

## Lexicon Devil

The Germs

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]