

State Radio, Gang Of Thieves

It was a rough night,
Turned into years in an unknown land.
Jut a grudge fight,
Cooked up by the D.C. suits on hand.
We had a hard time,
But we tried to understand.
These born-again, gunpoint libertines.

Then they sold us down the face of the might river,
Sold turpentine for tea.
Hold me now it's the evil liberator,
And he's coming with a gang of thieves.

In the firelight,
Of the torched out refineries.
He sat upright,
The poster boy for the I.M.C.
A poor man fights and dies for what a rich man only believes,
Sure as a blind man does not see the floor.

Then they sold us down the face of the might river,
Sold turpentine for tea.
Hold me now it's the evil liberator,
And he's coming with a gang of thieves.

And they say no battleship too big for the war emporium.
It's give it all you got son and go back to where you're from.
'Cause we're hiding in the wings, we're the super neocons.

We got bombs and they got barrels of gasoline.

You know you'll have it coming if you say there is nothing to see.

In the desert night,
They listened for the baying of the hounds.
But it wasn't quite right,
No sign of the weather underground.
And they were keepin' a sharp eye,
But they never saw what they had found.
At last it was only you and me.

Well then they sold us down the face of the might river,
Sold turpentine for tea.
Hold me now it's the evil liberator,
And he's coming with a gang of thieves.

And they say no battleship too big for the war emporium.
It's give it all you got son and go back to where you're from.
'Cause we're hiding in the wings, we're the super neocons.
We got bombs and they got barrels of gasoline. Oh yeah! Oh yeah!

No battleship too big for the war emporium.
It's give it all you got son and go back to where you're from.
'Cause we're hiding in the wings, we're the super neocons.
We got bombs and they got barrels of gasoline.

You know you'll have it coming if you say that there is nothing to see.