

# Mustasch, Black City

Black City, Black City, Black City

I'm accused of being cold  
With no emotions at all  
Well I'm having a ball  
I've got my motor running,  
my motor running

I'm jumping with joy  
Search and destroy  
Come on, come on, come on  
I've got my motor running,  
my motor running

Nowhere you can hide  
You won't leave this place alive  
Cause the sun ain't gonna rise  
The sun will never shine  
In Black City, Black City

I've got smog in my brain  
And gasoline in the veins  
Get out of my way  
I've got my motor running,  
my motor running

Accused of being cold  
Well I'm having a ball  
Search and destroy  
I've got my motor running

I use you as I please  
The price you pay for walking my streets  
Cause the sun ain't gonna rise  
The sun will never shine  
In Black City

I've got my motor running,  
my motor running  
The sun ain't gonna shine  
The sun will never rise  
The sun ain't gonna shine  
In Black City