

Leatherface "Kill DJ's"

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Missing link encrusted in diamente
Polishing turds in the name of records
Call a turd a tune give me Keith Moon
Let the music play because if you speed
It up again I might kill you
It's the only way we'll get anything new today
And you remember this you played it first
Took it off and played something worse
Will I have to kill you where'd those drums come from
Grease proof paper hit by old scones and someone
pays you
And the sick and the tired we are so sick and tired
Of familiar tunes I'll just have to kill you and I'm sick
and tired
Of familiar tunes will I have to kill you *man*
They hate the music they play kill DJ's for fuck sake
Remember when you'd hear a song you sing it all day
long
Every word had meaning to in one hundred years you'd
Still remember every word millennium fever is truly
here
And give a hippy a gun he'd sample it a for a drum
But me I'd have to kill you
And the sick and the tired are so sick and tired
Of familiar tunes now I'll have to kill you and the sick
and tired
Of the tunes I'll have to kill you and
They hate the music they play kill DJ's for fuck sake
You missing link encrusted in diamente
Polishing turds in the name of records
Call a turd a tune why not me Keith Moon
That's why I'll kill you and
Leave me alone and give me a tune for fuck sake

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