

Echo & The Bunnymen, Heads Will Roll

Partly politic
Heads will roll
Mostly politic
God must call
Till the winning hand does belong to me

What if no one's calling
God then must be falling

If I ever met you
In a private place
I would stare you
You into the ground
That's how I'd articulate
The value of my face
The value on my face

What if no one's calling
God then must be falling
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