

## **Rage Against The Machine** **"Revolver"**

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His spit is worth more than her work  
Pass the purse to the pugilists  
But he's a prizefighter  
And he bought rings and he owns kin  
And now he's swingin', and now he's the champion

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver  
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver

A spotless domain hides festering hopes  
She's certain there's more pictures of fields without  
fences  
A spotless domain hides festering hopes  
She's certain there's more pictures of fields without  
fences

Her body numbs as he approaches the door  
As he approaches the door, as he approaches the door  
As he approaches the door, as he approaches

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver  
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver  
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver

Yeah

Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver  
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?  
Revolver

Revolver  
Revolver  
Revolver

## Revolver

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