

Heads Will Roll

Echo & the Bunnymen

Partly politic heads will roll
Mostly politic God must call
Till the winning hand
Does belong to me

What if no one's calling
God then must be falling

If I ever met you in a private place
I would stare you into the ground
That's how I'd articulate
The value of my face, the value on my face

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God then must be falling
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