

Rundgren Todd

"Two Little Hitlers"

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Why are we racing to be so old?
I'm up late pacing the floor
I won't be told
You have your reservations
I'm bought and sold

I'll face the music, I'll face the facts
Even when we walk in polka dots and chequer slacks
Bowing and squatting, running after tidbits
Bobbing and squinting just like a nit wit

Two little Hitlers will fight it out until
One little Hitler does the other one's will
I will return, I will not burn

Down in the basement
I need my head examined
I need my eyes excited
I'd like to join the party
But I was not invited
You make a member of me
I'll be delighted

I wouldn't cry for lost souls you might drown
Dirty words for dirty minds, written in a toilet town
Dial me a valentine, she's a smooth operator
It's all so calculated, she's got a calculator
She's my soft-touch typewriter and I'm the great
dictator

A simple game of self respect
You flick the switch and the world goes out
Nobody jumps as you expect
I would have thought you would have had enough by
now

You call selective dating for some effective mating
I thought I'd let you down dear, but you were just
deflated
I knew right from the start, we'd end up hating
Pictures of the merchandise plastered on the wall

We can look so long as we don't have to talk at all

You say you'll never know him

He's not a natural man

He doesn't want your pleasure

He wants as no one can

He wants to know the names of all those he's better
than

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