

Rob Zombie "Fast Jungle"

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Fast, fast jungle king of the road fast, fast jungle got a
suicide machine big bad jungle flying down high down
the sewer streets sailing down the river streets
destination light neon number for
O grind and move my way found and kick my way down
and save my way hanging on psychic ride sliding
down fridays child get out now before you cripple shell
crowds a carbon long while a twisted root digs the citys
hold careless saint preach of love modern trash
scream for war citycide going nowhere citycide
nowhere which ung end in a dragstrip crash
leatherman singing for the past painted eyes got a
face to remember king of control dead september do
what I say not what I do leave it to the true beasts the
mindless, motherless dog bitch spread her life on the
fucking floor rip her legs in the shattered glass
retaliation murders retaliation murders now the rot
control the tooth and the dirt in the world say freak
father to brother, sister to mother taste the failure
from one another sometimes all that glitters gold
When it's howling in the widows grave where a broken
skull speak like a God and the head-stone reads --
buddy holly-- join the resurrection rave on in my
direction rave on got to rave on rave on rave on rave on

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