

Bongwater

"Ye Olde Backlash"

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Like a bump from behind, a tug on her purse
Til you want what you find, it only gets worse
They talk of charisma but I don't get it
If I spoke German maybe I'd let it
Make me sing
In the back of a limousine
Sing of love in quarantine
Lala-La-La-La_Lala-La-La-La...
No more of Jim, No more Marilyn
No more lies we all share in
No more Vicious, No more Dean
No No No more green tambourine
No more rockers, No more Mods
Smash the idols, make new Gods
Then kill them too,
Look beyond, Look inside of you
Look around, Look below, Look in-between
From the back of a limousine
Sing of love in quarantine
Lala-La-La-La_Lala-La-La-La...
Ye Olde Backlash

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