

Mohican Tunes

Oxymoron

In the tube a gang in black.
Purple stubble and tiger strap.
They make a stink, some get freaked out,
by the volume of the mohican sound. Mohican tunes, play the fuckin' mohican tunes! And down the tunnel in a
crew, a girl is dancing to mohican tunes.
And at the gig the air is tense, cause mohican tunes blow up their brains. And down the tunnel in a crew, a girl is
dancing to mohican tunes.
And at the gig the air is tense, a sheer fit hits the audience.
Switch it on and play it loud, listen to the wildest sound.
A filthy mob hangs 'round the place. Filth and leather, pins and chains.

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