

# 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!

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Lyrics submitted by Demetres.

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