Ready Men

Big Black

We got some unions
All I got are these molls
And I want to use them
What do you say, boss?
Your boss, my boss
You are my job
I am a gun thug
You are my job
You've got your principles
I've got bills to pay
You've got your lovers
I've got mouths to feed
Your boss is my boss
You are my job
I am a gun thug
This is my job
We are the ready men
We are the strong
Men who are lovers
Men who drink wine
We are the ready men
We are the strong
We are the smart ones
You are wrong
We are the ready men
We are the strong
Men with our lovers
Men who drink wine
We are the ready men
We are the ready men

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