

Heaven Runs on Oil

Nightmare Of You

Such derision when you fled
They bruised your lank shins while you were down
Some kicked the crutches from under your arms
You are one sorry story
A lost cause from conceivment
Still I like you and your thinking mind And it's like a good book reads.
Always question your country
There's knives in their blue eyes
So read up and turn off the telly And say you do
Say you love us like I know you will
And that our deaths won't be in vain
Or in the name of gasoline You then displaced to Paris
Claiming your extra baggage
Mashing the fancy of your relatives
Nothing but tactfulness and peace
Outdoor resturants and coffee
Books under your arms insted of crutches. And it's like a good book reads.
Always question your country
There's knives in their blue eyes
So read up and turn off the telly
I said read up turn off the telly And say you do
Say you love us like I know you will
And that our deaths won't be in vain
Or in the name of gasoline And say you do
Say you love us like I know you will
And that our deaths won't be in vain
Or in the name of gasoline The bombs ring
We all sing, "freedom at last!"
The bombs ring
Children scream
Freedom at Last!
The bombs ring
We all sing, "freedom at last!"
The bombs ring
Freedom at last And say that you do
Say you love us like I know you will
And that our deaths won't be in vain
Or in the name And say you do
Say you love us like I know you will

And that our deaths won't be in vain
Or in the name of gasoline

Songwriters

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