

# Demolition Men

Toyah

(Words Willcox/Music Lee)

In the labyrinth  
We grow so thin  
We grow protrusions  
That we can fly and fight in  
In the labyrinth  
We grow guns with bullets in  
We've all got a game to play  
And we all want to win  
The world blows so cold  
Around scores of concrete plinths  
In the metropolis we live in  
Stand the President's men  
The ones I have to deceive  
To win the prize I want to win  
Run run run run  
I'm going to gun you down  
Ratatatat  
It's fun to see you run  
Run like rats  
Run in packs  
Run  
Run  
We are the demolition men  
We are the demolition men  
In the labyrinth  
There is no sun  
We are great moon warriors  
With built in guns  
In the labyrinth  
We have all the fun  
Creeping up on the President's men  
And laying them out in one  
The world blows so cold  
Around scores of concrete plinths  
In the metropolis we live in  
Stand the President's men  
The ones I have to deceive  
To win the prize I want to win  
Run run run run  
I'm going to gun you down  
Ratatatat  
We are the demolition men  
We are the demolition men  
We are the demolition men  
We are the demolition men  
WE ARE

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(Words Willcox/Music Bogen)

This is a word  
In your ear  
Can you hear?  
We have come for your minds  
We walk the streets  
Arm in arm  
Hand in hand  
With charm and chance

We are the chosen ones  
We are the moon and sun  
We are lots of fun  
We are the only ones  
We move  
We dance  
We sing  
We burst into flames  
We are the chosen ones  
We are painted ladies  
We are of moon and sun  
We are painted boys  
We are lots of fun  
We are liberators  
We are the only ones  
We are the golden ones  
We move, we dance, we sing  
You touch, we burst into flames  
Yes, this is a word in your ear  
Can you hear?  
We have come for your minds  
We walk the streets  
Arm in arm  
Hand in hand  
With charm and chance  
We are the chosen ones  
We are the moon and sun  
We are lots of fun  
We are the only ones  
We move  
We dance  
We sing  
We burst into flames  
We are the chosen ones  
We are painted ladies  
We are of moon and sun  
We are painted boys  
We are lots of fun  
We are liberators  
We are the only ones  
We are the golden ones  
We move, we dance, we sing  
You touch, we burst into flames  
You know the time has come  
To call a romance  
Take a chance  
Take a leap  
Make a modern classic dream  
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