

Junkrap

Dan Bull

Stop me, oh-oh-oh, stop me
Stop me if you think that you've heard this one before
Stop me, oh-oh-oh, stop me
Before you turn up burnt and red raw
Here's a fun fact
Out in the outback, Junkrat
Tick tock boomed and kaboomed
Like the kick on this drum track
Been there, done that, Junkrat
Tick tock boomed and kaboomed
Like the kick on this drum track

The drunkard down under's coming out of junker town
So hunker down unless you want your bowels flung around
There's nothing else quite as rowdy as the punk sound
A literal wall of death in the mosh pit
Tough crowd
Rolling a rip-tire, stroll in and set fire
To the whole of civilization, inconsolable Sid Meier
Forever going lower as if he's holding a zip wire
Him and Roadhog are like Silas Davis and Nick Myatt
A lovable couple of misfits
Looking for mischief
They'll come to your district
And crumble your biscuits
You can insist you want them to quit this
It's your privilege
But I wouldn't be so dumb as to risk it
Civil discussion isn't really up on their list
To get done
They just want to get some, that's step one
Also step two, three, four, and five
You get the gist and I suggest you don't suggest
That's quite a repetitive list

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Hating Omnics, they make him vomit
Like a plate of pubic shavings in a bacon omelette, gnarly
What a volatile horrid child
Dropping a bomb in your domicile
Human missile, bodies in a bloody pile
One can find him in the supermarket in the rocket aisle
Doing his weekly atrocity shopping and stockpiling
For the time when things got violent, cocky smile
This nutter's done it doggy style with a crocodile
The map isn't a battleground, it's a playpen

To make friends so they can share the mayhem
Came back from Home Depot with a bag of demolishing tools
A labourer trading in pain, sod college and school
Knowledged in cruelty, tossing steel traps and damaging fools
Once he stole the Queen's hat and ran with the jewels
But can they prove he made it happen? Unlikely
It was only chapter one of an international crime spree

From country to country, he ran and fled
Flouting the bounty upon his head
Getting riled up and rowdy, he's wanted dead
And shouting proudly about it, here's what he said

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