

# Highway Robbery

## The Dillinger Escape Plan

You'd never imagine  
Us bringing a loaded gun  
To the ballroom  
This party's about to kick-off

Tonight is the wrong night  
The devil's own are only starting up  
The first round of the fight  
So hang on tight

Dear mother  
The needle is jabbing the womb  
Draw back... and release  
This child of disease  
Woah... oh yeah

This mob is a riot  
The outlaw youth are only emptying  
The first round of the night  
'Cause everything's not alright

I suppose you thought you had our hands behind our backs  
Wool over our eyes  
Now your pulse is in my palm and you stand hands-to-mouth  
Wearing your disguise

It's pretty apparent  
This boy is a curse  
The Christ... of the moment  
So blow him away  
Hey... come on  
And take the new number  
If you're next in line  
Then kid I got a really big fucking surprise  
There won't be a next time

I suppose you thought you had our hands behind our backs  
Wool over our eyes  
Now your pulse is in my palm  
And you stand hands-to-mouth  
Wearing your disguise

Ooooooooooooo-ooo-oooooooooooo  
Ooooooooo-ooo-oooooooooooo  
Ooooooooooooo-ooo-oooooooooooo-ooo  
Ooooooooo-ooo-oooooooooooo

I suppose you thought you had our hands behind our backs  
Wool over our eyes  
Now your pulse is in my palm  
And you stand hands-to-mouth  
Wearing your disguise

I suppose you thought you  
I suppose you thought you  
I suppose you thought you pulled the wool over our eyes

I suppose you thought you  
I suppose you thought you  
I suppose you thought you pulled the wool over our eyes