

# TV On The Radio, Dry Drunk Emperor

Baby boy  
Dyin' under hot desert sun  
Watch your colors run

Did you believe the lie they told you  
That Christ would lead the way  
And in a matter of days he'd  
Hand us victory

Did you buy the bull they sold you  
That the bullets and the bombs  
And all the strong-arms  
Would bring home security

All eyes upon  
Dry Drunk Emperor  
Gold cross jock skull and bones  
Mocking smile  
He's been  
Standin' naked for a while

Get 'im gone  
Get him gone  
Get him  
Gone  
And bring all the theives to trial

End their false promise and their dream  
Watch it turn to steam  
Rise in to the nose of some cross-legged god  
Gog and Magog  
End times sort of thing

Oh unmentionable disgrace  
Shield the children's faces  
As all the monied apes  
Display unimaginably poor taste  
In a scramble for mastery

'atta boy  
Get 'im with your gun  
'Till Mister Megaton  
Tells us when we've won  
Or  
What we're gonna leave undone

All eyes upon  
Dry Drunk Emperor  
Gold cross jock skull and bones  
Mocking smile  
He's been  
Standin' naked for a while

Get 'im gone  
Get 'im gone  
Get him  
Gone  
And bring all his thieves to trial

What if all the father's and the sons  
Went marching with their guns  
Drawn on Washington

That would seal the deal

Show if it was real  
This supposed freedom

What if all the bleeding hearts  
Took it on themselves  
To make a brand new start

Organs pumpin' on their sleeves  
Paint murals on The White House  
Feed the leaders  
L.S.D.

Oh grab your fife and drum  
Grab your gold baton  
Let's meet on the lawn

Shut down this hypocrisy