

Primitive Radio Gods

"The Rise And Fall Of OOO Mau"

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Future star, red guitar, you're gonna go far if you find
a right producer

The world's your toy, super boy, the girls all faint and
you start a new religion

Four-star media whore backdoor encounters with
Madonna, ahh ahh, ahh ahh
Sales fall, lose it all, the crowd moves on and you can't
afford a limo, ahh ahh, ahh ahh

Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau
Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau
Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau
Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau

Pout and cry, fake suicide, then read a book About a
past addiction

Tombstone, all you own, twenty years and no one will
remember

Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau
Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau
Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau
Ooh mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau-mau

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