

# Norwegian Hammerworks Corp.

Madrugada

Let me tell you about the way the hammer moves  
The hammer goes up and down  
And hits the nail, on the head each time  
That's the point  
All right in 1998  
It's getting hard to go to sleep at night  
And hard to get up in the morning  
I tell myself, I'm going too hard, too rash, too long, too long  
But this is not the truth  
There's no sign of no big break down  
It's just these little things that keep putting me off the track  
Yeah, I have a notion of moving around in circles  
Things just keep getting worse and worse  
'Til they get all the way around  
And then everything turns out alright  
In one single flash I see both shows  
Computer, cigarettes, photograph, pens and pencils  
Pop-craving critics curving  
A doctor tried to cure me of these shells

I stopped seeing him  
I heard nothing more about being mentally ill  
In one single flash comes words, no poetry  
Did you put on weight  
I take two, not one  
A man with one arm  
Best beer ever to come out of Belgium  
If you kept drinking like this it wouldn't have to be  
It's not like I'm real hateful with our friends, our beloved friends  
VCR, last goodbyes, this is not the time for all I love you's  
This nail is bent and broken, straighten it out with the hands of love  
This is where the hammer hits, this is its golden tongue  
There speaks no more, this is the same that were never moved  
This is the tsar at will, this is where the hammer hit, this is when the tur  
npike  
This nail is bent and broken, straighten it out with the hands of love  
With the hands of love, with the hands of love  
With the hands of love yeah, with the hands of love yeah  
With the hands of love yeah, with the hands of love  
With the hands of love, with the hands of love yeah  
With the hands of love, with the hands of love yeah  
With the hands of love yeah, uuh shalalala with the hands of love yeah  
Yeah yeah.. Yeah yeah.. Yeah yeah  
Let me tell you about the way the hammer moves  
The hammer goes up and down  
And hits the nail, on the head each time  
That's the point, yeah  
This mechanism can successfully be adapted to almost everything  
Things like a personel room, man enters the room feels like someone just lef  
t  
Pain, loss, mother to silence, guitars and tambourines

Let me tell you about the way the hammer moves  
The hammer goes up and down  
And hits the nail, on the head each time  
That's the point  
I tell myself I'm going too hard, too rash, too long

Too long  
Yeah, I tell myself I'm going too hard, too rash, too long, too long  
But this is not the truth  
There's no sign of no big break down  
It's just these little things that keep putting me off the track  
Yeah, I have a notion of moving around in circles  
Things just keep getting worse and worse  
'Til they get all the way around  
And then everything turns out alright  
In one single flash I see both shows  
Computer, cigarettes, photograph, pens and pencils  
Record pop-craving critics curving