Redd Kross, Citadel

Men are armed shout who goes there We have journeyed far from here Peyote buttons make us care

Candy and taffy, hope we both are well Please come see me in the citadel

Flags are flying, dollar bills From the heights of concrete hills You can see the pinnacles

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In the streets are many walls Hear the peasants come and crawl You can hear their numbers called

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Screaming people fly so fast In their shiny metal cans Through the woods of steel and glass

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