

Die Hunns "The Unity"

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We got on the train from Bolum Germany
Me and a couple of mates, runnin' since yesterday
Drinkin' on the fast track, krooked on the straits
Those whack shack boys were gone out they ain't
Far enough away from me. Castles had the motes
Inside Bavarian walls hashed out in the cloaks,
A guide in the Russian hoods well I smell my destiny,
Peltin' me with batteries weather zero Celsians,
And not a word in edge. The Unity, I don't fit in their
family!
The Unity, they can't get enough of me. Pubbed out in
Hamburg,
I froze in the Paris ports
I got away from the border Duane's terminal U.S.A.
Wiped off that sidewalk war crimes of punk rock
Kick off that tour bus there ain't no Unity for me.
I was on the plane escape from Unity
X-mas emptied, once again, home without a cent.

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