

Where It Hurts

Overkill

Suckin' on a screw down,
Lie lappin' break down,
Kissin' up the boy while the church burns down.
Makin' up to God,
Makin' up your bed,
Lyin' up the God, playin' dead.

I see the fizzler where the bombs fell on the beach.
Tell me why the truth is what's stuck between your teeth.

No one's leaving, till I say so.
Hold that breathin'! This much I know!!!

I know, where it hurts.

Open up the flood gates,
Open up the seven gates,
Open up the door, hear the church burns down.
Streakin' like a comet,
Chokin' on yer vomit,
One more roll play dead.
Lord, I feel the pressure comin' down upon my head...
Lord tell me why the truth is sometimes better dead...

Hit the streets, hit the wall,
Hit the sheets, have a ball.
In the mouth, in the face,
In the teeth, take a taste.
Hit me where it hurts.
Come on and, hit me where it hurts.

Make 'em pay, make a stand,
Break away, be a man.
Who ya be, who ya are,
Where ya live, what ya are,
Hit you where it hurts.
Gonna hit you where it hurts.

Playin' dead, dead dead.

No one leaving, till I say so.
No more reason, this much I know!

Where it hurts