

# Women

## Primitive Radio Gods

"Women, women, women" Don't say you love me, life isn't fair  
And I don't care, so don't be stupid  
Who builds the missiles? Who trains the God's?  
I am the rod in desperate women We can ask for nothing more  
Chocolate legs and velvet horns  
Faceless sailors on the shore I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the sole survivor  
I'll bend you down and stick it in I'll wear the apron, I'll play the part  
Of modern art, Leo da Vinci  
Why try and save her? She lives in every song  
She's like a gong, you've got to bang her We can ask for nothing more  
Chocolate legs and velvet horns  
Faceless sailors on the shore I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the sole survivor  
I'll bend you down and stick it in "5, 4, 3, 2, 1, fire" I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the sole survivor  
I'll bend you down and stick it in I'll be the sole survivor  
Unlock your doors and let me in  
I'll be the rising sirens  
I'll bend you down and stick it in

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