

Sex Gang Children

"Strike Blind"

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Jews for Jesus, for God's sake
I'll be damned, I'll strike blind
I'm rated as a dog, that's a poor choice
But I'll take it, I'll scrape it, and I'll fake it
Holding your tongues for the rest of the world
Get up on the table, give up your ass
This is how I like you, strike blind
Shake in bed, rage in bed
Cage or else, I'll strike blind
Sweet tongue in roses and tungsten steel poses
All in a working man's day
I remember those days in September
And the bogeys cried chaos
If you swing by the string
And they know where you've been
Don't forget to tell them you saw me
No don't stare at the men who drink to the men
The men with the guns in their bellies
And you scorn at the girls with their breasts pressed
hard
Pressed hard up against the window
And I'll kiss you goodbye with a tear in your clothes
And the memory of killing so many
Young and lusty and jumping jack, move without pain
But only at your bidding
So get up, you horse, when you feel the earth quake
Sweet tongue in roses, and tungsten steel poses
All in a working man's day
I remember those days in September
And the bogeys cried chaos
If you swing by the string and they know where you've
been
Don't forget to tell them you saw me
No don't stare at the men who drink to the men
The men with the guns in their bellies
Yes it's doctors who die of brain tumours
And you have the teeth of a carnival promoter
And I'll kiss you goodbye with a tear in your clothes
And the memory of killing so many
How is my chou-chou, oh where are you now?
Yes I'm sometimes a jew, but always a nigger

In innocence and guilt, I'll strike blind!
The bitch that bore you is on heat again
She is the kind that wins, when the terrible price is paid
Honey-bane, all over again
Throw your money on the floor
Throw back your head, and strike blind!
I'll kick them and tear them, I will never spare them
Is love like a killer's den?
If you swing by the string, shout and tell them you saw
me
And my mother's a target if they pay me enough
And my conscious died with my father
Yes it's doctors who die of brain tumours
And you have the teeth of a carnival promoter
Well I Kiss you good-bye, if they pay me enough
If they pay me enough, I'll strike blind!
And you scorn at the girls with their breasts pressed
hard
Pressed hard up against the window
No don't stare at the men who drink to the men
The men with the guns in their bellies
Yes it's doctors who die of brain tumours
And you have the teeth of a carnival promoter
And I'll kiss you goodbye with a tear in your clothes
And the memory of killing so many

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