

Cowboy lawman-found a cell
Tore into it-as night fell

Bankers kids are
getting bingo'd
Smells like midnight's
cooked up a storm in here
Leave those loose lips
at home or at the
rubble that's left
when you return

Have an armed guard posted at your flag
Stroll through town with
a gun stuffed in your pants

Bankers kids are
getting bingo'd
Smells like midnight's
cooked up a storm in here
Leave those loose lips
at home or at the
rubble that's left
when you return

Criminal lawman-found a cell
Tore into it-made life hell

Bombs bursting-houses burning
Diplomacy's tyrant treats