Lexicon Devil

The Germs

I'm a Lexicon devil with a battered brain
Searching for a future the world's my aim
So gimme gimme your hands gimme gimme your minds
Gimme gimme your hands gimme gimme your minds
Gimme gimme this gimme gimme that

I want toy tin soldiers that can push and shove
I want gunboy rovers that will wreck this club
I'll build you up and level your heads
We'll run it my way cold men and politics dead...
(Chorus)

I'll get silver guns to drip old blood
Let's get this established joke a shove
We're gonna wreak havok on this rancid mill
I'm searchin' for somethin' even if I'm killed...
(Chorus)

Empty out your pockets- you don't need their change
I'm giving you the power to rearrange
Together we'll run to the highest prop
Tear it down and let it drop... away...
(chorus)

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