

Pretenders, The "Hold A Candle To This"

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Hey

So much for bannin' the bomb
The President's wife is carryin' a hand gun
If you want blood sports for fun now
They call me 'the hunter' better run now
You hear a crack in the distance baby
Your phoney matin' calls resistance maybe
Don't smile, we're gonna get you
We'll have your rifle off you too
Oh, gimme a kiss
And hold the candle to this

Foxy lady dressed to kill
You say you won't but you will
What's on your face and your breath Mama?
You wear your glory or death Mama
The liberation's on the way
Every dog gonna have it's day
Pack up your rape racks and crush box out of hell
Farmer in the dell
Oh, please I insist
Now hold the candle to this

Bring on the ecstasy and the bliss
Bring on my wedding day and everybody's birthday
Blow up the abattoir, detonate
We're goin' home to where the buffalo roam

Old MacDonald had a farm, E I E I O
An' on his farm there was a cow
There's a new generation
From Osaka, Siam and Saigon
The sailors mixed it on the shore
They were makin' love and makin' war
Well here's a present for the navy
Same meat, different gravy
Those chicks will find you, that's for sure
One, two, three, four, tell the people what she wore
You're American Miss
Oh, hold a candle to this

Oh

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