

# Belle Epoque, Bamalama

You blow your mind using cocaine  
Let me blow mine using this big chain

Drugs are your scene  
violence is mine  
Nothing is clean  
so we broke the line

Holding this chain may lock insaine  
While I've got beer running through my veins

See how my chain flies in the air  
Honey you're looking at your nightmare.

Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Taste of chains  
taste of violence  
Taste of chains  
taste of violence

D'you feel my chain around your neck

Com'on don't be such a nervous wreck . . .

We'll knock you down in the back street  
When you don't watch where you put your feet

Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo yeah  
yeah  
(Hum  
hum  
hum  
hum  
you blow my mind)  
(Hum  
hum  
hum  
hum  
you blow my mind)  
(Hum

hum  
hum  
hum  
you blow my mind)  
(Hum  
hum  
hum  
hum  
you blow my mind)

Get around get around  
get all upside down  
Get around get around  
get all upside down  
yeah  
yeah  
yeah  
yeah  
yeah  
...

If you're lookin' for trouble  
man  
it's too late to go  
We'll have a little celebration  
that means destruction.

Bamalama  
Bamaloo  
yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo  
yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama  
Bamaloo  
yeah  
yeah  
Bamalama. Bamaloo  
yeah  
yeah

Good golly Miss Molly  
baby you're sure like a ball  
Good golly Miss Molly  
baby you're sure like a ball  
When you're rockin' and rollin'  
Com'on over baby  
whole lotta shapin' goin' on  
Com'on over baby  
sure you can't go wrong  
Com'on over  
whole lotta shakin' goin' on

Jenny  
Jenny  
Jenny  
won't you come along with me  
Jenny  
Jenny  
Jenny  
won't you come along with me  
Know that I love you  
won't you come along with me . .

Taste of chains  
taste of violence

Taste of chains  
taste of violence

Taste of chains  
taste of violence.