

Laugh out loud as I spit in your face  
Show no respect for the consumer day knave  
Little man I've had a busy day  
Stand out from the crowd with your motions of grace  
Contort your face till you look out of place  
Contort your race till you're blue in the face  
Heads turn around, Anatolia kiss the ground  
Money, fortune and fame, throw grenades  
Well I spit in your face  
Well throw a grenade  
I'm losing fast, hey-ho!  
down we go, hey-ho!  
Shake to the rhythm of a gnomie quatrain  
Till your body is bleeding all over again  
Raise your glass to the virgin and the whore  
Spreading your body all over the floor  
I'm leading the life I've never lived before  
And don't walk around with mud on your face  
Look at you now you're a total disgrace  
You're telling me, you look out of place  
Heads turn around, Anatolia kiss the ground  
Money, fortune and fame, throw a grenade  
Well I spit in your face  
Well throw a grenade  
Smashing the store, killing the can  
Scheming for the mother re-union plan  
Oh I talked and I talked of things that didn't matter  
like a fish in batter, and mad as a hatter  
So they say you reap as you sow  
Moving with grace, live in disgrace  
You're telling me, you look out of place  
And your name sounds almost religious  
Like a book for those who are serious  
Like a tranquiliser for those delirious  
Heads turn around, Anatolia kiss the ground  
Money, fortune and fame, throw a grenade  
Well I spit in your face  
Well throw a grenade  
Well I spit in your face  
Well throw a grenade