

Queen, Death On Two Legs (Dedicated To.....

You suck my blood like a leech
You break the law and you preach
Screw my brain till it hurts
You've taken all my money - and you want more!

Misguided old mule
With your pigheaded rules
With your narrow-minded cronies who are fools of the first division

Death on two legs
You're tearing me apart,
Death on two legs
You never had a heart...of your own

Kill-joy, Bad guy,
Big-talking small fry
You're just an old barrow-boy
Have you found a new toy to replace me,
Can you face me?

But now you can kiss my ass goodbye

Feel good, are you satisfied

Do you feel like suicide (I think you should)
Is your conscience all right
Does it plague you at night
Do you feel good - Feel good!

Talk like a big business tycoon,
But you're just a hot-air balloon,
So no one gives you a damn,
You're just an overgrown school-boy
Let me tan your hide.

A dog with disease,
You're the King of the 'sleaze'
Put your money where your mouth is Mr. Know-all,
Was the fin on your back part of the deal...shark!

Death on two legs
You're tearing me apart
Death on two legs
You never had a heart of your own,
(You never did, right from the start)

Insane, you should be put inside,
You're a sewer-rat decaying in a cesspool of pride
Should be made unemployed
Then make yourself null-and-void,
Make me feel good
I feel good!