

Hellacopters, Murder On My Mind

Try to convince yourself that you're doing me a favor
When not too deep inside you that it ain't so
So you compete with the arts
And your act is climbing up the charts
You can pick up a piece of the latest release with ease
So easy

You pass out credits and pretend to run the show
I'd like to think you know - i got murder on my mind

You and your kind are growing fat on others labour
You steal candy from kids and pat them on their backs
Got what the public demands
And the blood of elvis on your hands
You sell it by the drop and every junkie wanna cop some flavor

Got a remastered revolution out with bonus tracks
Guess you stabbed a few backs - i got murder on my mind

That simple thing was meant to help and to heal
Somehow recently it lost it's appeal
You got it butchered and sold it by the cut
But hey at least you sold a lot

First you killed the heartbeat
And then you killed the soul
You killed rock & roll
I got murder on my mind