

# Ganglord

## Morrissey

Ganglord, the police are  
Kicking their way into my house  
And haunting me, taunting me  
Wanting me to break their lawsGanglord, the police are  
Kicking their way into my house  
And haunting me, taunting me  
Wanting me to break their lawsAnd I'm turning to you  
To save me  
And I'm turning to you  
To save meGanglord, the police are  
Grinding me into the ground  
The headless pack are back  
Small boy jokes and loaded gunsGanglord, the police are  
Grinding me into the ground  
The headless pack are back  
Small boy jokes and loaded gunsAnd I'm turning to you  
To save me  
And I'm turning to you  
To save me, save me, save me, save me  
To save me, save me  
To save me, save me, save me, save me, save me  
To save meGandlord, there's a clock on the wall  
Making fun of us all  
Ganglord, the clock on the wall  
Makes a joke of us allAnd I'm turning to you  
To save me  
And I'm turning to you  
To save me, save me, save me, save me, save me  
To save me, save me  
To save me, save me, save me, save me, save me  
To save meGanglord, remember  
The police can always be bribed  
Ganglord, remember  
The police can always be bribedThey say, 'To protect and to serve'  
But what they really mean to say is  
Get back to the ghetto, the ghetto  
Get back to the ghetto, the ghetto  
Get yourself back to the ghetto, the ghetto  
Get yourself back to the ghetto, the ghetto

Get yourself back to the ghetto

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