

Frenzal Rhomb, You'll Go To Jail

You can try holding up a payroll with your pants around your ankles,
And a darkened plastic bag over your head,
Tied on real tightly.
Put sugar in the gas tank of your flat-tired getaway car,
With an amputated arsehole at the wheel.
You can't tell me that it's a real steal.

And you will fail, You'll go to jail.

Try to viciously attack a Newtown Jets half backer,
With both hands and legs tied behind your back,
and a sultry shade of lipstick on your mouth,
And if you somehow make it out,
Call his mum a hooker on the way.
Well today is really not your day.

Try saving all the trees, or free the refuges.
Or prove you're not a coward by killing Johnny Howard.
Murder all the Racists, welcome blokes from other places.
Force everyone to stop eating meat.
I wouldn't bother getting off your seat.
I wouldn't bother trying you'll just end up doing time.
And if you want to make a difference you'll just end up in a prison,
Getting buggered every time you go to sleep.