

Military Precision

The Feelers

Glancing at three thirty three, Feeling half
Nasty
Won't anyone help me
Anyone into the sixes they make me feel sickly
Won't anyone believe me?

Super high ways and manic cultures
Speed freaks that no one knows
Yea hug him and hold him don't bite him
Or I won't let you rest

Military precision like clock work
Yea my time has come
Am I circling or am I in a spin?

I've broken the promise and lived with the guilt
I've broken the grail and you can't fix it
I've broken your promise and lived with your
Guilt
I broke the grail now you won't let me rest