

# Iggy Pop, Weasels

Weasels are runnin me to death,  
I checked my gas there ain't much left.  
Still i will take a parting shot,  
Before I leave myself to rot.

Barbaric motherfucking weasels

Weasels  
Weasels

Weasels have always been my friends,  
I've turned them loose now there's no end.  
Giants of rock tell giant lies,  
Weasels control the evil skies.  
Barbaric motherfucking weasels,  
Bad breath bad taste cause of diseases.

I feel disgrace and I feel shame,  
I feel anger and I feel blame,  
I feel suspicion and I feel pride,  
I feel weasels on all sides.

Weasels  
Weasels  
Weasels  
Weasels  
Weasels

With guitars on t.v,  
Weasels  
Rewriting rock history,  
Weasels  
With an office and a chair,  
Weasels  
With nice butts and long silky hair.

Weasels suck and weasels blow,  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Rock and roll  
Rock and roll  
Rock and roll

Weasels