

Rancid, Ivor Coast

For 24 hours on the Ivory Coast,
They release soldiers from their post,
They dedicate champagne, for a toast,
They pay dividends to the country's host.
They said, "Tonight, you can leave your home,
But tomorrow, but tomorrow, it's gonna be the way of the gun",
And the curfew, won't allw you to roam, roam, roam,
And the bullets will let you know,
when the big dog comes 'round your door....
Who is the killer?
(Wooooh ohhh oh!)
Who is the killer?
(Wooooh ohhh oh!)
Stone-cold killer,
(Woooooh ohhh oh!)
Food for the trigger,
(Wohhhh ohh ohh!)
I'll shoot ya down, right on sight,
If you're out at the wrong time of night,
And in a civil war, there's no civil rights,
In the dead of day, run for your life.
They said, "Tonight, you can leave your home,
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Stone-cold killer,
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Food for the trigger,
(Wohhhh ohh ohh!)
And the trenches are dug,
And the bones ain't too shiver,
The tastes of war, so cold and bitter,
And the human race is the face of the killer,
And the cost of life is rarely considered.
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