

Lexicon Devil (Live At the Whisky 1979)

Germs

I'm a lexicon devil with a battered brain
And I'm lookin' for a future, the world's my aim
So gimme, gimme your hands, gimme, gimme your minds
Gimme, gimme this, gimme, gimme thatI want toy tin soldiers that can push and shove
I want gun boy rovers that'll wreck this club
I'll build you up and level your heads
We'll run it my way, cold men and politics deadI'm a lexicon devil with a battered brain
And I'm lookin' for a future, the world's my aim
So gimme, gimme your hands, gimme, gimme your minds
Gimme, gimme this, gimme, gimme thatI'll get silver guns to drip old blood
Let's give this established joke a shove
We're gonna wreak havoc on this rancid mill
I'm searchin' for something even if I'm killedI'm a lexicon devil with a battered brain
And I'm lookin' for a future, the world's my aim
So gimme, gimme your hands, gimme, gimme your minds
Gimme, gimme this, gimme, gimme thatEmpty out your pockets, you don't need their change
I'm giving you the power to rearrange
Together we'll run to the highest prop
Tear it down and let it drop awayI'm a lexicon devil with a battered brain
And I'm lookin' for a future, the world's my aim
So gimme, gimme your hands, gimme, gimme your minds
Gimme, gimme this, gimme, gimme that

Songwriters

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