

I'm a lexicon devil with a
battered brain
And I'm lookin' for a future-
the world's my aim
So gimme gimme your hands-
gimme gimme your minds
Gimme gimme this-gimme
gimme tha-yea-yea-t...

I want toy tin soldiers that can
push and shove
I want gunboy rovers that'll
wreck this club
I'll build you up and level your heads
We'll run it my way cold men
and politics dead...

[Chorus]

I'll get silver guns to drip old blood
Let's give this established
joke a shove
We're gonna wreak havoc
on the rancid mill
I'm serachin' for something
even if I'm killed...

[Chorus]

Empty out your pockets-you
don't need their change
I'm giving you the power
to rearrange
Together we'll run to the
highest prop
Tear it down and let it drop...away...

[Chorus]