

TINFOIL DEATHSTAR

Fat White Family

The telly is red hot
It's autumn in my loins
There's glamour in them hills
Tonight All my ingrown time
Grapes of solid pain
Feed me to the door again
Trying to hitch a ride
On a tinfoil deathstar
My baby's trying to hitch a ride
On a tinfoil deathstar
People make demands
It's hard to understand
Background hum at best
Right now Holding back the light
Put down your batter ram
Calm your shaking hands
Tonight Trying to hitch a ride
On a tinfoil deathstar
My baby's trying to hitch a ride
On a tinfoil deathstar
Is that David Clapson
Wincing through the glass?
A deck of death white sanctions
Firmly in his grasp

Type one Type one It's a type one situation Type one Type one It's a type one situation
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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