

# 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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