

Hung Up Down

The Family

What the hell bad eggs don't smell
When glossed with sleek perfume
So who's to cry, the politicians' lie
When they know damn well that they do
Maybe they're hung up down next stop
They'll maybe turn around
Every other way, every other way than
I want them to be
Is it so sad when men turn bad
To rob and steal from friends
While men who count large bank amount
Make wars for their own ends
{REPEAT CHORUS}
The grossest spew of World War Two
Turns some men inside out
But make them ride with coal black hides
They're not so pure throughout
{REPEAT CHORUS}