

Die Toten Hosen, Love And A Molotov Cocktail

[Originally by The Flys]

Two fingers poking at the world
One golden rule, no rules at all
Two fingers been poised down on to you
You better make sure they got something to do
Two fingers now what a surprise
Mama can't believe what happens before her eyes
Her little darling once so small
Never could believe you'd grow up at all

Well do we miss you, Yes we do
Father sends his regards to you
Will I write well once in while
I'll send my love and a Molotov cocktail