Armed to the Teeth

Weatherbox

I am armed to the teeth
You can't hold me down
I've turned seething
Into a hobby
Why is God out to get us
Can't we just be friends?
I feel a twinge of righteousness
Like a corporate hedonist
Armed to the teeth
I'm ready
Go out and spend
Your money
The thugs are banging
In S.U.V.'s
My thoughts are changing
Into theories
The master of our destiny
Out in the graveyard of good ideas
That could have been
The downfall of leaders, yeah
Armed to the teeth

I'm ready
Go out and spend
Your money
Giants of industry
Come on, come on and try to eat me
Armed to the teeth
I'm ready
What century
Are you living in?
An ancient puzzle piece
That won't fit in
Armed to the teeth
I'm ready
Go out and spend
Your money
Giants of industry
Come on, come on and try to eat me

Armed to the teeth
I'm ready
I'm ready
I'm ready

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