

# Locust, Live From The Russian Compound

Cowboy lawman-found a cell  
Tore into it-as night fell

Bankers kids are  
getting bingo'd  
Smells like midnight's  
cooked up a storm in here  
Leave those loose lips  
at home or at the  
rubble that's left  
when you return

Have an armed guard posted at your flag  
Stroll through town with  
a gun stuffed in your pants

Bankers kids are  
getting bingo'd  
Smells like midnight's  
cooked up a storm in here  
Leave those loose lips  
at home or at the  
rubble that's left  
when you return

Criminal lawman-found a cell  
Tore into it-made life hell

Bombs bursting-houses burning  
Diplomacy's tyrant treats