

Rebecca Mayes

"Take Me Back To The Eighties"

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You can drop kick your opponents in the teeth
You can hurl dead bodies at their feet but you can't run
free

So take me back to the eighties cause you grew up and
I
didn't like you so much
Take me back to the arcades cause you grew up and I
didn't like you so much

You're no, you're no, you're no spiderman

Trapped in a linear prison, radiated once too often
Every weapon lacks punch they're peashooters
So take me back to the eighties before you grew that
giant chip on your shoulder
Take me back to the arcades where product placement
would
never feature

You're no, you're no, you're no spiderman

Shoot the bad guys, hack the terminal and swing to the
next location

You're no, you're no, you're no spiderman

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