

The Chosen Few

Destroyer

Shut up, you better stop it...
Put that thing back in your pocket...
Don't ride the silver rocket...
Tell your brother not to start...
And tell your sister not to start...
And tell the Chosen Few not to start in on me too...
I know their majesty by heart...Karen, crawl back into your shell.
I know the record is doing well,
but your boyfriend is from hell...
I know the Judge played a part...
I know the Jury played a part...
Now tell the Chosen that their favorite kangaroo is busy
throwing daggers at the dark...I know you've been waiting ages for your pardon,
but the Governor's wasted in the garden,
clawing his eyes out - he's insane...
So I'll be your map and I'll be your mirror
and maybe someday I'll see you building dungeons in the rain
and when it's time to go free -
No. I won't leave...
No, I won't leave...All your brokers screaming -
"Sell those bridges to the island in the well!"
They landed you in architect hell..."
Tell your brother not to start...
And tell your sister not to start...
And tell the Chosen Few not to start in on me too...
I know their majesty by heart...

Songwriters

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