

Deuce

"The Final Blast"

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Now let me tell you how she makes me laugh
It's so curious to me
She had a word with angels in the past
They agreed to disagree

Said woo hoo hoo what a blonde, what a blonde

She likes to know the singer in the band
The attraction of the flame
It wasn't hard to take a moral stand
Right before the Germans came

Woo hoo hoo what a blonde, what a blonde

Look out she's going to make a fuss
Before she turns into dust
A twisted view will do you all some good
Enemy of the middle class
How about a gun to your chest
A little cursed, a little blessed and less is less

It's true

She's crass, she is golden
She wouldn't ask me no advice
I've seen her eyes in mine
She is crass, she is golden

Look out she's going to make a fuss
Before she turns into dust
A twisted view will do you all some good
Enemy of the middle class
Don't put a cherry in the glass
If it's all too much to ask, let the final blast
Come soon

Every single thing is political
There are different shades of black
Don't you ever take it personal
There is love in the attack

Woo hoo hoo what a blonde what a blonde

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