

Run Ronald

Electro Hippies

You stole their land and offered nil,

You only give out death, Ron. Kill, kill, kill!

You can't try to silence us, what good will it do,

Cos we don't hear the gospel according to you.

Look out Ronald, we're always here.

We'll get you, you bastard, never fear:

Make it tough for the rest of your life,

Spare the cow, get you with your own knife...Mindless slaughter and its all for profit.

Well pretty soon you're going to have to stop it.

Cos your stores can't take too much

Of paint, leaflets, trashing and such.

If direct action's the only way,

We'd better start right away.

You'd better run, Ronald, before you're much older,

And we'll keep you looking over your bloodied shoulder.

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