

# Murder On My Mind

The Hellacopters

Try to convince yourself that you're doing me a favor  
When not too deep inside you that it ain't so  
So you compete with the arts  
And your act is climbing up the charts  
You can pick up a piece of the latest release with ease  
So easy

You pass out credits and pretend to run the show  
I'd like to think you know - i got murder on my mind

You and your kind are growing fat on others labour  
You steal candy from kids and pat them on their backs  
Got what the public demands  
And the blood of elvis on your hands  
You sell it by the drop and every junkie wanna cop some flavor

Got a remastered revolution out with bonus tracks  
Guess you stabbed a few backs - i got murder on my mind

That simple thing was meant to help and to heal  
Somehow recently it lost it's appeal  
You got it butchered and sold it by the cut  
But hey at least you sold a lot

First you killed the heartbeat  
And then you killed the soul  
You killed rock & roll  
I got murder on my mind