Bills Bunker

Luke Haines

Thereâ€™s a phone booth
across the street
but weâ€™re never in
But if we are we may
not pick up, but try us
You never know your luck

It will all be worth your wait
Dinner is served at eight
Weâ€™re all civilised people
but weâ€™ll skin you alive
if youâ€™re late

Talking to Bill
about weapons and drugs
Listening to Bill
in Billâ€™s bunker

Weâ€™ve got bulletproof doors
and white walls
and three locks
on the metal gates
Weâ€™re waiting for
the race to space
Bill says
Â«Â we are the new space raceÂ Â»
Yes we are

Grey stone and strip lights
There are no cats in sight
Thereâ€™s a cane
with a poisonous tip
owned by some commie spy

Iâ€™ve been on a mission
inside Old Billâ€™s veins
since 1955

Injections and guns
We are the drugs

that flow through the veins
of Billâ€™s bunker

Yeah weâ€™re talking to Bill
about weapons and drugs
Listening to Bill
in Billâ€™s bunkerâ€¦

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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