

# Oxymoron, Weirdoz

A bunch of thugs' approaching  
You're molested for no reason  
With faces looking angry  
You're beaten till submission  
[Chorus:]  
You're kicked in the head  
You're better off fucking dead  
Oh - endless trouble  
They ain't gonna rest until the job is done  
Six to one truly tough, you scum

Weirdoz Go Home  
that is all you hear them shout  
Weirdoz Go Home  
you can hear them jeer aloud

Finally it's all over  
Smeared with blood in the mirror  
You've been out for pleasure  
But they were out for terror (and that was bad luck)

We'll come back, wait and see  
Rest assured you'll be screwed one day  
We'll come back, ready and mean  
And we'll stomp on your face