

# Weasels

## Iggy Pop

Weasels, weasels are runnin' me to death  
I checked my gas there ain't much left  
Still I will take a parting shot  
Before I leave myself to rot  
Barbaric motherfucking weasels  
Weasels, weasels  
Weasels have always been my friends  
I've turned them loose now there's no end  
Giants of rock tell giant lies  
Weasels control the evil skies  
Barbaric motherfucking weasels  
Bad breath, bad taste cause of diseases  
I feel disgrace and I feel shame  
I feel anger and I feel blame  
Feel suspicion and I feel pride  
I feel weasels on all sides  
Weasels, weasels  
Weasels, weasels  
Weasels  
With guitars on TV  
Weasels  
Rewriting rock history  
Weasels  
With an office and a chair  
Weasels  
With nice butts and long silky hair  
Weasels suck and weasels blow  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Weasels control rock and roll  
Rock and roll  
Rock and roll  
Rock and roll  
Weasels

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