

Freakbeat Phantom

The Rascals

Resting himself on his crutches, suspicious stories which are fake
Laughter was growing around in a stranger's sound
Holding his stutter in his hands and carving his words to demands
Psychotic byonic he was as he splutters his words

Touched by the freakbeating phantom, I'm holding on

Confusion cuts in the air, if I was granted one wish
I'd whisk off the girl with the white jeans for a singles night
's bliss
Revising thoughts of stately homes as the party continues
The bright lights eliminates the, the freakbeat eliminates the
night