

Lara Martelli

"Sylvestre Matuschka"

Visit "[Sylvestre Matuschka](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Red Alert from the Dairy Queen
To the Vatican from Panama City
Yeh... Yeh...
Calling Pope John Paul, ole buddy, ole pal
Hey - lemme crash at your place for a while
Yeh... Yeh...
I know I've shot your priests all full of holes
But you forgave the guy who shot you
I'm being persecuted, man
Let me in, let me in
Yeh... Yeh...
Voodoo priestesses and interplanetary crack
I shall be released, thanks to my red underwear
Dignity Battalions terrify and rule the streets
Pictures of the Smurfs tattooed on the sides of their
jeeps
When the mouse that roared
Bites the elephant that feeds
Ringmaster cracks
20,000 whips
Yeh... Yeh...
All I did was double-cross the CIA
G.E. and Lockheed do that every day
Yeh... 'Aw yeh...
The Gringoes siezed all my pottery frogs
And teddy bears dressed in cammo fatigues
The Hitler poster by the Christmas tree
Save me, Tipper
They're blasting Bon Jovi at me
At me
Voodoo priestesses and interplanetary crack
I shall be released, thanks to my red underwear
Sex with boys and girls in my chopper high in the sky
When kinder gentler bombs
Explode in thousand points of light
Cara de Pina - Muere! Muere!
Cara de Pina - Muere! Muere!
Corrupto! Asesino!
Asesino!
The place is surrounded
I can't get away

Even sent the Stealth bomber
Just to prove it'll fly
For Yankee teen anguish
Use Pineapple Face
As American as where Coca Cola got it's name
Yeh... Oh yeh...
I promise, monsignor, you can trust me
I'll even goon tour with David Crosby
Yeh... Yeh...

Visit [Lara Martelli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.