

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

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