

# Armed and Fairly Well-Equipped (Bonus)

## Turbonegro

You were right, I'm left  
She's gone, I know you're gone  
But we are one, you're hurtin' me  
I beg for more, no one's tryin'  
There's no escape for you and me, hell knows I'm tryin' I'm hot, you're cold, we never die  
I need you, I need you now  
But something's missing Teenage drugs, teenage sex  
The only cure you gave them  
Teenage drugs, teenage sex  
I had a heart of gold missin' You are my private Viet Nam  
And all the bad things that we have had  
You are my private Viet Nam  
And I just can't stop shootin' You are my private Viet Nam  
And all the bad things that we have had  
You are my private Viet Nam  
I can't stop shootin' I'm gone, you're gone, we're going nowhere  
Look me up, put me down, I know I like it  
Took my life to a hole, hole in the ground  
Maybe someday I'll awake and shoot you down You are my private Viet Nam  
And all the bad things that we have had  
You are my private Viet Nam  
And I just can't stop shootin' You are my private Viet Nam  
And all the bad things that we have had  
You are my private Viet Nam  
I can't stop shootin' Everything's gonna be alright

Songwriters

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