

Dry Drunk Emperor

TV on the Radio

Baby boy
Dyin' under hot desert sun
Watch your colors run

Did you believe the lie they told you
That Christ would lead the way
And in a matter of days he'd
Hand us victory

Did you buy the bull they sold you
That the bullets and the bombs
And all the strong-arms
Would bring home security

All eyes upon
Dry Drunk Emperor
Gold cross jock skull and bones
Mocking smile
He's been
Standin' naked for a while

Get 'im gone
Get him gone
Get him
Gone
And bring all the theives to trial

End their false promise and their dream
Watch it turn to steam
Rise in to the nose of some cross-legged god
Gog and Magog
End times sort of thing

Oh unmentionable disgrace
Shield the children's faces
As all the monied apes
Display unimaginably poor taste
In a scramble for mastery

'atta boy

Get 'im with your gun
'Till Mister Megaton
Tells us when we've won
Or
What we're gonna leave undone

All eyes upon
Dry Drunk Emperor
Gold cross jock skull and bones
Mocking smile
He's been
Standin' naked for a while

Get 'im gone
Get 'im gone
Get him
Gone
And bring all his thieves to trial

What if all the father's and the sons
Went marching with their guns
Drawn on Washington

That would seal the deal
Show if it was real
This supposed freedom

What if all the bleeding hearts
Took it on themselves
To make a brand new start

Organs pumpin' on their sleeves
Paint murals on The White House
Feed the leaders
L.S.D

Oh grab your fife and drum
Grab your gold baton
Let's meet on the lawn

Shut down this hypocrisy

