

Wolfgang Press

"Executioner"

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Thinking surface looking under
You want something look no further
Thinking hard but working in a small time
She was born in mid-town provincial
Down the road from Faust
Harper Lee said it's allowed
Mama wakes up raising money
In the back room speaking like a sonnet
Did it a suicide come?
Freak see-saw romance come
Peak time sure sign
She's here to serve it up
Like a dream
She's a waltz
Like I am
She's so soft
Raising fools and it's no wonder
What we have a care for we won't tear asunder
We offend but she won't suffer
She's like having heaven in your home
She's a dream

Like a waltz

She's a gas

She's so soft

Like a dream

She's a waltz

She's a man

She's so soft

You can suffer all your monies

Rose and me still love you honey

Could I face another day content that I was under

But if you go leave your soul home

She's so soft

She's so soft

Thinking surface looking under

You want something look no further

Break it down softly she won't murmur

She was thrown from big-town provincial

You get a suicide sun

People there are neither hip nor dumb

Peak time sure sign

She's here to serve it up

Like a dream

She's a waltz

Like a man

She's so soft

Could I face another day content that I was under

But if you go leave your soul to live in wonder

If you go leave your soul home

She's so soft, she defies the laws of line

She's so soft, she defies the laws of line

She's so soft, she defies the laws of line

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