

I've got blood on my hands,  
And sand between my toes  
If the crowd gets too unruly,  
We'll spray 'em with the hose

I'm so bored with the whole thing  
-keep hearing laughter when i turn-  
Seen a million sunlit faces  
But none that really burned

I can't keep myself from laughing  
When I spot someone possessed  
The fool that's always grinning,  
Never quite gets the jest

But I know the one I'm laughing at  
Plays it by the book  
And screams for revolution  
Behind his vacant look

We'll keep their eyes red & runny,  
Kill them in their homes  
Watch them pray forgiveness  
And pay interest on their loans

It was us in the beamers,  
The penthouses & shrines.  
If you want absolution  
We can provide all kinds...

But that's just the way we are  
Our heads in the ozone  
And our minds in shangri-la