

Oblivion

Terrorvision

Ooh wop bop ba doo wop. Bop ba doo wop. Bop ba doo.
If all the people in the world camped out in your back garden
Would you write and tell the king or grab a tent and join them
I can see that all the possibilities for freedom
Could just sway your first decision to subject them all to oblivion
Ooh wop bop ba doo wop. Bop ba doo wop. Bop ba doo.
And do you feel your life is threatened by fabricated stories
Made up by the sons of campers you killed back in the forties
I could see that all the possibilities for conflict
Could just back up your decision to subject them all to oblivion
Ooh wop bop ba doo wop. Bop ba doo wop. Bop ba doo.
I can't stand the things that they do to me
I won't wait for Jesus to prove to me.
When all the people in the world move out of your back garden
Would you celebrate the passing of your life as Mr. Badman
You could see that all the possibilities in peacetime
Should just force a new decision, don't subject them all to oblivion

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I can't stand the things that they do to me
I won't wait for Jesus to prove to me
I can't stand the things that they do to me
I won't wait for Jesus to prove to me
Oh goodness, my gracious, I hope it's not contagious
Although it seems it's catching, it's best not to get careless
Oh goodness, my gracious, I hope it's not contagious
Although it seems it's catching, it's best not to get careless.
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