

# 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