

Tommy Guns

Svartby

It ain't a plain job
To build delight empires
Not for the green skins
Out of space and time
They deem it's too much
Our red lights, our gin mills
They deem we're feeble,
Ain't worth a rotten dime

A pack of vultures
Wants us either canned or popped
Storm clouds gather
Over trouble boys
Both mobs and coppers
Will come for our heads
They have been warned
Oh well, they had some choice

One more burst
Off you go to dine with angels
One more shot
Kiss the ground, kiss the floor
One more burst
This is our hooch and wenches
One more blast
Send them through the wall!

Oh, the joy of firefight (yeah!)
Tommy Guns will set it right (right!)
What a ritzy, bloody night!

We paint the walls red
We glee at fire flashes
We let the bombs fly
Yet they're pushing on
Why, let them test our
Red velvet, golden fortress
All packing heat, our
Goblin boys are pumping metal

One more burst
Off you go to dine with angels
One more shot
Kiss the ground, kiss the floor
One more burst
This is our hooch and wenches
One more blast
Send them flying through the wall

One more burst
Off you go to dine with angels

One more blast
Send them through the wall!

Oh, the joy of firefight (yeah!)
Tommy Guns will set it right (right!)
What a ritzy, bloody night!