

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
To never returnOh, oh, ohOld 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 returnOh, oh, ohOld 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, burnAnd 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
And never returnOh, oh, ohOh, you've gotta burnOh, you've gotta burnOh, you've gotta burn

Songwriters

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