

Space "Hell's Barbecue"

Visit "[Hell's Barbecue](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's our town now
No one can touch us
We are young
If we do wrong
Please don't tell us till tomorrow

The world is ill
And while the barbecues are burnin'
We'll run wild
Must be the fault of global warming

Perverts are taking over
Here in Hells Barbecue

And while Heaven sleeps
Hell starts to party
The thieves are out
And they're sneaking through your door
There's a sickness here
In this psycho-circus town
Makes tempers rise with the killing of the sun

Perverts are taking over
Perverts are taking Suburbia
Something has got to give
Here in Hells Barbecue

Once a month and
Only on a Sunday
Do it with the lights out
Over in a hurry
Young and single
Lost and alone
In a top floor flat
With a hole in the wall
The streets are full of Neanderthal men
How can we make the grass grow green again?
Lock all your doors and close all the curtains
If they get in they're gonna leave hurtin'

Perverts are taking over
Perverts are on your case

Is there safety in numbers
Here in Hells Barbecue

Once a month and
Only on a Sunday
Do it with the lights out
Over in a hurry
Young and single
Lost and alone
In a top floor flat
With a hole in the wall
The streets are full of Neanderthal men
How can we make the grass grow green again?
Lock all the doors and close all the curtains
If they get in they're gonna leave hurtin'

Visit [Space](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.