

Go Tell The Women

Grinderman

We done our thing
We have evolved
We're up on our hind legs
The problems solvedWe are artists
We are mathematicians
Some of hold extremely
High positionsBut we are tired
We are hardly breathing
And we're free
Go tell the women that we're leavingWe're sick and tired
Of all this self serving grieving
All we wanted was a little consensual rape in the afternoon
And maybe a bit more in the eveningWe are scientists
We do genetics
We leave religion
To the psychos and fanaticsBut we are tired
We got nothing to believe in
We are lost
Go tell the women that we're leavingWe don't know a thing
We're hip to the sound
Of six billion people
Going downWe are magicians
We are deceiving
We're free and we're lost
Go tell the women that we're leavingHey, hey, hey, hey
Come on, back now till to the fray
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Come on, back now till to the fray
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Come on, back now till to the fray

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