

Coming Down

Ball Park Music

The chefs are in the alleyway throwing down
They're high on PCP when I'm around
They don't recall a thing or their favourite meal
Til they are coming down
You smack me in the eyes and take my sight
You cut my world in half, baby you're my knife
I bag a lazy spine I can take my life
When I am coming down
When I am coming down
When I am coming down

You amputate my hands and they grow back
As phantoms to replace the world I had
I'm too lazy to invent a brand new myth
When I am coming down
The scenery of saints in stained-glass walls
You get a little badge and you stand tall
You're knee-deep in the shit of suburban sprawl
And you are coming down
Oh you are coming down
Oh you are coming down

So suck the monophonic noise and golden hits
They write them in two seconds, it's a piece of piss
I let a little laugh slip from my lips
When I am coming down
Yeah I am coming down
Oh I am coming down

You've got a soft spot for hard stuff
You've got a soft spot for hard stuff
You've got a soft spot for hard stuff
And you are coming down
Yeah you are coming down
Oh you are coming down