

## **Falcon, The**

### **"The Angry Cry Of The Angry Pie"**

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You want a piece of me?  
I'm like a razor blade  
I'm like a pound of blubber smothering a live grenade  
These are the days when the TV always stays on  
The show keeps running after the audience has all  
gone home

I'm like a vampire  
With this taste for blood  
Without the makeup and the cape I'm just a fucking  
hood  
These are the nights that none of us will live to forget  
Lying face down as the monkeys rain down

She's one of the guys  
Pounding that beat all night  
When the blood and all the makeup dries

You want a piece of me?  
Then join the daisy chain  
I'm like a fucking band leader for the hit parade  
I'm cracked like a speaker and I speak like a cracker,  
oh

These are the trip wires  
And I'm a loaded gun  
And you're the burning tires  
The burning fires  
The days have come  
I did not believe it  
'Til I smelled it, then I had to see it

She's one of the guys  
Pounding that beat all night  
When the blood and all the makeup dries  
(You were first in line)

Did you know you're my motherfucking, motherfucking  
hero?  
The wind beneath my wings is burnt and stale  
Oh, mmm

You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
You want a piece of me?  
Well, come one

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