

Sergeant Smythe

"Shut The Front Door"

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Sold down the river
Left to be raised by Wolves
Black Market liver
Give up your horns and hooves
Left lying naked
Without a clue
Come like a hurricane
Strapped with a plastic gun
Iâ€™m on the front line, canâ€™t feel no pain
Where am I supposed to run
You gonna be there when I go insane
I didnâ€™t think so
So go and try to take me out the game.

Believe me when I say
Iâ€™m not coming back for more
Itâ€™s been a long hard road for free
And now Iâ€™m closing the front door
You tried to make me a puppet
Not gonna stand here looking weak
Time for me to go and blow on my trumpet.

Close your eyes.

Youâ€™re under pressure
Breaking a sweat
Make you feel the pain
Donâ€™t touch the treasure
Before you leave me out in the rain.

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