

Wolfgang Press**"11 Years"**

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11 years of faking it

Same clothes, empty songs

Believing it like a most

Sing your blues and low life tunes

Make it sad, make it slow

Make it wet like a honeymoon

Said to make it sentimental

Lover man, come slow and gentle

11 years you kept me sunken

11 years you kept me under

11 years

11 years of faking it

From art to junk and Motown passions

Pull me up, buttercup

I'm coming home, the new blasphemer

So sad I sold the meaning

Sold the man and then I'm so damn seething

Make it sad and make it true

You're gonna send that love

11 years you kept me sunken

11 years you kept me under

11 years, what comes next now

11 years

The waves of gloom, they speak to me

I have no choice but to leave and breathe it

Make it slow and experimental

So that you can solve it

11 years you kept me sunken

11 years you kept me under

11 years, I've dug this trench now

11 years, what comes next now

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