

45 Grave "Black Cross"

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All I got is a Black Cross and two crabs in my left eye.
What you say you want you want, like a lump in your
right thigh.

Chorus

We're going left on right, don't want to see you again,
Going left on right, don't have many friends. Going left
on right, don't want to see you again. Going left on
right, don't have many friends.

You the users of the wheel, stink of oil and electric
eels, users of forbidden tools we must be the fools.

Chorus: repeat

Cancel the world erase history, there is no future as far
as i can see,

Chorus: repeat

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