

Wolfgang Press

"Birmingham"

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Wolfgang

Wolfgang [Incomprehensible]

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Face the facts and don't look back

There's a hole in this middle town affair

There's a whole inquest, like a hole in rest

That I think I'm going to have to sit in

You're a sleeping bag

You're a rhyming slug

Pressure, pressure

Man is sick of chairs

From the heart of the sins above ground

Around here, I think I'm Jesus

And I'm sick of all the songs about love

Head hunt in Birmingham

We're going to hurry down the same old roads

I'm not going to think that I'm a Jesus

Sorry this and sorry that's the same old bone

Pressure, pressure

[Incomprehensible]

Fix this, kiss this

I'm not sick, I'm going to handle this

I'm going to have everything I want to have

I'm going to seed some mean

I'm going to raise a scene

I'm going to raise everything I ever had

I'm not sick, I'm going to handle this

I'm going to

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