

Rage Against the Machine, Revolver

His spit is worth more than her work
Pass the purse to the pugilists
He's a prizefighter
And he bought rings and he owns kin
And now he's swingin'
And now he's the champion
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver
A spotless domain
Hides festering hopes she's certain there's more
Pictures of fields without fences
A spotless domain
Hides festering hopes she's certain there's more
Pictures of fields without fences
Her body numbs as he approaches the door
As he approaches the door
As he approaches the door
As he approaches the door
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Yeah!
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Hey revolver, don't mothers make good fathers?
Revolver!
Revolver!
Revolver!
Revolver!
Revolver