

## Going South

The Wolfgang Press

Peace and love, a phoney kind of blubber  
My instincts tell me to crash  
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use them  
I somehow think this won't last

So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm moving south  
Where the head unloads

You've got a reason some funky little demons  
Telling me that life is a gas  
You're a deconstruction a euphemism nothing  
Motown gives it a blast

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To the great unknown  
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Where the head unloads

Called my brother, he said, "I need a lawyer"  
And my life is sinking at best  
Called my brother, he said, "I've just become  
A moaner who lives in the past"

You've got a vision some funky little sms  
Telling me that life is a gas  
Your misconception is a pitiful expression  
It's something, I'll never possess

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