

Clutch, The Mob Goes Wild

Please allow me to adjust my pants
So that I may dance the good time dance
And put the onlookers and innocent bystanders into a trance

Give disease so the swine will marry and propagate lies.
Tough luck for elected officials. The beast you see got sixty eyes.
Bring it on home, spread the wealth. Play it cool, the hand's been dealt.
Now, all the odds are in our favor. Save the victory speeches for later.

Streets on fire, the mob goes wild.

21 guns, box made of pine, letter from the government sealed and signed
Delivered Federal Express on your mother's doorstep.

Condoleeza Rice is nice, but I prefer A-Roni.
And that man on the T.V. who speaks to the dead, you know that man's a phony.
Everybody move to Canada and smoke lots of pot.
Everybody move to Canada right now. Here's how we do it:
Bum rush the border guard before he and his dog ever knew it.

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