

## Hung Up Down

The Family

What the hell bad eggs don't smell  
When glossed with sleek perfume  
So who's to cry, the politicians' lie  
When they know damn well that they do  
Maybe they're hung up down next stop  
They'll maybe turn around  
Every other way, every other way than  
I want them to be  
Is it so sad when men turn bad  
To rob and steal from friends  
While men who count large bank amount  
Make wars for their own ends  
{REPEAT CHORUS}  
The grossest spew of World War Two  
Turns some men inside out  
But make them ride with coal black hides  
They're not so pure throughout  
{REPEAT CHORUS}