

Wolfgang Press**"Sweatbox"**

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[Breath breath]

I'm not going to take it lying down

I'm not going to face my head in the ground anymore

I said see me in the fall

See see see see see me walk

Here comes the strawman

Here comes the bad man

Here comes a good man

Here comes a cccccc

It's godhead godhead

Here comes the strawman

It's godhead, it's godhead

I'm in a sweatbox

Here comes the sweatbox

I'm in a sweatbox

I've been away

Tell me why I feel this way

And tell me why I have no faith

Shove it in the ceiling

And post when the wife's away

Shove it in the ceiling

And I'll send it to the wife today

I'll send...

I won't take it lying down

I won't face it since you ran away away

Sweet sweet sweet

Shake it down to the ground

Shake it down down down

I am the mad man, I am the strawman

I could be evil, I could be wild as sin

I could be your saint

I put a spell on you

I put a spell on you

Ooh I could be ah

Yeah shake!

Oh shake up down inside in

I put a spell on you

And tell me why I feel this way

And tell me why I sing this way

This way I put a spell on you

I am in a sweatbox

I put a spell on you

Oh you strange fruit from the trees

Strange dreams

I am the strawman

I am the bad man, I am the good man

So shake, so shake shake shake...

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