

The Dictators

"Burn, Baby, Burn!!"

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I crave the flesh of the sacred cow
Charred and dripping fat
I love the sight of a baby lamb
Spinning on the rack

I say, burn, burn
Burn, baby, burn!!

My guitar player likes to know the bone
And suck the marrow out
He plays a Marshall stack twenty feet tall
And grills a porterhouse

I say, burn, burn
Burn, Ross, burn!!

Plantkillers, plantkillers
Plantkillers try to rule my world
Plantkillers, plantkillers
Plantkillers try to rule my world

The grill's hot, my knives sharpened
Got a bass-o-matic and a hunger pang

Why do the Sioux hunt the buffalo?
Why do they love the pig in Spain?
Why do the big fish eat the small?
Why do we even have to eat at all

Cause, life feeds on, life feeds on
Life feeds on, life feeds on, life feeds on

Look at me now
Look at me now
Look at me now
I'm on top of the food chain

I am the carnivore
I am the omnivore
I am the matador
That's what my teeth are for

Burn
Burn, baby, burn!!
Burn, baby, burn!!
Burn, baby, burn!!
Burn, baby

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