Do It!

Death From Above 1979

Bam, Bam, Bam my sweet
You can sip it through s straw; you can throw it back neat
Just don't be hesitating, waiting for it
Because in an ideal world they'll be coming for you
Could be tokin' on the bale, could be sniffing out clues
Better stake your faking reputation on it
Do it, do it, just do it!
In a tax-free zone, down a tin can alley
There's a slipper girl-thing and man name Sally
They were talk-talk-talking about a clever little coffin nail
Seems, down at the docks the intended lies awaiting
And the privileged information's gonna get wet too
You can't be too careful when it comes to being careful

Do it, do it, just do it!
There's a man in my street keeps a flock of gray doves
And he's set in his ways, wearing Everlast gloves
His opinion can be beat when push becomes a shove
Says he doesn't give a monkey about the youth of the day
They should all drop dead, should be taken away
Put somewhere cold and all be made to stay
Do it, do it, just do it!
Bag it up, Bag it up
Do it!

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