

Queen + Paul Rodgers, Warboys

They were born with the knowledge of the struggle to survive
They were raised learning only ways to stay alive
Their language is the language of the bullets and the gun
If you see them coming, babe you'd better run

Here come the warboys
Here come the warboys

Well they look so pretty as they march and drill
It's such a pity that they're dressed to kill
See them marching two by two
When it all comes down, they know exactly what to do

Here come the war, war, warboys
Warboys, children and their toys
Warboys, make a lot of noise
Warboys, when the lightning explodes
I pray for your soul...

Well they look so fierce, gonna tear out your heart
When they get near, gonna see what they got
Hold on to your soul, friend of mine
I'll see you in hell, some other time

Here come the warboys, warboys
Mmm...
Warboys, warboys