

# Titus' Tommy Gunn, Big Brutal Swings

Mad dog on the dance floor  
the king of yesterday...  
the prince of the morons  
the moon at midday  
mentally midget - trivial faggot  
[the] bad fate stole his luck  
the last thing he has got...

In any way  
better run for cover  
somebody says:  
he's gonna spill your blood...  
in any way  
that game is over  
your doctor says:  
there's no place for nuts

Fifty bucks in his snout  
boorish tears for the crowd  
lame duck playing poker  
the second-hand joker  
he's coming like shadow, like a storm cloud  
the bad fate stole his luck  
the last thing he has got...

In any way  
better run for cover  
somebody says:  
he's gonna spill your blood...  
in any way  
that game is over  
your doctor says:  
there's no place for nuts

Sail away, sink at midway  
sail away, find your own wet grave  
sleep under the wave !!!

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somebody says:  
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that game is over  
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