

Horseshoes And Handgrenades

Ringers

I'm not fucking around
I think I'm coming out
All the deceivers and cheaters
I think we've got a bleeder right now Want you to slap me around
Want you to knock me out
Well, you missed me, kissed me
Now you better kick me down Maybe you're the runner up
But the first one to lose the race
Almost only really counts
In horseshoes and hand grenades I'm gonna burn it all down
I'm gonna rip it out
Well, everything you employ was meant for me to destroy
To the ground now So don't you fuck me around
Because I'll shoot you down
I'm gonna drink, fight and fuck
And I'm pushing my luck all the time now Maybe you're the runner up
But the first one to lose the race
Almost only really counts
In horseshoes and hand grenades Demolition, self-destruction
What to annihilate, this age-old contradiction! Demolition, self-destruction
What to annihilate, this age-old contradiction!
Demolition, self-destruction
What to annihilate, this old age I'm not fucking around
I think I'm coming out
Well, all the deceivers and cheaters
I've think we've got a bleeder right now I'm not fucking around
G-L-O-R-I-A
G-L-O-R-I-A
G-L-O-R-I-A
G-L-O-R-I-A!

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