

Bruce Lee (The Micronauts Remix)

Underworld

Bullet got the wrong blokeLife kid suck

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life give suck the box drink

YeahLife kid drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kids sucker

Box drink

Yeah

Bruce leeLife kid seen from the box

Seen from the box

The juice from the box

Kids suck life

Kid get suck from the box

Drink

Bruce leeLife kid suck from the box

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kid suck from the box

Drink

Yeah

Bruce leeLife gets in from the box

Seen from the box

The juice from the box

Kids suck life

Kid get suck from the box

Drink

Bruce leeLife kid suck from the box

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kid suck from the box

Drink

Yeah

Bruce leeLife kid suck from the box

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kid suck the box

Yeah

Bruce leeLife kid joke from the box

Seen from the box
Drink from the box
The juice kid suck
Life kid suck the box
Drink
Yeah
Bruce leeTanglonLife kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Life kid suck the boxSkin hard sails in jail
Hair always cut with a blunt tool
Muscular but thin like springs
But not steel
For Ford men
Four Ford men
They sell it into vaporizing rulers
Each way up in his own head
Hold up in its fly flicking markses
Piggy little piggy little eyes
Holds and scape
Just enough to let in light
Bullet got the wrong bloke
But he don't die anyway
Its nothing mortal if you don't move
You still have slot the wall in a blanket
I have been this way for daysBullet got the wrong bloke
It's happened mortuary, you die it means
Skin has it off the wall and it goes like this
I have been this way for days
Oh no, there's a gun
Over there under the bed
Turn, let's see what's in the other room
He grew up faster
Just the disco with the one get my rope
Pull through again
A third rat a fourth to his head is calm the sheets of calm
Bullet got the wrong bloke
He's out of the eyes now
Strained gas on his head
It's dark, he comes up with his darknessTanglon

Songwriters

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