Rich Guns

NoMeansNo

I hear the rich guns go pop pop, Arriba!
All this noise has got to stop, Arriba!
All those burns who have no cash, they're lazy!
And if they think they're getting ours, they're crazy!
See them mill around, hear their angry talk
We will mow them down, we will make them stopThere are people we admire, Arriba!
Those with courage under fire, Arriba!
We will give them uniforms, Il Duce!
We will pay them to perform, Il Duce!
Hear the tramping feet of our hired guns
Doesn't it sound sweet, isn't this such funHear the bullets fly, see the people die, hear the children cry
I hear the rich guns go pop popWe will send them all around, Arriba!
To kill the fucking underground, Arriba!
Rape the women, they're whores, Las Putas!
Everything they have is yours, Las Putas!
We just want to stay in our safely homes
The chairs on which we sit are made of human bones

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