

Wolfgang
Wolfgang [Incomprehensible]
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Face the facts and don't look back
There's a hole in this middle town affair
There's a whole inquest, like a hole in rest
That I think I'm going to have to sit in

You're a sleeping bag
You're a rhyming slug

Pressure, pressure

Man is sick of chairs
From the heart of the sins above ground
Around here, I think I'm Jesus
And I'm sick of all the songs about love

Head hunt in Birmingham
We're going to hurry down the same old roads
I'm not going to think that I'm a Jesus
Sorry this and sorry that's the same old bone

Pressure, pressure

[Incomprehensible]

Fix this, kiss this

I'm not sick, I'm going to handle this
I'm going to have everything I want to have
I'm going to seed some mean
I'm going to raise a scene
I'm going to raise everything I ever had

I'm not sick, I'm going to handle this
I'm going to