

# Deserve

The Wolfgang Press

Caught in the middle of forty two  
It was a fact, a number, a written word  
A piece of my mind is it half or all  
The guns shot off my head  
To give me what I deserve, what I deserve

A scream out the terms  
These are the words of my persistence  
I swirl to see you and find I do  
The arrows burst my skin to show what is left of me  
And give me what I deserve, what I deserve

The bed of nails cuts  
Don't leave, don't jump on me  
The bed of nails cuts  
Don't leave, don't jump on me  
The bed of nails cuts  
Cuts!

The trains rolling down the tracks  
I'm wailing the twelve bar blues  
Keep on the right track  
Keep on the right track  
I was never the same, never the same  
Give me what I deserve, what I deserve  
To show what is left of me  
Give me what I deserve

The bed of nails cuts  
We don't need this culture clubbing  
The bed of nails cuts  
We don't need this culture clubbing  
The bed of nails cuts cuts cuts

A scream out the terms  
These are the words of my persistence  
I swirl to see you and find I do  
The trains rolling down the tracks  
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Give me what I deserve, what I deserve  
To show what is left of me

The bed of nails cuts  
We don't need this culture clubbing  
The bed of nails cuts  
We don't need this culture clubbing  
The bed of nails cuts cuts cuts

To find my own voice, to find my own voice  
In the way, in the way  
Cuts cuts cuts  
Cuts cuts cuts  
Cuts cuts cuts  
Cuts!