

Grinderman, Go Tell The Women

We done our thing
We have evolved
We're up on our hind legs
The problems solved
We are artists
We're mathematicians
Some of us hold extremely high positions
But we are tired
We're hardly breathing
And we're free
Go tell the women that we're leaving

We're sick and tired
Of al this self-serving grieving
All we wanted was a little consensual rape in the afternoon
And a bit more in the evening
We are scientists
We do genetics
We leave religion
To the psychos and fanatics
But we are tired
We got nothing to believe in
We are lost
Go tell the women that we are leaving

We done our thing
We're hip to the sound
Of six billions people
Going down
We are magicians
We are deceiving
We are free and we're lost
Go tell the women that we're leaving

Hey hey come on back now to the fray
Hey hey come on back now to the fray