

Champions Of History, Get This Out Of Here

We were presidents
And our hands were tied
There's a reason for a sane reaction

We were presidents
And our hands were power
Well there's a reason for my choice of home

And decisions are a sacred letter
Leave them lying in the street
And decisions are another courage
Of another mountain
I'm a so so worker
And a quick quick sinner
Someone called a liar
Someone called what went round here
What went round here

They came here to wreak havoc and to take away our names
These rabbit tracks are perfect
Bating bating rabbits through your wake
Ripping pants off of the morning
And putting spinal cords in livestock
I'm the fast fast worker
I'm the slow slow sinner
someone called a liar
someone called what went round here
What went round here

You gotta hold your head up high

I got two suns
That shine on me
All through the day
And through the nights
They keep me warm
They give me light
All through the days
And through the nights

I got two suns

Rock! Ho! Rock! Ho!

You gotta hold your head up high

Bwa bwada da da da dada da
Hey hey hey hey