

## Kill Dj's

Leatherface

Missing link encrusted in diamente  
Polishing turds in the name of records  
Call a turd a tune give me Keith Moon  
Let the music play because if you speed  
It up again I might kill you  
It's the only way we'll get anything new today  
And you remember this you played it first  
Took it off and played something worse  
Will I have to kill you where'd those drums come from  
Grease proof paper hit by old scones and someone pays you  
And the sick and the tired we are so sick and tired  
Of familiar tunes I'll just have to kill you and I'm sick and t  
ired  
Of familiar tunes will I have to kill you \*man\*  
They hate the music they play kill DJ's for f\*\*k sake  
Remember when you'd hear a song you sing it all day long  
Every word had meaning to in one hundred years you'd  
Still remember every word millennium fever is truly here  
And give a hippy a gun he'd sample it a for a drum  
But me I'd have to kill you  
And the sick and the tired are so sick and tired  
Of familiar tunes now I'll have to kill you and the sick and ti  
red  
Of the tunes I'll have to kill you and  
They hate the music they play kill DJ's for f\*\*k sake  
You missing link encrusted in diamente  
Polishing turds in the name of records  
Call a turd a tune why not me Keith Moon  
That's why I'll kill you and  
Leave me alone and give me a tune for f\*\*k sake