

## Immaculate Machine

### "Army"

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Turn off the radio, cause it means nothing to me  
anymore  
There's a silkscreen press in the basement, and an old  
guitar  
I've got a good idea!  
You think we're gonna give in,

Well we're not gonna join your army  
We're gonna start our own  
And we'll fight until we win or lose it

We know something's wrong, eighty-four and ninety-  
nine to one  
We know something's wrong, cause real punks don't  
go to hair salons  
Try to turn the counter culture into a fashion market  
You think we're scared,

Well we're not gonna join your army  
We're gonna start our own  
And we'll take power with our music  
Oh! Oh, oh!  
Oh! Oh, oh!  
We're not gonna join your army  
We're gonna start our own  
And we'll fight until we win or lose it  
Oh! Oh, oh!  
Oh! Oh, oh!

We're not gonna join your amry...  
We're not gonna join your amry...

Turn off the radio, cause it means nothing to me  
anymore  
We'll take the unmarked roads, and communicate in  
secret codes  
And you may never understand  
We said we wouldn't give in,

And we're not gonna join your army  
We're gonna start our own

And we'll take power with our music  
Oh! Oh, oh!  
Oh! Oh, oh!  
We're not gonna join your army  
We're gonna start our own  
And we'll fight until we win or lose it  
Oh! Oh, oh!  
Oh! Oh, oh!

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