

## Bad English

### "Battle Hymn Of The Repugnant"

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She's a tramp and he's a loser  
In a smoky bar from kafka's darkest dreams  
And the critics know what crap is hip to swallow  
It's all high volume  
Her leather comes off in the back room  
And a million screaming morons call it art  
So much fun is not fun any longer  
It's all high volume

High volume  
As if I was the one to say  
If it's right or if it's wrong  
Close your eyes until it goes away  
Turn it up until you hear the song  
She's as sweet as skin, as deep as candy  
But if it sells they'll never wonder why  
'til the posers and the preachers mate like mongrels  
It's all high volume

High volume  
High volume

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