

# 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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