

Kids With Guns (Jamie T's Turns To Monsters Mix)

Gorillaz

These days it's different (Turning us into monsters)
Kids don't fight with knives anymore (Turning us into fire)
They fight with guns!
Kids got guns! (Turning us into monsters)
It's all desire,
It's all desire

Well it's fine, you know, the son was young
And then he started grow up faster
Parents wondered what went wrong
And then he turned into a little monster

Run! [x7]
Calm down, don't kill me now!

Well I didn't expect much more,
Son was a little scallywag-wag-wagger!
Can't see much more
If a lesson I'd guess
I'd hold it straight away
Back to the point, give him three Coca-Colas
And run away
Write on the walls and then litter
That scallywag of a monster
So Mama, please let us out on the town
We want to drink, we want to fight
We want it all night
We're gonna smash out your neighbour's car
If you don't let us out that door!
It's fine and dandy, I'll just climb out me window!
Leave y'all!
See you later, never liked you anyway
I swear I'm adopted!
STOP IT!

Son was young, then he turned to a monster!

[???)
Calm down, don't kill me now!

I'm the oldest man in the family
I might be just a teenager
But my mind's much sharper than anybody's!
And that's just a drunk drunk drunker!
But I'm back to the point of the matter:
I'm still here!
And I'm still walking out!
See you later, (calm down, don't kill me now!)
I'm gonna get a job
Cause I'm leaving school
Cause I can't do the Clow, the Clow

Heavy heart
Leaving me so low
See you later!
Mama, gonna be breadwinner!
Take your time
Watch ya,
What up?
Don't worry Mama
'Cause I'm a m-m-monster!

These days it's different (Turning us into monsters)
Kids don't fight with knives anymore (Turning us into fire)
They fight with guns! (Turning us into monsters)
Kids got guns! (It's all desire)
It's all desire
And they're turning us into monsters
Turning us into fire
Turning us into monsters
It's all desire
It's all desire

Drinking out
Pacifier
Taking some of
Where you are
Doesn't make sense to
But it won't be long
'Cause kids with guns
Kids with guns
Easy does it, easy does it
They've got something to say mental

Ahhhhhhhhhhhaaaahhhhhh

Calm down, don't kill me now!

Well I never liked you Mama
And I never liked your type of music
In fact, I sold all your CDs out the back of your car
Just to prove it
And I spent the money- HAHA!
Seriously- on all that whiskey!
And that time that I puked up on the doorstep,
And you told me I was a monster!

And now I'm back to tell you
That I will never hang the truth
I'll be back around the way
Soon, before you ever end me
And I'm through

So a killer, that's just me
I'm the killer of a happy family
And that's fine with you, is it?
Fine with me!
Fine, fuck off and die!

Lyrics submitted by Demetres.

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