

# Queen, Warboys

They were born with the knowledge of the struggle to survive  
They were raised, learning only ways to stay alive  
Their language is the language of the bullet and the gun  
If you can see them coming, baby, better run  
Here come the warboys  
Here come the warboys  
Well they look so pretty as they march and drill  
It's such, a pity that they're dressed to kill  
Soldiers marching two by two  
When it all comes down they know exactly what to do  
Here come the... warboys  
Warboys, your boys, politicians' toys  
Warboys, our boys, make lot a noise  
When the lightning explodes  
I pray for your soul  
Hup, 2, 3, 4  
Well they look so fierce they're gonna tear out your heart  
When they get near we're gonna see what they got  
Hold on to your soul, friend of mine  
I'll see you in hell, some other time  
Here come the (warboys)  
Here come the (warboys)  
Here come the warboys