

## The Thrill of It All

Black Sabbath

Inclination of direction  
Walk the turned and twisted thrift  
With the children of creation  
Futuristic dreams we sift  
Clutching violently we whisper  
With a liquefying cry  
Any deadly final answers  
That are surely doomed to die

Won't you help me mister Jesus?  
Won't you tell me if you can?  
When you see this world we live in  
Do you still believe in man?  
If my songs become my freedom  
And my freedom turns to gold  
Then I'll ask the final question  
If the answer could be sold

Well, that's my story and I'm sticking to it  
'Cause I got no reason to lie, yeah  
Forget your problems that don't even exist  
And I'll show you a way to get by, oh yeah

So come along, you know you matter to me  
Remember freedom is not hard to find, yeah  
Time to stop all your messing around  
Don't you think that I know my own mind, oh yeah

Why can't you believe, it's not here to perceive  
Do you always have to be told, yeah  
For you have been taught that if your mind has been bought  
Life's entire answer was sold, oh yeah