

Old de Spain

Katzenjammer

Old de Spain oppressing me
Promised wealth and fields of gold
Bright sunlight has blinded me (burn, burn, never return)
He ran my life
Manikin style
So now I burn, burn, burn, burn, burn
To never return Oh, oh, oh Old de Spain has a harvest mind
(Burn, burn, never return)
His cracking whip has marked my back
(Burn, burn, never return)
Oh, I was taxed for piles of cash
(Burn, burn, never return)
So I got a can of gasoline
To burn, burn, burn, burn
And never return Oh, oh, oh Old de Spain hiding 'neath his rug
Stop pulling my strings, you smug ol' thug
Oh, this can is ripe for my revolt
This brand of fire and flames
Is now meant for you
So you'll burn, burn, burn, burn, burn And when the sky is colored red
And I'm on my way to another town
Oh, I will get my freedom, sir
Make my own rules, play my own strings
So burn, burn, burn, burn, burn
And never return Oh, oh, oh Oh, you've gotta burn Oh, you've gotta burn Oh, you've gotta burn

Songwriters

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