

Streets, The

"He's Behind You, He's Got Swine Flu"

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He's Behind You. He's Got Swine Flu
Oooooooooooooo
Make a sacrifice for society's sake (No)
Decapitate your mate

You started sneezing
I could see that you were freezing
In the heat of this
Really unbelievable evening
The streets were all empty
But for overturned cars billowing smoke
From the sparce roads, clothes and sky
The brain dead in face markes wandered arm
stretched
Sizzling bacon from beyond the far-fetched
I'd never hurt my friend til the very burning end
Is what flirtingly I'd said to my best friends head

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The story then was told
It got gory it unfolded
Broadcasters blasting out stories of the poorly
I don't advocate anarchy in any way
But I saw him scratch a rash
And i had to grab an axe
We've all known eachother
Since the groans of our mothers
And throwing with our brothers
Little stones in the river
The fact that my man might not actually expire
Caused me some ire while I hauled him under fire

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Theres something that I need to share with you all
I can't go on lying I'm developing sores
I'm turning, I'm burning up, I'm turning back bro
I'll hold them off while you turn and run

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