

# Sweatbox

The Wolfgang Press

[Breath breath]

I'm not going to take it lying down  
I'm not going to face my head in the ground anymore

I said see me in the fall  
See see see see see me walk  
Here comes the strawman  
Here comes the bad man  
Here comes a good man  
Here comes a cccccc

It's godhead godhead  
Here comes the strawman  
It's godhead, it's godhead  
I'm in a sweatbox  
Here comes the sweatbox  
I'm in a sweatbox  
I've been away  
Tell me why I feel this way  
And tell me why I have no faith

Shove it in the ceiling  
And post when the wife's away  
Shove it in the ceiling  
And I'll send it to the wife today  
I'll send...

I won't take it lying down  
I won't face it since you ran away away

Sweet sweet sweet  
Shake it down to the ground  
Shake it down down down  
I am the mad man, I am the strawman  
I could be evil, I could be wild as sin  
I could be your saint  
I put a spell on you  
I put a spell on you  
Ooh I could be ah

Yeah shake!

Oh shake up down inside in  
I put a spell on you  
And tell me why I feel this way  
And tell me why I sing this way  
This way I put a spell on you  
I am in a sweatbox  
I put a spell on you

Oh you strange fruit from the trees  
Strange dreams  
I am the strawman  
I am the bad man, I am the good man  
So shake, so shake shake shake...

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