

## Sex Gang Children

### "The Quick Gas Gang"

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I can't walk, and I don't talk, and I can't see a thing  
Over the balcony and into the chair, I didn't see a thing  
And the boys are all exhausted down to the last man  
Drink to old gunpowder and fall with a bang  
Bouncing banjoes overhead scratching round and  
round  
Hot and nervous, heavenbound, scratching round and  
round  
I'm a good boy, she's a bad boy, always safe and  
sound  
She'll twist and pain with time to gain  
Her feet won't touch the ground  
Song of a bomb, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Drink to old gunpowder and fall with a bang  
Hollow cheers and yellow jeers, just something to be  
proud of  
Babes in bottles feeding dolls, that's something to be  
proud of  
Don't sit awkward, don't dare slouch  
Don't walk around with your hand in your mouth  
Song of a bomb, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Power of a gun, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Drink to old gunpowder and fall with a bang  
Jokers and smokers, and all night caine-cokers  
Street fighters see-sighters day  
It's a national crime just to hear the clock chime  
In the absence of father and all his friends  
I'll use and I'll lose, and I'll often abuse  
And I'll talk with you all night and day  
But I can't understand with these holes in your hands  
You talk the same way I always do  
Whites too smart to write on walls walking down blacks  
lane  
Eerie-po and Irie-ho playing little games  
I'm blade and grey and away today, driving hard and  
thrust  
I'm not looking for a year, I'm feeling just the same  
Song of a bomb, fall with a bang

Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Power of a gun, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Drink to old gunpowder and fall with a bang  
Come and see me later, only if you can  
Don't you tell your mama for she'll catch you if she can  
Song of a bomb, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Drink to old gunpowder and fall with a bang  
I'm blade and grey and away today, running round and  
round  
He's burning peel and stallion steel  
His feet don't touch the ground  
Song of a bomb, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang with the quick gas gang  
Power of a gun, fall with a bang  
Fall with a bang, with the quick gas gang  
Drink to old gunpowder and fall with a bang  
Fleet and farm, how can I harm with my lead-flow  
charm?  
I'm a national outbreak, I'm the scandalous poet  
With a gasoline habit for you  
Speak to me talk to me, please don't ignore  
It may never happen this way again  
Jokers and smokers and all night caine-cokers  
Bishops and bankrobbers play  
Speak to me, talk to me, please don't ignore me  
It may never happen this way again  
I'll use and I'll lose, and I'll often abuse  
And I'll talk with you all night and day  
Speak to me, talk to me, please don't ignore me  
It may never happen this way again

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