

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

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We don't need this culture clubbing
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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!