

Get Up

Young Fathers

Come here and do the right thing
Get up and have a party
Get up, get up
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Got no past no future, fumbling through the ether
Take a ride in Aquila, cost you 30 liras
Pushy dealer hits the meter, a shrewd operator
In the shadow of a beacon, have a dirty weekend
Interesting proposition, insinuate then listen
Listen, listen
What a way to make a living, s-s-scissor to the ribbon
Throw my hands like a reverend, triple sixes double sevens
When I get down to this, I'm the catalyst
For a revolution, for a revolution
For a revolution-tion-tion-tion

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Beautiful corpse, beautiful
How you lie so still, another life fulfilled
Oh, beautiful corpse, beautiful
How you lie so still, another life fulfilled

Fifteen hundred red cases, a multitude of faces
The body in the basement, double on the bunk bed
You better watch the babies, careful with your manners
Only drinking water on the Co-co-co-caba
Well built family, subject to the battery, the battery
Mental men are manic in their manacles
I meant to make a metaphor for radicals
Taking off my clothes at the lido

All I got is my decadent credo

I don't think that I could watch you posing dead

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Abandoned by a suffragette, given to a gang of gits

Sold to a pack of losers downtown Apalucia

I heard you got guns, well I got fun

I got something sweet, what you call sin so

You lose, I win

I saw some bunch of cowboys today

I wooped-di-wood and they turned and rode away

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