

Gbh

"Makin' Whips"

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You're getting under my skin,
the places that you've been.
You're dishing out the dirt,
and sure know how to hurt.

But you're going nowhere ya missing the whole damn
point,
lighten up, lighten up and we'll rip the joint.

You're makin' whips, makin whips for your own back,
makin' whips, makin' whips you're gonna' crack,
makin' whips, makin whips.

Your empty headed dreams,
just like an old smoke screen.
You stand behind your spite,
don't know what's wrong or right.

Now it's grating on my nerves,
your twisting body swerves.
Got a self-inflicted bruise,
got rubber bumper blues.

Remove the thorns from your crown,
feel it when the whip comes down.

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