

Centro-matic

"The Blisters May Come"

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Yeah the blisters may come
Won't you come on down now?
The arrogance lifts to the chromium sound
And the chorus was done
As they marched on downtown
For governer's hanging now.
With papers and currency
And their fireproof stares
Wagering proceeds, and trading off shares
And they squandered the funds
On the liquor left spare
At the governer's hanging now.
And upward we rise!
By selling our lies!
Merchandise trades!
And the currency made!
From the governer's hanging now.
And the blisters may come
Won't you come on down now?
While the audience twitches to the safety dance sound
Execution was done
And they cleaned up downtown
From governer's hanging now.

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