

State Radio, Olli Olli

Big Olli Mack came out swinging
Looking for a soul to fry
When the dust settled up I said no sir no not I

Well it had been four years since he'd been put inside
He gonna' make all the men pay
And all the women cry

Olli Olli all come free
Olli Olli all come so guilty
Olli Olli state your claim
Olli Olli state your name your name

Olli Olli all come free
Olli Olli don't get me
Olli Olli whatcha gonna do

Cross your heart and hope to die
Hope to God saint Jesus lies
When the constable calls your name

He slapped him with a rifle
And threw him on the stage
Fired a shot for every month he'd been put away

Bookmaker (Bookmaker)
What do you see here
It's hatred that keeps them coming second only to fear

In the wee hours of the night the bonfire still rage
Keep on keeping on and a martyr you will make

No talk of the cross
Just drugs and bombs and gasoline
Gunning each other down both loyal to the queen

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Good Friday don't seem no good no more
We don't expect peace from no gun running whore
Well Bookmaker tell us what you know
The tensions running high
This town is gonna blow oh

Olli Olli
Olli Olli
Olli Olli
Olli Olli Olli Olli...