

Private Line, Uniform

Newborn outlaw
You'd better run, run, run
Don't hang yourself on your mother's tongue
Let your feet get numb

Pope or pagan
Son of a gun, gun, gun
Opinions are like assholes, everyone has one
Like father, like son

Hey, sinners and saints answer the nature's call
It's better to try than never try at all
United we stand, divided we fall

I know were all born naked, baby
Show me where you're from
Doesn't matter who you are
Take off your uniform
Just take off your uniform

I've got a blind date with fate
Such fun, fun, fun
I don't regret anything I've done
The party's just begun

Hey, brothers and sisters, let's do it again
It's better to reign in hell than serve in heaven
Givers and beggars, they do what I tell

I know we're all born naked, baby
Show me where you're from
Doesn't matter who you are
Take off your uniform
Just take off your uniform

Hey, brothers and sisters
It's better to reign in hell
Than serve in heaven, yeah

I know we're all born naked, baby
Show me where you're from
Doesn't matter who you are
Take off your uniform

I know we're all born naked
Show me your true form
It doesn't matter who you are
Take off your uniform
Take off your uniform
Take off your uniform
Take off your uniform, yeah

Whoa, whoa, whoa
Take off your uniform
Whoa, whoa, whoa
Take off your uniform
Whoa, whoa, whoa
Take off your uniform, yeah