

11 Years

The Wolfgang Press

11 years of faking it
Same clothes, empty songs
Believing it like a most
Sing your blues and low life tunes

Make it sad, make it slow
Make it wet like a honeymoon
Said to make it sentimental
Lover man, come slow and gentle

11 years you kept me sunken
11 years you kept me under
11 years

11 years of faking it
From art to junk and Motown passions
Pull me up, buttercup
I'm coming home, the new blasphemer

So sad I sold the meaning
Sold the man and then I'm so damn seething
Make it sad and make it true
You're gonna send that love

11 years you kept me sunken
11 years you kept me under
11 years, what comes next now
11 years

The waves of gloom, they speak to me
I have no choice but to leave and breathe it
Make it slow and experimental
So that you can solve it

11 years you kept me sunken
11 years you kept me under
11 years, I've dug this trench now
11 years, what comes next now