

Wolfgang Press**"Ecstasy"**

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He gave me his time in half forgotten jews

Talk a scarecrow has a mind to jump the fence

If he's got any sense (my legs have gone to their
maker)

If he's got any sense...

Ecstasy

I've got a hunch, I've got a hunch

This is a song about ecstasy

Sing it loud and sing it next to me

Sing it loud and sing it clear

Cause it is all we need to hear

Sing a song about ecstasy

A golden line we stand entwined

A thorough bred beneath the bed

A pidgeon strut in open field

Litter bins hide a place

A bloody disgrace, a bloody disgrace

About ecstasy next to me

A flowers scent I'm heaven bent

I'm scarred for life I'm scarred for life

In open fields, fields open in

I stumble in to stumble out
And this is what its all about
A roundabout, a roundabout
A bloody disgrace, a bloody disgrace
Sing a song about ecstasy
Sing it loud and sing it next to me
Goodbye
A scarecrow has a sense to jump the fence
To jump the fence, to jump the fence

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