

# Electric Six, Mr. Woman

look at young girls with your television eyes  
fixated on nothing telling despicable lies  
we prey on your obsession with candy  
and you do hope we want you to

so play that guitar and bring order to the stars  
turn up your stereos and drive around in your cars  
and don't think about coming back home until you've never gone anywhere  
cause you are not sure if you are goin up or down  
expectations go out the window when mr woman comes to town

cause when you talk nobody listens  
you shoot to kill but you keep missin  
they got you runnin round in circles but it's hip to be square  
tonight's special - paranoia with a side of despair  
oh! and one and one and one and one and one i'm pretty sure adds up to five  
teenage alcoholics can be oh-so entertaining when they drive

ok

cause turning people into product is easy  
turning idiots into stars is easier  
the robots and the cockroaches are gonna be the only survivors

destroying their minds with our sights and our sounds  
and this is no time for fuckin around  
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