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