

Primitive Radio Gods, Women

Don't say you love me, life isn't fair
And I don't care...So don't be stupid
Who builds the missiles? Who trains the gods?
I am the rod in desperate women

We can ask for nothing more
Chocolate legs and velvet horns
Faceless sailors on the shore

I'll be the sole survivor
Unlock your doors and let me in
I'll be the sole survivor
I'll bend you down and stick it in

I'll wear the apron, I'll play the part
Of modern art...Leo da Vinci
Why try and save her? She lives in every song
She's like a gong...You've got to bang her

We can ask for nothing more
Chocolate legs and velvet horns
Faceless sailors on the shore

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Unlock your doors and let me in
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I'll be the sole survivor
Unlock your doors and let me in
I'll be the rising sirens
I'll bend you down and stick it in