

# Dad "Jihad"

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From the steamin' Mekong delta to the shores of  
Tonkin bay  
Bombs of jellied gasoline is making night as bright as  
day  
And the mogul's hard tank masters adore their new  
grenades  
And the D A D find their 9" shells great for border raids

Yeah, I'm superfluous, furious, I've done it again  
I reach 50 when I count to 10

Jihad, I'm getting mad  
And there's no fuel left for the pilgrims  
Jihad, I'm getting mad  
And there's no fuel left for the pilgrims

And you can shake your fist at the TV set  
And you can slam your hand in the table  
And you can cry and curse through tight locked teeth  
Just as hard as you are able

But you can't run away from trouble  
'Coz there ain't no place that far  
No fuel left for the pilgrims  
Yeah, that's just the way we are

'Coz I'm superfluous, furious, I've done it again  
I reach 50 when I count to 10

Jihad, I'm getting mad  
And there's no fuel left for the pilgrims  
Jihad, I'm getting mad  
And there's no fuel left for the pilgrims

This is tower again, do you read me?  
You can get the girls and you can get the video  
machine  
But the fuel you asked for, you cannot have  
(What? blow me to heaven)

Jihad, I'm getting so mad, I'm getting so mad  
Who's mad, I'm mad, so mad

Jihad, I'm getting mad  
And there's no fuel left for the pilgrims  
Jihad, I'm getting mad  
And there's no fuel left for the pilgrims

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