

# Quincy Punx, Machine Gun Etiquette

It's always been my fondest dream'  
I saw one in a magazine,  
And sent my order off six weeks ago  
Today a package came for me,  
From the Thompson company,  
The postman smile and winked  
and seemed to know.

It was a Tommy-gun  
Model M1-45

And as I opened it up,  
I was the happiest boy alive  
You know I'd have a lot more fun,  
if only I had a machine-gun  
You know I'd get alot more done,  
if only I had a machine-gun

Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!

My own machine-gun

Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!

My own machine-gun  
It's always been my fondest dream,  
A hundred round drum magazine,  
To write my name in lead  
upon the wall

I'll open up my violin case,  
Point my heater at your face,  
I'll make you dance and  
have a fucking ball

Just like Dillenger,

And Bonnie & Clyde.

Machine-gun etiquette's

How they lived and died

You know I'll have a lot more fun,  
now that I have a machine-gun

You know I'll het a lot more done,  
now that I have a machine-gun

Public enemy number one,

now that I have a machine-gun

In the dog day after-noon sun,

now that I have a machine-gun

Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!

My own machine-gun

Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh!