

Pssyche

Econoline Crush

Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!
You're all alone in the pack
You feel like you want to go home
You feel fist, but you keep on going
The reason is there
You won't find it 'till you been and gone
Because you're living in your hopes
Someone's got you...
Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!
Tell your brain: "seek inspiration"
You appear illusion
Then you fall into transfer
Transform machine
To play with your hands
So you can stand back and watch
Take past and burn
Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!
If you don't know the game
Then your still part of it
Because out on the street its strange to show
Knowing full well that you're on the range
Dodge the bullets, or carry the gun...
The choise is yours
Pssyche! Ha! Pssyche!
Look at the controller,
A natzi with a social degree,
A middle class hero with your eyes on me,
You feast on masturbation,
Preach yes to the nuns you fuck,
You would wipe out semantics if you had a chance,
Jesus would like it nooww!