

# Junkenstein

The Wildhearts

White boy, white lie, two faced dead guy  
Too lust for life to die along with it  
Take it, talk it, comb that carpet  
Pull on the bone and chaser in secret  
Golden slumber, golden slumber  
Too weak to lift the rock you're under

We know where you've been  
And we know what you're buying  
You're pissing on friends  
And still you deny it

Fine, fine Junkenstein  
Keep it up son  
Take a look at what you could of won

Low count, pissjoy, wet back, pin boy  
Turn off the light and take the fake ticket  
Ex-pat, B-plan, take the money sick man  
No guts to face it let alone kick it  
Golden slumber, golden slumber  
Too weak to lift the rock you're under

Wanna try pain? Try pain as a real man  
Wanna try change? Try changing the program  
You say you're so tired, not as tired as I am

Fine, fine Junkenstein  
You ain't so tough  
Your eyes are never wide enough