

Armed and Fairly Well-Equipped

Turbonegro

You were right, I'm left
She's gone, I know you're gone
But we are one, you're hurtin' me
I beg for more, no one's tryin'
There's no escape for you and me, hell knows I'm tryin'I'm hot, you're cold, we never die
I need you, I need you now
But something's missingTeenage drugs, teenage sex
The only cure you gave them
Teenage drugs, teenage sex
I had a heart of gold missin'You are my private Viet Nam
And all the bad things that we have had
You are my private Viet Nam
And I just can't stop shootin'You are my private Viet Nam
And all the bad things that we have had
You are my private Viet Nam
I can't stop shootin'I'm gone, you're gone, we're going nowhere
Look me up, put me down, I know I like it
Took my life to a hole, hole in the ground
Maybe someday I'll awake and shoot you downYou are my private Viet Nam
And all the bad things that we have had
You are my private Viet Nam
And I just can't stop shootin'You are my private Viet Nam
And all the bad things that we have had
You are my private Viet Nam
I can't stop shootin'Everything's gonna be alright

Songwriters

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