

# Sambadrome

## Machine Freak

"Brasil!"

Stamp your feet and rock your hips, king bandit has returned  
Shoot out helicopter crash, another six men burn  
One in nine million loves to play football  
Hijacked helicopter helped him scale the wall

Scipped the hill from rivals who prayed upon the poor  
He don't sell bananas, wealthy visitors want to score  
Reigns supreme, the cops say he's no good  
Selling drugs to feed the poor, to us he's Robin Hood

Tourists have an appetite for ganga and cocaine  
He escaped just in time, supply their needs again  
Televised lust a traditional right  
The sound of music ricochets for three long nights

Pact in the sun, slum and skyscraper meet  
Billion dollar penthouse and people on the street  
Pact in the sun shade by foreign debt  
Amnesia in the Sambadrome, king bandit's gonna sweat

Ring the bell, our hero's back, our benefactor's found  
At the foot of the hill the police stand their ground  
Beer flows drums pound, slum and skyscraper meet  
Revellers dance naked and there's bodies in the street

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Three months of freedom, a fugitive from the law  
Got to take him alive, ChÃ" martyr no more  
Bless the little children with nylon football shorts  
Fly their kites as warning, their King is never caught

Socialised by compassion, yeah, crime's his occupation  
King bandit for president of the Sambadrome nation

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"Socrates  
Gooooaaallll!!!"

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