

Electric Six "Rip It!"

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"Rip It!"

When a problem needs a problem solver
Guess who gets the call?
Me that's all

You're duelling with a plugged revolver
Guess who dropped the ball
The writing's on the wall

The French sent us copper lady
Long since turning green
From New York to Los Angeles
And all points in-between
Burning 50 million MegaWatts of
Gasoline

I accept my destiny
I shall start a legacy
The likes of which you've never seen
Make them rip it
Rip it clean
I accept my destiny
I am a ripping machine
So help me!

Rip it! Rip it!
Rip it! Rip it!
Rip it! Rip it!

You're listening to your politicians
They claim to speak to God
Can't you see it's just a fraud?
You're rituals and superstitions
Don't you find them kind of odd?
Might as well kneel before Zod

The French sent us a copper lady
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Burning 50 million MegaWatts of

Rip it!

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