

D.I. "Lexicon Devil"

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[Originally by Germs]

I'm a lexicon devil with a battered brain and i'm lookin'
for a future-the world's my aim so gimme gimme your
hands-gimme gimme your minds- gimme gimme this-
gimme gimme tha-yea-yea-t i want toy tin soldiers that
can push and shove i want gunboy rovers that'll wreck
this club i'll build you up and level your heads we'll run
it my way cold men and politics dead... (chorus) i'll get
silver guns to drip old blood let's give this established
joke a shove we're gonna wreak havoc on this rancid
mill i'm searchin' for something even if i'm killed...
(chorus) empty out your pockets-you don't need their
change i'm giving you the power to rearrange together
we'll run to the highest prop tear it down and let it
drop...away... (chorus)

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