelter right behind my own amp  
And the glass swished above my head.

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But it's so fucking hard to be  
The perfect human that you demand of me,  
But I want everyone to know that we really try to practice what  
we preach,  
But I guess the reason for this fight is just your own bad conscious  
that bleeds.

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Oh baby, now I see that from what that man did to me,  
I could surely have made the funniest song that the world's ever

r seen.

But still now when I've found I'm the worst storyteller around,  
I will keep up my reading, I will keep my pen bleeding 'til eve  
rybody's free.