

## Primitive Radio Gods "Women"

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"Women...women..."

"Women..."

Don't say you love me, life isn't fair  
Who builds the missiles? Who trains the gods?  
And I don't care...So don't be stupid

I am the rod in desperate women  
We can ask for nothing more  
Chocolate legs and velvet horns  
Faceless sailors on the shore

I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll bend you down and stick it in  
I'll be the sole survivor

I'll wear the apron, I'll play the part  
Of modern art...Leo da Vinci  
Why try and save her? She lives in every song

She's like a gong...You've got to bang her  
We can ask for nothing more  
Chocolate legs and velvet horns  
I'll be the sole survivor  
Faceless sailors on the shore

Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll bend you down and stick it in

I'll be the sole survivor  
(lead break)

I'll be the sole survivor  
"5-4-3-2-1...fire!"  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the sole survivor

Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the sole survivor  
I'll be the rising sirens  
I'll bend you down and stick it in

I'll bend you down and stick it in

Submitted by Michael Hack

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