

Oh in the desert they gave you the slip Rohypnol
Chip on your shoulder the scotch tasted much older than before
Nightly occurrence
The men laughed it off like it was a bore to them
And they were right
Feminine encounters were in sight
F The Delano

Named of the leader who favored a nation after his own
Into the desert he pushed all the Nips, he wasn't alone
Speech with a fury
Sentenced with no plan ahead of you
Without a heart
No winning hand for any man or child
F Delano

Oh in the desert where no one should live, it wasn't our home
And in the winter our sentence was stiff, we froze to the bone
Summer was sunny, but history, funny to settle with...
Was he right?
Innocence without a proper fight?
Fight!
F Delano!