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 posessed
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 interrest 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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