

Build Us A Rocket Then

Oceansize

Spin the wheel my kiss of fortune
Ah, your solitude's a high pitched whine
Let go of the medicine
Or you'll be sucking it until you die

And I thought this could be my time
But you pulled the rug from under me
I've hardened in this ageless shame
Of swinging from your coattails

Now I'm back to good old ball and chain

Oh, wonderful
Let the water pour
How right you were
With your entourage of kissing snakes
A simple matter of give and take

Oh, and pour your mind out of the vase
Wall to wall, winner takes all
But I want to see the lightning strike you

Return with this sickness
Turn the kick in his head
My word is woeful in his rant
I imagine you'd like to call it soulful

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Kick in the doors, you can
Suck open sores, you can
Build us a rocket
The least you can, the worst you can
Send us all on our way