

Anger Inc.

Adam Ant

Legend has it in forty seven
Four thousand bikes met a force of seven
Fourth of July was the time
In a town called Hollister
At the uphill climb Poor Jack Kerouac
Riding with his paperback Camus
In the pocket of his army fatigues
It's kind of hard to spend your time
Keeping cans of soup in line
When you've been the waist gunner
On a B.17 singing
Anger Incorporated
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Anger Whoever you are
They will scare
No friend of hoodlums anywhere
Like John Dillinger -- number one
Crime crazy filthiness all rolled into one
Born in the shadow of the Boozefighters
In tiny bars and up all nighters
Terrorizing the local staff
Cool and crazy
Two wheeled Luftwaffe

Lyrics provided by

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