

# Ozone

## Motorpsycho

I've got blood on my hands,  
And sand between my toes  
If the crowd gets too unruly,  
We'll spray 'em with the hose

I'm so bored with the whole thing  
-keep hearing laughter when i turn-  
Seen a million sunlit faces  
But none that really burned

I can't keep myself from laughing  
When i spot someone possessed  
The fool that's always grinning,  
Never quite gets the jest

But i know the one i'm laughing at  
Plays it by the book  
And screams for revolution  
Behind his vacant look

We'll keep their eyes red & runny,  
Kill them in their homes  
Watch them pray forgiveness  
And pay interest on their loans

It was us in the beamers,  
The penthouses & shrines.  
Uf you want absolution  
We can provide all kinds...

But that\*s just the way we are  
Our heads in the ozone  
And our minds in shangri-la

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