

Urban Guerilla

Hawkwind

I'm an urban guerilla
I make bombs in my cellar
I'm a derelict dweller
I'm a potential killer
I'm a street fighting dancer
I'm a revolutionary romancer
I'm society's cancer
I'm a two-tone panther
So let's not talk of love and flowers
And things that don't explode
We've used up all of our magic powers
Trying to do it in the road
I'm a political bandit
And you don't understand it
You took my dream and canned it
It is not the way I planned it
I'm society's destructor
I'm a petrol bomb constructor
I'm a cosmic light conductor
I'm the people's debt collector
So watch out, Mr. Business Man
Your empire's about to blow
I think you'd better listen, man
In case you did not know

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