

# Executioner

The Wolfgang Press

Thinking surface looking under  
You want something look no further  
Thinking hard but working in a small time  
She was born in mid-town provincial

Down the road from Faust  
Harper Lee said it's allowed  
Mama wakes up raising money  
In the back room speaking like a sonnet

Did it a suicide come?  
Freak see-saw romance come  
Peak time sure sign  
She's here to serve it up

Like a dream  
She's a waltz  
Like I am  
She's so soft

Raising fools and it's no wonder  
What we have a care for we won't tear asunder  
We offend but she won't suffer  
She's like having heaven in your home

She's a dream  
Like a waltz  
She's a gas  
She's so soft

Like a dream  
She's a waltz  
She's a man  
She's so soft

You can suffer all your monies  
Rose and me still love you honey  
Could I face another day content that I was under  
But if you go leave your soul home  
She's so soft  
She's so soft

Thinking surface looking under  
You want something look no further  
Break it down softly she won't murmur  
She was thrown from big-town provincial

You get a suicide sun  
People there are neither hip nor dumb  
Peak time sure sign  
She's here to serve it up

Like a dream  
She's a waltz  
Like a man  
She's so soft

Could I face another day content that I was under  
But if you go leave your soul to live in wonder  
If you go leave your soul home  
She's so soft, she defies the laws of line  
She's so soft, she defies the laws of line  
She's so soft, she defies the laws of line