

## Coming Down (Drug Tongue)

The Cult

You dirty hippie girl  
Your soft lips make me swirl  
I despise all of your lies  
I'm not the prodigal son  
I'm not the chosen one  
I'm just a man of good intention

Hey-hey-hey  
Come on home  
Hey-hey-hey

Your horses terrify me  
I can't work out why  
The things you say are not ok  
I'm not the prodigal son  
I'm not the chosen one  
Why can't you decide  
When you chastise me?  
Whoa

I'm coming down  
Coming down  
You baptise me  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken

I'm coming down  
I'm coming down  
You baptise me  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

Your dying flowers stink  
They smell like rotten ink  
From a poison pen  
So I wrote on your head  
Well, just how deep you'll go  
From whence you came, and don't you know?  
Whoa, innocence  
Your winter's so harsh in your heart

I'm coming down  
Coming down  
You baptise me  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down  
Yeah-hey...  
You baptise me  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

Pushin' me harder  
Pushin' me harder  
Pushin' me harder  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm coming down  
I'm coming, coming down  
You baptise me, oh yeah  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down, whoa yeah  
Coming down  
You baptise me, yeah  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, his drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down  
I don't wanna drown  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken loud

I'm coming down  
Well, I'm still mad  
Yeah, your drug tongue spoken true