

Go Tell the Women

Grinderman

We done our thing
We have evolved
We're up on our hind legs
The problems solved We are artists
We are mathematicians
Some of hold extremely
High positions But we are tired
We are hardly breathing
And we're free
Go tell the women that we're leaving We're sick and tired
Of all this self serving grieving
All we wanted was a little consensual rape in the afternoon
And maybe a bit more in the evening We are scientists
We do genetics
We leave religion
To the psychos and fanatics But we are tired
We got nothing to believe in
We are lost
Go tell the women that we're leaving We don't know a thing
We're hip to the sound
Of six billion people
Going down We are magicians
We are deceiving
We're free and we're lost
Go tell the women that we're leaving Hey, hey, hey, hey
Come on, back now till to the fray
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Come on, back now till to the fray
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Come on, back now till to the fray

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