

Black Ops

Random Axe

Black ops
Black ops
A holiday for secret cops
Black ops
Black ops
Dropping presents from the helicopter

It's been a long year
We've been so far from home
Too many people here
Here come the drones
We take the best of it
And make a mess of it
Ripping up some lawn
And then we're gone

Black sites Black sites
A thousand miles from day or night
Black sites Black sites
The story will remain unwritten

Before we make you gone
You'd best be running on
Stick to the music, child Don't get us riled
Hey, there's a spot we missed I see a
Communist
And there's another one
And his dumb son

Black ops
Black ops
Little vials filled with knock-out drops
Black ops Black ops
Maybe leave you in your old gym locker

A thousand miles from day or night

A story told before rewriting
There's a passport here
But it could disappear

Tarmac to landing pad
Don't look so sad We fly to
Amsterdam And in a little bit
We'll sing our special song And this is it

He'll be standing when the music stops

We're not worrying about the optics

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