

You'll Go to Jail

Frenzal Rhomb

You can try holding up a payroll with your pants around your ankles,
And a darkened plastic bag over your head,
Tied on real tightly.

Put sugar in the gas tank of your flat-tired getaway car,
With an amputated asshole at the wheel.

You can't tell me that it's a real steal. And you will fail, You'll go to jail. Try to viciously attack a Newtown Jets
half backer,

With both hands and legs tied behind your back,
and a sultry shade of lipstick on your mouth,

And if you somehow make it out,
Call his mum a hooker on the way.

Well today is really not your day. Try saving all the trees, or free the refugees.

Or prove you're not a coward by killing Johnny Howard.

Murder all the Racists, welcome blokes from other places.

Force everyone to stop eating meat.

I wouldn't bother getting off your seat.

I wouldn't bother trying you'll just end up doing time.

And if you want to make a difference you'll just end up in a prison,

Getting buggered every time you go to sleep.

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