

## Pump up the Volume

Billy Woods

If we don't win by the ballot, it's back to the bush  
Build an African Death Star out of callouses, children's swollen stomachs  
Push into the Presidential Palace, big cigars ablaze  
No need for the suitcase, we already dug the graves  
And those pumps work like slaves (Chop chop)  
So when we let the machetes coup de grace  
200 million barrels a day was all we saw  
One Monkey Don't Stop No Show (No way)  
Back in business, see that pipeline? Now I control the flow  
Let Switzerland hold the dough  
Tel Aviv can grind anything we get out those mines  
Get Washington on the satellite phone, promise a price freeze  
Guarantee the safety of Royal Dutch Shell employees  
Increase the Mobil/Exxon concession  
And send our militias more weapons  
Purge the unions, assassinate the students, but keep promising elections  
I don't want to put on the BBC and see anything about repression

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Gucci aviators with the mirrored lenses  
Sippin' champagne in the Seychelles  
Living like this, boy it do get expensive  
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The village stands in the midst of such rapacious pillage  
We live with murky rivers and oil spillage  
Around here it's never dark, we live in the sparks  
Perpetual gas flares look like rustin' Olympic torches  
Black Gold medalists on derrick platforms surrounded by armed forces  
Last thing we need is another daughter  
Don't drink the water, don't breathe the air  
Don't talk to any reporters' tape recorders  
Special Forces the only ones with cold beer and fresh vegetables  
Knocking late at night, cold fear grips your testicles  
They pushin' in asking for you, her and him  
They got lots of questions about what you were doing with them  
And who told who what, when

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