

# 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