

# Iggy Pop, Little Electric Chair

You didn't mean to do it  
but you did it again  
The night started out  
Fuckin around with your friends  
Somebody screamed and things went bad  
Now you're standing accused  
And the prosecutor says you should be dead

And they're fryin' up your hair  
In that little electric chair  
They'll be fryin' up your hair  
in that little electric chair  
Fryin' up your hair  
In that little electric chair

Electric chair  
Electric chair  
Electric chair

Easy street is nice in a lawless nation  
The police put some flyers in circulation  
Stuck one in my door with a scary mugshot  
They're looking for some bad boys  
Height, weight, age, race, tattoos too

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fryin' up your hair  
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Electric chair  
Electric chair  
Electric chair

The people are quietly hustling for blood  
they wanna live in peace  
but they don't wanna budge  
from their lazy ways and lazy nations  
let em eat pigeon  
and live in prison

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