

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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