

Demolition Men

Toyah

(Words Willcox/Music Lee)

In the labyrinth
We grow so thin
We grow protrusions
That we can fly and fight in
In the labyrinth
We grow guns with bullets in
We've all got a game to play
And we all want to win
The world blows so cold
Around scores of concrete plinths
In the metropolis we live in
Stand the President's men
The ones I have to deceive
To win the prize I want to win
Run run run run
I'm going to gun you down
Ratatatat
It's fun to see you run
Run like rats
Run in packs
Run
Run
We are the demolition men
We are the demolition men
In the labyrinth
There is no sun
We are great moon warriors
With built in guns
In the labyrinth
We have all the fun
Creeping up on the President's men
And laying them out in one
The world blows so cold
Around scores of concrete plinths
In the metropolis we live in
Stand the President's men
The ones I have to deceive
To win the prize I want to win

Run run run run
I'm going to gun you down
Ratatatat
We are the demolition men
We are the demolition men
We are the demolition men
We are the demolition men
WE ARE

(Words Willcox/Music Bogen)

This is a word
In your ear
Can you hear?
We have come for your minds
We walk the streets
Arm in arm
Hand in hand
With charm and chance
We are the chosen ones
We are the moon and sun
We are lots of fun
We are the only ones
We move
We dance
We sing
We burst into flames
We are the chosen ones
We are painted ladies
We are of moon and sun
We are painted boys
We are lots of fun
We are liberators
We are the only ones
We are the golden ones
We move, we dance, we sing
You touch, we burst into flames
Yes, this is a word in your ear
Can you hear?
We have come for your minds
We walk the streets
Arm in arm
Hand in hand
With charm and chance
We are the chosen ones
We are the moon and sun

We are lots of fun
We are the only ones
We move
We dance
We sing
We burst into flames
We are the chosen ones
We are painted ladies
We are of moon and sun
We are painted boys
We are lots of fun
We are liberators
We are the only ones
We are the golden ones
We move, we dance, we sing
You touch, we burst into flames
You know the time has come
To call a romance
Take a chance
Take a leap
Make a modern classic dream
It's A Mystery (C) 1980 Sweet'n'Sour Songs Ltd.
Other Tracks (C) 1981 Sweet'n'Sour Songs Ltd.

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