

Sex Gang Children

"Home"

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Words that changed the world were never taught
before
In a darkened cage you swore to me
In the light of day I see my stolen self
Poverty and greed, I have no need
Smile and sorrow kind of go, let me grieve or let me
know,
Let me steal where I find pain
Demonize those Jesus eyes, just another day
The sum of man is all that he can
Images of war came knocking at my door
Across the land the troubled man is out of hand
Super Bug in the blink of an eye, Death Jet race all over
my face
Back on line no guarantee, witness to a television
murder spree!
Red West knows best when he jump onto charity
Dirty Bertie and Flirty Flo show me the way to go home
Motorways and takeaways, and mercury at Safeway
And you don't need a gun says Saatchi!
'You're so full of shite! ' said the modern muscovite
'I'm used to the murder of millions! '
Presidents eating residents who sleep with their dogs
Instead of the wives, it's all pussy to me
Show me the way to go home
Obsession, possession, malnutrition rhythm
The Moscow mule is not such a fool
Trader rogue back in vogue, has it really come to this?

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