

Sex Gang Children

"Immigrant"

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Laugh out loud as I spit in your face
Show no respect for the consumer day knave
Little man I've had a busy day
Stand out from the crowd with your motions of grace
Contort your face till you look out of place
Contort your race till you're blue in the face
Heads turn around, Anatolia kiss the ground
Money, fortune and fame, throw grenades
Well I spit in your face
Well throw a grenade
I'm losing fast, hey-ho!
Down we go, hey-ho!
Shake to the rhythm of a gnostic quatrain
Till your body is bleeding all over again
Raise your glass to the virgin and the whore
Spreading your body all over the floor
I'm leading the life I've never lived before
And don't walk around with mud on your face
Look at you now you're a total disgrace
You're telling me, you look out of place
Heads turn around, Anatolia kiss the ground
Money, fortune and fame, throw a grenade
Well I spit in your face
Well throw a grenade
Smashing the store, killing the can
Scheming for the mother re-union plan
Oh I talked and I talked of things that didn't matter
Like a fish in batter, and mad as a hatter
So they say you reap as you sow
Moving with grace, live in disgrace
You're telling me, you look out of place
And your name sounds almost religious
Like a book for those who are serious
Like a tranquiliser for those delirious
Heads turn around, Anatolia kiss the ground
Money, fortune and fame, throw a grenade
Well I spit in your face
Well throw a grenade
Well I spit in your face
Well throw a grenade

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