

# John Doe

## Young Fathers

In here you will find  
Your two degrees of freedom  
I say your name before I fly  
Let you know I'm leaving  
Touch the new world  
See the headline  
Take it in take it in go  
Thirty years and now he's flat lined  
Say it ain't say it ain't so  
Make the moula  
Woo di hoorah  
Rake it in rake it in more  
Hang the hangman  
Bang the gangbang  
Call me John Doe  
Let the good times roll  
Call me John Doe  
Let the good times roll I got my morals  
Beg or borrow  
See these hands are empty  
Hold the night-time  
Wrong is right aye  
All the fake is true  
Street is church babe  
Give me first aid  
Gimme gimme gimme more  
Which is worst babe  
A kiss or curse me  
Take me  
Take me home Your gonna find me dining with death  
I'm gonna tell you how this ends Call me John Doe let the good times roll Liquidate the dreams so they can find  
somebody else  
Exasperate the means  
Its all about wealth  
Choose to represent me like a dick caught in zipper Ally I be on my own marching through the Champs-Élysées  
I'm easy Laissez les bon temps rouler

Songwriters

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