

Venerea "Hurrah For The Filth!"

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quiet twilight side street, Amsterdam
suddenly a lonesome engine drone
the boys with the blue lights want out in the red
they long to hear the sirens turn them on
undercover
with their truncheons of steel
they wanna cop a feel

they fuck the order
fuck the law
with their facist retribution

fuck the order
fuck the law
and their facist retribution
fucking pigs

cruising for a bruising of the pain
handcuffed to the strong arm of the law
but there's no need to be alarmed
the tinted windows kepp them from
the grieving's bodily harm
GBH

when the guns are fired and the smoke has blown
all the rockers will have to roll home
and hopefully the heat won't be so hot
as to get out and get another shot
in the strong arm of the law

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