

Presidential Wave

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

I see you on my wall, You're a murderer!
I see you on my wall, You're a murderer!

If you ever wanna speak to me
You've gotta look into my eyes, my baby
If you ever wanna
You've gotta be my friend again, my baby

What's to say? It's insane
Words align and I let go
Jam on toast, my favorite I boast
As my mother clears the table

If you ever wanna speak to me
You've gotta look into my eyes, my baby
If you ever wanna
You've gotta be my friend again, my baby

Sometimes I'm lost, I can't find my way home
Sometimes I'm lost, I don't know where to go
If all you people can show me I'm home
All you people can come to my home
All you people can come to my home

Oh no!
Oh no! You give me some love!
One! Two! Three! Four!

You've gotta look into my eyes, my baby
If you ever wanna
You've gotta be my friend again
If you ever wanna speak to me
You've gotta be my friend again