

# Germs, Lexicon Devil

I'm a Lexicon devil with a battered brain  
searching for a future the world's my aim  
so gimme gimme your hands gimme gimme your minds  
gimme gimme your hands gimme gimme your minds  
gimme gimme this gimme gimme that

I want toy tin soldiers that can push and shove  
I want gunboy rovers that will wreck this club  
I'll build you up and level your heads  
We'll run it my way cold men and politics dead...

I'll get silver guns to drip old blood  
Let's get this established joke a shove  
We're gonna wreak havok on this rancid mill  
I'm searchin' for somethin' even if I'm killed...

Empty out your pockets- you don't need their change  
I'm giving you the power to rearrange  
Together we'll run to the highest prop  
Tear it down and let it drop... away...  
(chorus)