

Bring On The Terror

Robbers on High Street

Now all of the sons and the daughters
Don't want just what comes along
So give them something more
Come on, oh But me and my friends act so crazy
We'll become just what comes along
Yeah it's a natural born
Come on
Oh we don't need nothing more When you don't know where you're going
Is it real?
Right on
It's not what you come from
Right on
It's not where you belong (Everything is so complete)
Until there's more than everything
(Everything is what you need)
So quit now
Could you even help with this one
While it's tied to me?
Bring on the terror, and give it to me Sometimes I need a punch in the face
Sometimes I need a leg in the ass
But it's so hard to find these days
When it's right time wrong place
And we're all out of salary-based
And we're all out of minimum wage
We'll make it up as we go along
And that ain't nothing wrong When there's nothing left to beat your fist at
Is that pattern,
Or just paranoid? Is that what you come from?
Right on
Is that where you belong?
(Everything is so complete)
Until there's more than everything
(Everything is what you need)
So quit now
Could you even help with this one
While it's tied to me?
Bring on the terror, and give it to me
To me

Oh

Songwriters

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