

Junior Dad

Metallica

Would you come to me
If I was half drowning
An arm above the last wave

Would you come to me
Would you pull me up
Would the effort really hurt you
Is it unfair to ask you
To help pull me up

The window broke the silence of the matches
The smoke effortlessly floating

Pull me up
Would you be my lord and savior
Pull me up by my hair
Now would you kiss me, on my lips

Burning fever burning on my forehead
The brain that once was listening now
Shoots out its tiresome message

Won't you pull me up
Scalding, my dead father
Has the motor and he's driving towards
An island of lost souls

Sunny, a monkey then to monkey
I will teach you meanness, fear and blindness
No social redeeming kindness
Or - oh, state of grace

Would you pull me up
Would you drop the mental bullet
Would you pull me by the arm up
Would you still kiss my lips
Hiccup, the dream is over
Get the coffee, turn the lights on
Say hello to junior dad
The greatest disappointment
Age withered him and changed him
Into junior dad
Psychic savagery

The greatest disappointment
The greatest disappointment
Age withered him and changed him
Into junior dad