

# Bang Bang Bang

## Now Thats What I Call Music 77

Un, deux, trois  
Turn it up a little bit  
Bang, bang, bang  
Feathers, I'm plucking feathers  
One by one, by one  
No more skylarking around my head  
Your information  
But there's no hiding behind molting feathers  
On the plane, on my brain, 'bout to do the show  
40k contract, take it out the door  
Dice symbolize my life, roll 'em on the floor  
From your grubby hands, as you hand the grand stand  
You live a shitty life, we live the bonne, bonne vie  
Hotter than the book, while we watch the TV  
Think you got us fooled, ooh never again  
First time, shame on me, second time, your time will end  
No way, bang your dead, paint your silhouette  
Je te plumerai la t

Lyrics provided by

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