

Oxymoron, Mohican Tunes

In the tube a gang in black.
Purple stubble and tiger strap.
They make a stink, some get freaked out,
by the volume of the mohican sound.

Mohican tunes, play the fuckin' mohican tunes!

And down the tunnel in a crew, a girl is dancing to mohican tunes.
And at the gig the air is tense, cause mohican tunes blow up their brains.

And down the tunnel in a crew, a girl is dancing to mohican tunes.
And at the gig the air is tense, a sheer fit hits the audience.
Switch it on and play it loud, listen to the wildest sound.
A filthy mob hangs 'round the place. Filth and leather, pins and chains.