

Lexicon Devil

D.I.

[Chorus:]

I'm a lexicon devil with a battered brain
I'm searching for a future, the world's my aim so
Gimme gimme your hands, gimme gimme your minds
Gimme gimme your hands, gimme gimme your minds
Gimme gimme this, gimme gimme tha-yea-yea-t...

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...

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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...

[Chorus]