Quincy Punx, Machine Gun Etiquette

It's always been my fondest dream'
I saw one in a magazine,
And sent my order off six weeks ago
Today a package came for me,
From the Thompson company,
The postman smile and winked
and seemed to know.
It was a Tommy-gun
Model M1-45
And as I opened it up,
I was the happiest boy alive
You know I'd have a lot more fun,
if only I had a machine-gun
You know I'd get alot more done,
if only I had a machine-gun
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!
My own machine-gun
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!
My own machine-gun
It's always been my fondest dream,
A hundred round drum magazine,
To write my name in lead
upon the wall
I'll open up my violin case,
Point my heater at your face,
I'll make you dance and
have a fucking ball
Just like Dillenger,
And Bonnie & Clyde.
Machine-gun etiquette's
How they lived and died
You know I'll have a lot more fun,
now that I have a machine-gun
You know I'll het a lot more done,
now that I have a machine-gun
Public enemy number one,
now that I have a machine-gun
In the dog day after-noon sun,
now that I have a machine-gun
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!
My own machine-gun
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!