

# Urban Guerilla

## Cobra Verde

I'm an urban guerilla  
I make bombs in my cellar  
I'm a derelict dweller  
I'm a potential killer  
I'm a street fighting dancer  
I'm a revolutionary romancer  
I'm society's cancer  
I'm a two-tone panther  
So let's not talk of love and flowers  
And things that don't explode  
We've used up all of our magic powers  
Trying to do it in the road  
I'm a political bandit  
And you don't understand it  
You took my dream and canned it  
It is not the way I planned it  
I'm society's destructor  
I'm a petrol bomb constructor  
I'm a cosmic light conductor  
I'm the people's debt collector  
So watch out, Mr. Business Man  
Your empire's about to blow  
I think you'd better listen, man  
In case you did not know

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