

Bodies Without Organs, Sixteen Tons Of Hardware

Sixteen tons of hardware
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Every night has got a crowd to cheer
A show to get things right
Every band has got a stage to fear
A kick when the crowd is in sight

Turn on feedback looper super trouper
Flashes clashing a screen
Tune in consecrating masquerading
Ghosts in our sonic machine

We load sixteen tons of hardware
Blazing steel and galvanized
We crash fifteen supersonic tanks
Through the gates of paradise

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Digging deep inside a wall of sound
The cheering of the crowd
Take me high Im feeling heavenbound
The sound when I shout it out loud

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