

Bongwater

"Crime"

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The clouds cut like lightening

Isn't that frightening?

Like warm lines on ice

Not very nice

Fire on jet masters men out of life

Napalm and men are like Judas & Christ

You were yellow or red and then black & blue

I never could take my pretty eyes off of you

We saw them running and we put them in line

HOW DID THEY WIN against a 300 mile an hour CRIME?

I'm wired with fire

No one can bust me

No one can find...

No one can fell me

Bongwater Crime

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