

Don't Get Your Hair Cut

Gama Bomb

What happened to you
Did you get scared and go to mass?
We used to be youngbloods
Till your head went up your ass
Was it in you from the sinews?
Your heart is so unkind
Opened up the crack that let
Them slip inside your mind

Inside your mind

You piss out petty poisons
So why should I be silent?
You only think of number one
You're making me feel violent
Someone died and made you God
You went a little Thatcherite
You went down the rabbit hole
Growing hard and full of spite

Bit by bit
Brick by brick
You got sour
A little sick
Changed your spots
But not mine
I'd be your enemy
I have to choose a side

Hard and fast
Built to last
Got you in my sights
Bash the fash
Out on the lash
Long hair till I die

Turn and look me in the eye
You know I'll never let it slide
Don't come to me for sympathy
The truth is all you'll get none from me
Slán go fóill my auld slíbhín
Arrivederci, get on your feet

You think it's all hilarious
You know better than before
You're down among the morons
You want to be their lord
I'm wearing all the clothes
I used to wear when we were friends
But everything is different
When your decency is spent

Bit by bit
Start to sink
Turning sour
Opinions stink
I'm still on fire

You went cold
I fight the fight
You sell your soul

Hard and fast
Built to last
Got you in my sights
Bash the fash
Out on the lash
Long hair till I die

Grease those shiny shoes and slide on