

Godfather

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Publisher: Breeze/ Progressive/Warner/Chappell
Sung by: Inga Rumpf (Atlantis)

Years and years have passed, Godfather
Since you rode the bloody path of crime
You thought your reign would last, Godfather
But the law had the last laugh this time

You and your brothers ran the show
Selling booze and women to make more dough
But the FBI won in the end
'Cause a bad guy can't rely on his friends

Now your bootlegs are gone, Godfather
Crates of gin hang around unsold
White slave tradings done, Godfather
'Cause your girls are all too round and old

So proud of your latin blood
But you're just a daggo hood
Sam Apple Pie gave you one in the eye
Now you're sitting in a stateside pen

No more lusty appetites
'Cause you've lost your legal rights
Hang up your bulletproof vest my friend
Public enemy number one - the end