

The Angry Cry of the Angry Pie

The Falcon

you want a piece of me?
i'm like a razor blade
i'm like a pound of blubber smothering a live grenade
these are the days when the tv always stays on
the show keeps running after the audience has all gone home i'm like a vampire
with this taste for blood
without the makeup and the cape i'm just a fucking hood
these are the nights that none of us will live to forget
lying face down as the monkeys rain down...she's one of the guys
pounding that beat all night
when the blood and all the makeup dries...
(you were first in line) you want a piece of me?
then join the daisy chain
i'm like a fucking band leader for the hit parade
i'm cracked like a speaker and i speak like a cracker
these are the trip wires
and i'm a loaded gun
and you're the burning tires
the burning fires
the days have come
i did not believe it
'til i smelled it, then i had to see it did you know you're my motherfucking (motherfucking) hero?
the wind beneath my wings is burnt and stale
oh...mmm you want a piece of me? well, come one!

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