The Bastards Can't Dance

Leatherface

I thought it couldn't happen in my time
A psychologist's dream of regressive things
It's flared up again it's flared up again
I don't think they can know what they are doing
It's a curse and you know that it's worse than the first time
We are survivors of that seventies tragedy
Know know know na know We are survivors *before I know* it's be
yond belief
You know I've seen some things in my time
But nothing as heinous as your Chinos
They've flared up again they keep your shoes dry in the rain
There's plenty of water on your brain
It's absurd but this is the world this is the world
Then the bastards can't dance but no one seems to care
The the the the the The bastards can't dance and no one seems t
o care
I thought it couldn't happen in my time
Psychologist's dream of regressive things
Flared up again flared up again and again and again
I don't think they can know what they are doing
And we are survivors of that seventies tragedy
And their designers are beyond belief
The bastards can't dance and no one seems to care
The the the the the And their designers are beyond belief

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