

## Eden

## Saigon Kick

Three little girls, they run up the street,  
They're beginning to dance for all to see.  
Wanting for something that they can't find,  
So they shift their hips and they get in a little grind,  
Singing oh oh oh oh, singing a la la la

Steal the bread from the baker man,  
And you make a fist with an outstretched hand,  
And you feed 'em something that they don't own,  
And you burn down the teacher's home,  
Singing oh oh oh oh, singing a la la la  
Singing oh oh oh oh, singing a la la la

You and I are heading for the end of time and there's no rhyme.  
All we know is crashing down; the absence of the heart is now.  
Can you run a little faster; won't you try?  
We must beat ourselves to Eden or we'll die.

Trying to act like we just don't care,  
So we jump around like it just ain't fair.  
Throw your neighbors to the ground  
And you take your stuff and you head downtown,  
Singing oh oh oh oh, singing a la la la

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We must beat ourselves to Eden or we'll die.

Knock the one that you need the most,  
And you kiss the ass of the holy ghost.  
Trick your friends so they think you're cool,  
And you get up on the floor of your school,  
Singing oh, singing a la la la

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