Black Cross

45 Grave

All I got is a Black Cross and two crabs in my left eye. What you say you want you want, like a lump in your right thigh.
Chorus
We're going left on right, don't want to see you again, Going left on right, don't have many friends. Going left on right, don't want to see you again. Going left on right, don't have many friends.
You the users of the wheel, stink of oil and electric eels, users of forbidden tools we must be the fools.
Chorus: repeat
Cancel the world erase history, there is no future as far as i can see,
Chorus: repeat

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