

Germs, Forming

Chorus:

Rip them down
Hold them up
Tell them that
I'm your gun
Pull my trigger
I'm bigger than--

Mr. Prez in his big white house
Listen he sez we're coming out
Infiltration-- we're numbing your minds
Concentration-- we've done time

Chorus

Over there the queen she sez
Let's stamp them out and dry those tears
Saturation-- we want it in taxes
Flagellation-- we've got gashes

Chorus

In the cold, the czar's claimin
Just protectin rockets aimin
Alteration-- the Earth is changin
Observation-- we want action

Chorus

I the Emperor proclaim
Us the masters we rule this game
Inclination-- somethin to dream on
Deprivation-- we are sons

Chorus

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Chorus

Anyone, Anytime, Anyhow
Whoever will buy this shit
Were the fucking Germs
Their playin it all wrong
The drums are too slow, the bass is too fast
The chords are wrong
He's makeing the beat too wrong
Aww i quit