

Hung Up Down

Family

J. Whitney R. Chapman What the hell bad eggs don't smell

When glossed with sleek perfume

So whose to cry, politicians' lie

When you know damn well they do. CHORUS

Maybe they're hung up down next stop

They'll maybe, maybe turn around

Cos they're every other way than I want them to be.

Is it so bad when men turn bad

To rob and steal from friends

While men who count large bank account

Make wards for their own ends.

Repeat CHORUS

The grossest spew of world war two

Turns some men inside out

But make them ride with coal black hides

They're not so pure throughout. Repeat CHORUS

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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