

Throbbing Gristle, Zyklon B Zombie

I'm just a little jewish girl
Ain't got no clothes on
And if I had a steel hammer
I'd smash your teeth in
And as I walk her to to the gas chamber
I'm out there laughing

Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie Zombie
Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie Zombie

And if I had a little leather
I'd rub your tail off
I'm just a poor jewish girl
I've got no clothes on
And as I walk into the room
They're all stood laughing

Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie
Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie

And if I had a little manners
I'd beat the call-up
While the people in the chamber
They form a pyramid
And as I kiss the shiny leather
I've got no clothes on

Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie
Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie

AND THEN MY HEAD SPLIT OPEN!

Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie Zombie
Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie

See all these little jewish girls
They have no clothes on
And with my mind I see you
With all your clothes on
And so I spare you from your friends
Who I give Zyklon
Just as they take a big warm breath
Some more pure Zyklon

Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie
Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie
Zyklon Zyklon Zyklon B Zombie (repeat)