

I aim the first one who'll dare to stand still
Oh Lord, your tension is making me ill
You've got no friends in your home, you'll got no family stone
You can't go... yeah yeah yeah

Everyone, in every town, on every boat, on every trip, the mult
i-talented strip
Will gather 'round you with coke and pain
The trees, ain't no doubt about
The seeds, I had no thought about
No, yeah yeah yeah

[REFRAIN]

Don't know why I can't locate this feeling, that I would rather
be with you
It makes no sense, you're crying out loud, that I may love you
This stress is wasting my emotions that I would rather be with
you
Don't let them closer to this secret... that I may love you

Take 'em outa west, take 'em outa height, take 'em on a sweet r
ide
Those little angles are numbered nine
The colored TV once shined on desolation 15
They've got it!! Yeah, yeah yeah!
Bust 'em in the light, bust 'em in the light, BUST 'EM IN THE D
AYLIGHT
They ain't worthy being named as thieves
One of the shorties said hi up to the abbot who died
The rebound... yeah yeah yeah

[REFRAIN]

Now hear the bluebird whistle hymns like "I would rather heal y
our wounds"
now hear the dark gun punching out that I may love you