

Serpico

"400 Blows To The Head"

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Hopeful pretty, do you suffer to look at me?
I am falling, can you help me find my feet?
Hateful misery, windswept eyes on a sideways glance.
The man with no head who the world won't give a
chance.

Fall into your train of thought,
Picture of sadness and pain that's sought,
Stuck inside your mind... yeah

I am a product of society,
No morals, no ambitions and a pension scheme
I am a picture in a magazine,
The one you love to hate, but you always seem to see.
Now God's read that he's dead,
400 blows to the Head
Now God's read that he's dead,
400 blows to the Head

Creative heartache, anger turns into my vitriol.
Peace in our time, a beautiful dream not to uphold.
Depressing stimulants, pick you down when you are up.
The happy children, humanity is such a faux-pas.

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Stuck inside your mind... yeah

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