Punk by Numbers

Molly Prince Zombie Death Choir

I tried to fix the cooker in the kitchen
Gas was coming out of every hole
Everything was leaking, reeking always
So I went down to the office of the doleAway...they said
You've got to get yourself
Away...they said
You've got to get yourself away from here
A liberty
They took from me(And) now I'm feeling just a little vex, yeah
I don't feel like I've done anything wrong
All I want is warmth without my arse blown up
But this little fucker won't get off the phoneAway... they said
You've got to get yourself
Away... they said
You've got to get yourself away from here
A liberty
They took away from meSo I took a little time to think of action
I can't go home, I can't stay, I've had enough
So I fired up all the gas and blew the dole up
Left that little fucker blackened on the phone

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