Franz Ferdinand, Demagogue

He's a demagogue!
Check out his rise
He's a demagogue!
He's fatally famous
He's a demagogue!
He plays with my fears
A demagogue
My shadow side dreaming
The, the demagogue
It feels so good to be dumb

From the Wall straight to La Quenta
Those pussy grabbing fingers won't let go of me now

The demagogue!
The, the demagogue

He's a demagogue
He'd like to punch in your face
He's a demagogue
Throwing terminal shade
The demagogue
He knows all of the words
He's a demagogue
He sees a nation in Mars

From the mob to chapter eleven
Those tiny vulgar fingers on the nuclear bomb

The demagogue!
The, the demagogue

What's a mother and father got to do with making me? /3x
What's a mother and father meant to do with making me? /4x