

# Perfume and Piss

**GBH**

Who will watch the watchers, who spies on the spies  
Who trusts politicians that are crooked by design  
Force them into action watch them all conspire  
It ain't a smokin' gun it's a city on fire. Does it get any better than this?  
All I can smell is perfume and piss  
Perfume and piss  
Perfume and piss This punishment of luxury that we all tolerate  
Those self-serving servants we all love to hate  
I'm in a torture chamber labeled as a liar  
I've got an orange jumpsuit and electric razor wire A never-ending saga of evil versus good  
Your liberty is on the line and dust where you once stood  
So celebrate your victories, so few and far between  
Keep your ego in a cage there's no "I" in team

Songwriters

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