

Hawkwind, Urban Guerrilla

I'm an urban guerrilla
I make bombs in my cellar
I'm a derelict dweller
I'm a potential killer
I'm a street-fighting dancer
I'm a revolutionary romancer
My rising sign is Cancer
I'm a two-tone panther
So let's not talk of love and flowers
And things that don't explode
We've used up all our magic powers
Trying to do it in the road
I'm a political bandit
And you don't understand it
You took my dream and canned it
It is not the way I planned it
I'm society's destructor
I'm a petrol-bomb constructor
I'm a cosmic light conductor
I'm the people's debt collector
So watch out, Mr. Business Man
Your empire's about to blow
I think you'd better listen, man
In case you did not know
I'm an urban ... urban guerrilla
I'm an urban ... urban guerrilla
I'm an urban ... urban guerrilla
I'm an urban ... urban guerrilla
(REPEAT)