

Hold a Candle to This

Pretenders

So much for banning the bomb
The president's wife is carrying a hand gun
If you want blood sports for fun now
They call me "the hunter" - better run now
You hear a "crack" in the distance, baby
Your phony mating calls resistance maybe
Don't smile; we're gonna get you
We'll have your rifle off you too
Gimme a kiss
And hold a candle to this! Foxy lady dressed to kill
You say you won't, but you will
What's on your face and your breath, mama?
You wear your glory of death, mama
But liberation's on the way
Every dog's gonna have it's day
Pack up your rape racks and crush box out of Hell
Farmer in the dell
Oh, please, I insist
Hold a candle to this! Bring on the ecstasy
And the bliss
Bring on my wedding day
And everybody's birthday
Blow up the abattoir!
Detonate!
We're going home
Where the buffalo roam! There's a new generation
From Osaka, Siam and Saigon
The sailors mixed it on the shore
They were making love and making war
Well, here's a present for the navy
Same meat, different gravy
Those chicks will find you; that's for sure
One, two, three, four - tell the people what she wore!
(You're American, miss)
Hold a candle to this!

Songwriters

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