

## Women

### Primitive Radio Gods

Don't say you love me, life isn't fair  
And I don't care  
So don't be stupid  
Who builds the missiles? Who trains the gods?  
I am the rod in desperate women

We can ask for nothing more  
Chocolate legs and velvet horns  
Faceless sailors on the shore

I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the sole survivor  
I'll bend you down and stick it in

I'll wear the apron, I'll play the part  
Of modern art, Leo de Vinci  
Why try and save her? She lives in every song  
She's like a gong  
You've got to bang her

We can ask for nothing more  
Chocolate legs and velvet horns  
Faceless sailors on the shore

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I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the rising sirens  
I'll bend you down and stick it in