

Wounded Egos

Gaz Coombes

Wounded egos, right wing psychos
All the madness outside
Too much Lambsbread, out in Tenderlain
By the ocean I found...

I know how it ends
Chairs flying in the street
But we can do this another way
Look for something new
I know what it is
Yeah feels like I'm the one she's got
But she don't need no serious type man in the corner
But there's a feeling I'm fighting
And it's killing inside

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I couldn't feel anything
Now I'm wanting for it all to end
But I'm waiting like an idiot
I'm waiting here for you

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By the ocean I found the Sun
When it feels like it's all lost
It's just the madness outside
Too much Lambsbread, out in Tenderlain
By the ocean I found the Sun