

Live "Century"

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Everybody's here
Puke stinks like beer
This could be a city
This could be a graveyard
You stole my idea
You stole my idea

Everybody's anxious
For the comin' of the crisis
The collapse of the justice
I can smell your armpits
You stole my idea
You stole my idea
You stole my idea
This puke stinks like beer
Everybody's here

So come on, come on, come on
Let's lay a waste to this century
Come on, come on, come on
Return to nothin'

Everybody's anxious
The crowd is all around us
The followers of Aldous
Are spinning with their Mescaline
A man behind the altar screams
You stole my idea
You're my idea
This puke stinks like beer
Everybody's here

So come on, come on, come on
Let's lay a waste to this century
Come on, come on, come on
Return to nothin', help me

Come on, come on, come on
Let's lay a waste to this century
On the edge of a kiss, smack on the lips
Dangled the tongue
On the edge of a peace that can't stand low

Won't stand tall, ohh

Come on, come on, come on
Let's lay a waste to this century
Come on, come on, come on
Return to nothin', help me
Ooh yea dah dah

Come on, come on, come on
It's amazing what we can do with love
With some matches and gasoline, do with love
It's amazing what we can do with love
Ooh ooh hoo ooh

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