

Message from Baghdad

Ian Moss

I got a message from Baghdad
Said that he was doing okay
Said that he could take, good care of himself
Such as rushing to the
Always tootin'™ at women
I never heard from him again

Mmmm

With just a whisper of suspicion
He steps out on to the crowded road
Makes his way, through the puddles and the people
Got to meet some body, got to start car and
He never felt more alive

Now there aint no reason, aint to rhyme
Just in the wrong place, at the wrong time
Gotta be crazy, crazy, to walk these streets in a free fire zone
Now there's™ no going home

Such a perfect little angel
Delivers death behind the wheel
Offers spells to God and families
And with a young heart pounding
She hits a button
And blasts off to paradise

Ohhhh

I got a message from Baghdad
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Ohhh

Got a message from Baghdad
Mmmmm

Lyrics submitted by caitt fraser.

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