

Rails and Guns

Svartby

Steaming engine, secret station
Gangsters' hideaway
Loading cargo, precious cargo
Freight of giggle juice

Crate by crate
Due for sale by morning
Car by car
Crew is packing heat

Old rattler in the night
Headlights piercing darkness
There's no fear of rival gangs
As beach and trees roll by

Old rattler in the night
Headlights piercing darkness
Could they guess that engine cabin's
Packed with dynamite?

Bombs go off
Mobsters fall like bowling pins
Green skins hop
From every hole and bin

Goblin mob
Opt for twelve gauge fire mayhem
Human chops
Aren't exactly gunmen
Aren't exactly fighters
Aren't exactly rivals anymore

Hooch crates
Key to dough and dolls
Hereby
Lights the star of goblin mob