

Forgotten Rebels, Bomb The Boats

I don't want no foreign pricks to take my job away from me.
My tax dollars paid their ransom. Would they do the same for me?
I don't, I don't want them in my home.
I don't, I don't want them finding me alone.
They're commies, subhuman subversives.
They're commies, they're human living curses.
They got nowhere to go so let them drown,
I don't want them around so let them drown.
So let's bomb the boats and feed the fish.
Gulls peck flesh from rancid stiffs decaying on the deep blue sea.
Bits and pieces here and there, bomb them far from my country.
Do you, do you want them in your home?
Do you want them finding you alone?
They got nowhere to go so let them blow.
I don't want them around so let them drown.
Let's bomb the boats and feed the fish,
bomb the boats and feed their f**king flesh to the fish.