

Arms of Cicero

Sex Gang Children

Free from the itch of her sexual desire
I believed in the things that happened to me
So she mastered the art of treating decay
To the babbling madmen with nothing to say
So I'm lower-class tooth and she's iron fisted
I'm gunning for her money in the arms of my Cicero
Give us your guns and we'll give you nirvana
Walk away

Barbers and scullions and charioteers
Are the constant delight of these tooth racketeers
They live in the wake of a pretty young gigolo
Who lives in the arms of this Cicero
She's bully with his eyes and a lover's secret
I smile all the time just like an exile in Mantua
So give us your guns and we'll give you nirvana
Walk away

I'm king of the cafe cone
Chabanas is a sphynx who sells poison and guns
Not for holy reasons
Give us your guns and we'll give you nirvana
Walk away