

Melvins, The "Lexicon Devil"

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I'm Lexicon Devil with a batt-erd brain
Looking for the future, worlds my aim!
So gimme gimme your hands-gimme gimme your
minds-
Gimme gimme this-gimme gimme tha-ea-ea-ea-ttt!

I want toy tin soldiers that can push and shove
I want gunboy rovers that'll wreck this club
I'll build you up and level your heads
We'll run it my way cold men and politics dead...

I'll get silver guns to drip old blood
Let's give this established joke a shove
We're gonna wreak havoc on this rancid mill
I'm searchin' for something even if I'm killed...

Empty out your pockets-you don't need their change
I'm giving you the power to rearrange
Together we'll run to the highest prop
Tear it down and let it drop...away...

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