

Ivory Coast

Rancid

For 24 hours on the Ivory Coast,
They relieved soldiers from their post,
And they gave champagne, for a toast,
To pay dividends to the country's host.
They say, Tonight, you can leave your home,
But tomorrow, it's gonna be the way of the gun,
And the curfew, won't allow you to roam, roam, roam,
And the bullets will let you know, when the bad dog comes 'round your door....

Who is the killer
(Woooooh ohhh oh!)
Who is the killer
(Woooooh ohhh oh!)
Stone-cold killer,
(Woooooh ohhh oh!)
Food for the trigger,
(Wohhhh ohh ohh!)

I'll shoot ya down, right on sight,
If you're out in the wrong time of night,
In a civil war, there's no civil rights,
In the day of the dead, run for your life.
They say, tonight, you can leave your home,
And tomorrow, will be the way of the gun,
And the curfew, won't allow you to you roam, roam, roam,
And the bullets will let you know, when the bad dog comes 'round your door....

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And the trenches are dug,
And the bones they do shiver,
The tastes of war, so cold and bitter,
And the human race is the face of the killer,
And the cost of life is rarely considered.
They say, tonight, you can leave your home,
But tomorrow, but tomorrow, it's gonna be the way of the gun,

And the curfew, won't allow you to roam, roam, roam,
And the bullets will let you know, when the bad dog comes 'round your door....

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