

Shame

L.A. Guns

Something just like television
Burns right through my brain and vision
I can't make a decision because of you
And all your psychic intuition
Could not make me stop and listen
I'd be bustin' out my prison too

And hold me down in holy water
Wash away my pain

Strange
When I think about change
It's a shame girl
You are the one I know

For seven years your superstition
Played out like a new religion
Then we saw the fake incision you
And you became the main attraction
Gave me so much satisfaction
Looking back I just wanted too

And hold me down in holy water
Wash away my pain